

A
CENTURY OF ANECDOTE.

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A

CENTURY OF ANECDOTE

FROM 1760 TO 1860.

BY JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

'THE ROMANCE OF LONDON,' "CASTLES, ABBEYS, ETC.'

WITH FRONTISPIECE.



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P R E F A C E.

HORACE WALPOLE, in quoting from a volume of newly-published Memoirs, certain anecdotes of striking interest, characterizes them as "worthy of being inserted in the history of mankind, which, if well chosen and well written, would precede common histories, which are but repetitions of no uncommon events." This is a high standard of excellence, which few of the anecdote-books of modern times have attained: it has scarcely been reached by Walpole himself, whose inexhaustible fund of anecdote, of gossip, of lively and fanciful conceits, of scandal, and of *bons-mots*, has won for him the character of "the best letter-writer in the English language."

The habit of collecting anecdotes has afforded recreation to the learned as well as to the gay and sprightly, in all ages. In our time, the grave Lord Eldon left the world his Anecdote-Book, acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining works of its class.

The present work aims to be a collection of the best modern anecdotes; but it has been particularly the object of the Editor to give the work a distinctive personal

	PAGE
<i>Jesuit Flogging</i>	17
<i>Odd Belief</i>	17
<i>Geographical Lapsus</i>	17
<i>Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales</i>	18
<i>Royal Criticism</i>	18
<i>A Match for a Queen</i>	18
<i>An Oblivious Lady</i>	18
<i>A Tunbridge Wells Hoax</i>	19
<i>Oddities of False Hair</i>	19
<i>Kitty Cannon and her Two Husbands</i>	19
<i>A Dream Verified</i>	20
<i>The Universal Panacea</i>	20
<i>Queen Charlotte's Marriage</i>	21
<i>A Village Tale</i>	21
<i>Distressed Orphans</i>	22
<i>Coronation of George III.</i>	22
<i>Plain-speaking at Court</i>	23
<i>Rochester's Letters</i>	23
<i>A Visit to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu</i>	23
<i>Saving a Life, and an Ear</i>	24
<i>Walpole's Visit to the Cock-lane Ghost</i>	24
<i>"It is very Inconvenient"</i>	25
<i>Yawning's Catching</i>	26
<i>Lord Bath and his Creditor</i>	26
<i>Long Sir Thomas Robinson</i>	26
<i>Growing towards Old</i>	27
<i>Extravagances of Fashion</i>	28
<i>Waiting to be Hanged</i>	29
<i>A Difficulty Solved</i>	29
<i>What Horace Walpole saw</i>	29
<i>The Two Princes of Anamaboe</i>	29
<i>Not Infectious</i>	30

CONTENTS.

ix

PAGE

<i>Domestic Trouble</i>	30
<i>Chalk-stones and Gout</i>	31
<i>How to Escape an Old Story</i>	31
<i>The Art of Borrowing</i>	31
<i>The Palsied Gambler</i>	32
<i>Losing a Fortune</i>	32
<i>A Reformed Gamester</i>	33
<i>Local Fame</i>	33
<i>Court and City</i>	34
<i>What is Ennui?</i>	35
<i>Death of Lord Chesterfield</i>	35
<i>Lord Chesterfield's Will</i>	36
<i>Late Hours</i>	36
<i>Royal Flattery</i>	37
<i>May and December</i>	37
<i>Insanity and Reason</i>	37
<i>Sleeping and Waking</i>	37
<i>The Health of Europe</i>	38
<i>A Feu-de-Joie</i>	38
<i>Kingly Retort</i>	38
<i>Story of a Parrot and Monkey</i>	38
<i>Bred in the Bone</i>	39
<i>A Veal Dinner</i>	39
<i>The Beautiful Duchess of Devonshire</i>	39
<i>Profitable Superstitions</i>	40
<i>"Poor as Job"</i>	40
<i>A Long Dinner</i>	40
<i>A Tiresome Critic</i>	41
<i>Wilberforce's Early Life</i>	41
<i>Introduction of Toothpicks</i>	41
<i>A Vain Old Countess</i>	42
<i>A Reprieve</i>	42

	PAGE
<i>Chairman's Impudence</i>	42
<i>Kings and Princes</i>	42
<i>A Drum-drinker's Motto</i>	42
<i>A Stuck-up Host</i>	43
<i>Pure Diction</i>	43
<i>English Credulity</i>	43
<i>The Discoveries of Posterity</i>	43
<i>Pride of Heraldry</i>	44
<i>True Dignity</i>	45
<i>Precedence</i>	45
<i>Small Precedent</i>	45
<i>Spanish Grandees</i>	46
<i>Mary Queen of Scots</i>	46
<i>The Houses of Huddleston and Howard</i>	46
<i>Epitaph on a Belle</i>	47
<i>Womanly Consolation</i>	47
<i>Odd Payment</i>	47
<i>Public Speaking</i>	47
<i>Gardening and Punctuation</i>	47
<i>Civic Sapience</i>	48
<i>Life of a Spendthrift</i>	48
<i>Distinction without Difference</i>	48
<i>Civic Enjoyment</i>	49
<i>A Cruel Case</i>	49
<i>Mr. Pitt's Ideas of Women</i>	49
<i>Mr. Pitt's Love of Port Wine</i>	50
<i>Lord Pembroke's Port Wine</i>	51
<i>Port Wine and Paralysis</i>	51
<i>A Judge of Wine</i>	52
<i>The Strawberry</i>	52
<i>A Famous Pipe of Madeira</i>	52
<i>Saving a Bottle of Wine</i>	53

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
<i>The Chancellor's "Constantia"</i>	53
<i>Religions and Sauces</i>	53
<i>A Pun of a Dish</i>	54
<i>Eating Olives</i>	54
<i>A Distinction</i>	54
<i>Costly Epicurism</i>	54
<i>Wearing Rouge</i>	55
<i>A Harmless Case</i>	55
<i>Grace Mal-a-Propos</i>	55
<i>The Duke of Queensbury</i>	55
<i>Resolute Scottish Ladies</i>	57
<i>Charity on Credit</i>	59
<i>English and Scotch</i>	59
<i>Mechanical Wonders</i>	60
<i>A Short History</i>	60
<i>A Long Horse</i>	60
<i>An Election Ball</i>	60
<i>Scottish Feeling</i>	61
<i>One Better than Two</i>	61
<i>The Duke of Sussex's Annulled Marriage</i>	61
<i>Flight of the Princess Charlotte</i>	62
<i>Incurable Gamesters</i>	64
<i>The Absent Husband Returned</i>	65
<i>Scottish Humour</i>	67
<i>Palmer's Claret</i>	68
<i>"Tipping the Cold Shoulder"</i>	69
<i>Lord Petersham</i>	70
<i>Sally Lunn Cakes</i>	71
<i>A Bacchanalian Duellist</i>	72
<i>The Prince of Wales and Mrs. Robinson</i>	73
<i>The Prince of Wales an Odd-Fellow</i>	75
<i>The Prince of Wales and Colonel Hanger</i>	75

	PAGE
<i>The Earldom of Bridgewater</i>	77 ^c
<i>George III. and Hannah Lightfoot</i>	77
<i>Attempts to Assassinate George the Third</i>	79
<i>"Jack Robinson" and George III.</i>	80
<i>Sir John Dinely, Bart.</i>	81
<i>That You must Love Me and Love my Dog</i>	81
<i>Kissing Hands</i>	82
<i>Eccentric Mr. Blackburn</i>	83
<i>Irish Wife-Hunting</i>	84
<i>Long Stories</i>	85
<i>Small Service</i>	85
<i>A Poser</i>	86
<i>Beau Brummel</i>	87
<i>Hoby, the Bootmaker</i>	91
<i>An Ultimatum</i>	92
<i>Scottish Conviviality</i>	92
<i>Lady Blessington at Gore House</i>	94
<i>Distinctions of Dress</i>	95
<i>Prudential Consideration</i>	96
<i>Pleasures of a Crowd</i>	96
<i>Bore-side</i>	96
<i>"There's a Language that's Mute"</i>	96
<i>Personal Retaliation</i>	97
<i>Lord Alvanley</i>	97
<i>"Sweeping at Lairge"</i>	97
<i>Matter-of-Fact Men</i>	98
<i>Marvellous Oyster-Eating</i>	98
<i>The Marquis of Hertford</i>	99
<i>"Arms Found"</i>	100
<i>Mathematics at Fault</i>	100
<i>Commercial Peerages</i>	101
<i>A Richmond Hoax</i>	101

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
<i>Scottish Servants</i>	102
<i>Power of the Eye</i>	103
<i>Ruinous Epicurism</i>	104

POLITICAL LIFE.

<i>Integrity of Earl Stanhope</i>	105
<i>Philip Earl of Chesterfield</i>	105
<i>Execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino</i>	105
<i>Execution of Simon Lord Lovat</i>	108
<i>Sir Robert Walpole's Bribery</i>	110
<i>"Downright Shippen"</i>	111
<i>A Visit from the Pretender</i>	111
<i>The Pretender's Health</i>	112
<i>Conferring the Garter</i>	112
<i>Political Infamy</i>	113
<i>A Trifling Mistake</i>	113
<i>Scottish Conceit</i>	114
<i>Tit for Tat</i>	114
<i>Sticking Together</i>	114
<i>French and English</i>	114
<i>Scottish Independence</i>	115
<i>An Archbishop on Duelling</i>	115
<i>Let Well Alone</i>	116
<i>The Pulteney Guinea</i>	116
<i>Divided Danger</i>	117
<i>Opening Letters</i>	117
<i>"Tottenham in his Boots"</i>	118
<i>Boyle Roche's Bulls</i>	118
<i>A Drove of Bulls</i>	119
<i>A King's Speech</i>	119
<i>A Ministerial Reproof</i>	119
<i>Talking Politics</i>	119

	PAGE
<i>Invasion Panic</i>	120
<i>Narrow Escape</i>	120
<i>Peruquiers' Petition</i>	120
<i>Carlton-House Intrigue</i>	120
<i>Levée Humours</i>	121
<i>Political Confidence</i>	121
<i>Little Cause and Great Effect</i>	121
<i>Lord Chatham's Charlatanerie</i>	122
<i>Lord Chatham's War Prediction</i>	122
<i>Political Gratitude</i>	123
<i>Bribing Members of Parliament</i>	123
<i>The Result of the American War with Great Britain</i>	
<i>Foretold</i>	124
<i>American War</i>	124
<i>George III. and American Independence</i>	125
<i>George Washington</i>	126
<i>A Knowing Old Crone</i>	126
<i>Political Window Breaking</i>	126
<i>The Riots of 1780</i>	126
<i>A Close Question</i>	128
<i>"Used to It"</i>	128
<i>Ministerial Metamorphosis</i>	128
<i>"The Dinner Bell"</i>	128
<i>Treasury Depredations</i>	129
<i>A Westminster Election in 1784</i>	130
<i>Lord Sandwich in Office, and in Love</i>	131
<i>Lord North's Wit and Humour</i>	134
<i>Unwelcome Wish</i>	137
<i>A Pluralist in Office</i>	138
<i>Lord Chancellor Thurlow</i>	138
<i>Lord Thurlow's Thunder</i>	139
<i>Lord Thurlow and Lord Loughborough</i>	140

CONTENTS.

xv

	PAGE
• <i>Lord Thurion at Warren Hastings' Trial</i>	142
<i>John Wilkes—His Place-Hunting, and his Wit</i>	143
<i>Burke at the "Robin Hood"</i>	148
<i>A Day with Edmund Burke</i>	148
<i>Burke's Table-Talk</i>	149
<i>Burke and Barry at a Steak-Dinner</i>	150
<i>Burke and Chatham reputed Mad</i>	151
<i>Mr. Fox's Gaming</i>	152
• <i>Mr. Fox and the "Sensible Woman"</i>	154
<i>Mr. Fox dismissed from the Ministry</i>	154
<i>Fox in Difficulties</i>	155
<i>Fox's Humour</i>	156
<i>Fox and Gibbon</i>	156
<i>Mr. Rogers's Recollections of Mr. Fox</i>	157
<i>William Pitt's Early Life</i>	158
<i>A Casting Vote</i>	159
<i>A Narrow Escape</i>	159
<i>An Opportunity Lost</i>	160
<i>Defenders of their Country</i>	160
<i>Pitt's Last Moments</i>	160
<i>Pitt's Habits of Work</i>	161
<i>George III. and his Minister, Pitt</i>	162
<i>Eloquence and Humour of Sheridan</i>	163
<i>Hyder Ally's Physiognomy</i>	168
<i>Apotheosis of Warren Hastings</i>	169
<i>Grosvenor-place</i>	169
<i>A Smuggling Ambassadors</i>	170
<i>The Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke</i>	170
<i>Windham's Oratory</i>	174
<i>John Horne Tooke</i>	175
<i>French Revolutionists</i>	177
<i>A Touch of the Sublime</i>	178

	PAGE
<i>Last Moments of the Condemned</i>	179
<i>Was Bonaparte ever in London?</i>	179
<i>Bonaparte an Anti-Revolutionist</i>	180
<i>Tom Paine</i>	181
<i>The Birmingham Riots, 1793</i>	181
<i>The Mutiny at the Nore</i>	181
<i>Assassination of Gustavus III. King of Sweden</i>	182
<i>The O'Connors of Connorville</i>	184
<i>Adventures of Archibald Hamilton Rowan</i>	185
<i>The House of Cromwell Snubbed</i>	186
<i>The Irish Union</i>	186
<i>Summary Punishment</i>	186
<i>The Great Seal of the Irish Republic</i>	187
<i>Rebellion Windfalls</i>	188
<i>Lord Clonmel and John Mayne</i>	189
<i>Fate of Colonel Despard</i>	189
<i>Bonaparte First Consul</i>	190
<i>The Last of the Stuarts</i>	191
<i>Invasion Panic of 1803</i>	192
<i>Fate of the Duc d'Enghien</i>	193
<i>Napoleon and Fouché</i>	194
<i>French Distinction</i>	194
<i>An Irish Anti-Unionist</i>	194
<i>Napoleon I. and the Sentinel</i>	195
<i>Predictions of the Downfall of Napoleon</i>	196
<i>Assassination of Mr. Percival</i>	197
<i>Grammar and Virtue</i>	199
<i>Pairing Off</i>	200
<i>Watching and Sleeping</i>	200
<i>Election Repartee</i>	200
<i>Parliamentary Personalities</i>	200
<i>Rationale of Ratting—Written Speeches</i>	201

CONTENTS.

xvii

	PAGE
<i>A Tumble-down</i>	201
<i>The National Debt</i>	201
<i>The Civil List</i>	201
<i>Sir Francis Burdett Arrested, and Committed to the Tower</i>	202
<i>Fire and Smoke</i>	203
<i>The Battle of Waterloo</i>	203
<i>Wellington's Account of the Battle of Waterloo</i>	205
<i>The Spa-Fields Riots</i>	208
<i>Political Predictions</i>	209
<i>Mrs. Partington and her Mop</i>	209
<i>The Law's Delay</i>	210
<i>Cool Sir James Mackintosh</i>	210
<i>The Sidmouth Peerage</i>	211
<i>Mr. Rogers's Reminiscences of Lord Erskine</i>	212
<i>Chancellor's Church Patronage</i>	213
<i>Opposition to Gas Lighting</i>	213
<i>The Bombardment of Algiers</i>	215
<i>Sheridan and Peel</i>	217
<i>Peel's Love of Truth</i>	218
<i>Thistlewood, the Traitor</i>	218
<i>Hood and Grattan</i>	219
<i>Last Moments of Grattan</i>	219
<i>The Development Theory</i>	220
<i>"Prosperity Robinson" and the Panic of 1825</i>	220
<i>Money Panic of 1832</i>	221
<i>Ministers Resigning</i>	221
<i>Profound Investigation</i>	222
<i>The Ministerial Fish Dinner</i>	222
<i>Lords Stowell and Eldon</i>	223
<i>Lord Eldon's Education</i>	225
<i>Lord Eldon's Marriage</i>	226
<i>Lord Eldon's Maxims</i>	227

	PAGE
<i>Lord Eldon's Escape</i>	228
<i>Sir William Scott's Humour</i>	229
<i>Lord Stowell's Love of Sight-seeing</i>	230
<i>Lord Eldon's Chancellorship</i>	230
<i>Lord Eldon and Joseph Hume</i>	232
<i>A Grateful Lady</i>	232
<i>Dilatory Inclinations</i>	233
<i>The Right Hon. George Canning</i>	233
<i>Brougham and his Master</i>	236
<i>Lord Brougham's Chancellorship Predicted</i>	237
<i>A Lecture on Brewing</i>	237
<i>How Lord Brougham missed the Great Seal</i>	238
<i>Father Mathew and Lord Brougham</i>	239
<i>A Secret Agent</i>	239
<i>Obstacles to Improvement</i>	240
<i>The Birmingham Trades Unionists</i>	241
<i>Honest Lord Althorpe</i>	243
<i>Mr. Coke's Reminiscences</i>	244
<i>A Lesson for a Governor</i>	245
<i>"Patriotic Greeks"</i>	246
<i>Talleyrand's Diplomacy and Wit</i>	246
<i>Presentiment to Talleyrand</i>	248
<i>The Princess Talleyrand</i>	250
<i>Talleyrand and Bonaparte</i>	252
<i>Celebrities of Holland House</i>	254
<i>Political Rise of Lord Lyndhurst</i>	255
<i>Macaulay in Parliament</i>	259
<i>Sir James Graham in Parliament</i>	260
<i>Wellingtoniana</i>	262
<i>"The Tenth of April"</i>	269
<i>Waterloo Queries</i>	269
<i>The Wellington Family and Talleyrand</i>	270

CONTENTS.

xix

	PAGE
<i>The Marquess Wellesley</i>	271
<i>O'Connell and Haydon</i>	271
<i>The Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon</i>	273
<i>"No Mistake"</i>	274
<i>The Duke and the Lord High Admiral</i>	274
<i>Prince William Henry a Midshipman</i>	275
<i>Viscount Melbourne</i>	276
<i>A Royal Speech by Candlelight</i>	279
<i>"The Old Whig Poet to his Old Buff Waistcoat"</i>	280
<i>Administrative Experience</i>	282
<i>Prince Louis Napoleon's Descent upon Boulogne</i>	283
<i>Lord Wellesley's Account of Mr. Pitt's Last Moments</i>	284
<i>Wear and Tear of Public Life</i>	284
<i>Lord Brougham's Sepoy Prophecy</i>	285
<i>The Indian Mutiny</i>	285
<i>The National Anthem</i>	287
<i>The Throw for Life or Death</i>	287
<i>The Superior Man</i>	288
<i>The Sea-Sick Minister</i>	289
<i>The Masonic Grip</i>	289
<i>The Art of Public Speaking</i>	289
<i>A Minister of Foreign Affairs for Five Minutes</i>	290
<i>Prevision of William IV.</i>	290
<i>George the Fourth</i>	291
<i>Newspaper Correspondence</i>	291
<i>The French Revolution of 1848</i>	291
<i>A "Private Correspondent"</i>	292
<i>The Wilberforce Oak</i>	292

MEN OF LETTERS.

<i>Thomson's "Seasons"</i>	294
<i>Thomson and his Hair-dresser</i>	295

	PAGE
<i>The Wittingemot, at the Chapter Coffee-House</i>	339
<i>George III. and Joseph Lancaster</i>	343
<i>A Misdellivered Letter</i>	345
<i>Use and Ornament</i>	345
<i>Madame de Stael's Fencing</i>	345
<i>Lady Hester Stanhope's Extravagances</i>	346
<i>Mrs. Piozzi's Gossip</i>	347
<i>Sydney Smith, and His Edinburgh Friends</i>	349
<i>Free and Easy</i>	349
<i>Error Corrected</i>	350
<i>"The Great Sir Sudney"</i>	350
<i>Vendible Criticism</i>	351
<i>Theodore Hook at Oxford</i>	351
<i>Winter and Summer</i>	352
<i>Hoaxes by Theodore Hook</i>	352
<i>Dr. Maginn</i>	354
<i>Duel of Moore with Jeffrey</i>	356
<i>Who Killed John Keats?</i>	357
<i>Wordsworth's "Peter Bell"</i>	358
<i>Publisher's Liberality</i>	359
<i>Origin of the Literary Fund</i>	359
<i>Lord Carlisle and Lord Byron</i>	359
<i>Poetry of Campbell and Byron</i>	360
<i>Lord Byron's First Rhyme</i>	362
<i>Lord Byron</i>	362
<i>Thomas Campbell—University Spruce</i>	364
<i>Last Hours of Campbell</i>	365
<i>Letters of Southey</i>	366
<i>Philosophical Madmen</i>	367
<i>Ease in Money-Matters</i>	368
<i>Illegible Handwriting</i>	368
<i>Charles Lamb and the Comptroller of Stamps</i>	369

CONTENTS.

xxii

	PAGE
<i>Robust Pig</i>	370
<i>A Night with Charles Lamb</i>	371
<i>Black-Letter</i>	372
<i>Literary Borrowing</i>	372
<i>Shooting Game</i>	373
<i>Unlucky Reflection</i>	373
<i>The Waverley Novels' Secret</i>	373
<i>Poetry and Prose</i>	375
<i>Scott's Division of his Time</i>	375
<i>Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott</i>	375
<i>Sir Walter Scott's Embarrassments</i>	376
<i>Scott's Power of Observation</i>	377
<i>"Say Something Clever"</i>	378
<i>Sitting for a Portrait</i>	378
<i>An Incomplete Charm</i>	378
<i>Indifference to Money</i>	379
<i>Improvvidence of Men of Genius</i>	380
<i>Talfourd at the Theatre</i>	380
<i>A Wordsworthian Dispute</i>	381
<i>"We are Seven"</i>	381
<i>"Tom Cringle's Log"</i>	382
<i>Coleridge, a Light Dragoon</i>	382
<i>The Poets in a Puzzle</i>	384
<i>Memorabilia of Coleridge</i>	385
<i>Coleridge "Done Up"</i>	387
<i>Coleridge and his Son Hartley</i>	388
<i>The Ambassador Floored</i>	389
<i>Richard Heber's Library</i>	389
<i>Porsoniana</i>	390
<i>The Gouty Shoe</i>	392
<i>A Close Escape</i>	392
<i>A Slight Mistake.—Nice Scruples</i>	393

	PAGE
<i>Praying by Rote</i>	394
<i>A Poet's Invitation to Dinner</i>	395
<i>Meaning it</i>	396
<i>A Shark Story</i>	396
<i>Delicate Contradiction</i>	396
<i>Booksellers, Authors, and Critics</i>	397
<i>William Cobbett. By Himself</i>	399
<i>Cobbett upon Bacon</i>	402
<i>Late Hours</i>	402
<i>Good Advice</i>	402
<i>Very Like</i>	402
<i>Family Failings</i>	402
<i>Broken English</i>	403
<i>Puns and Fancies by Thomas Hood</i>	403
<i>Origin of the "Pickwick Papers"</i>	404
<i>John Black, the Morning Chronicle, and its Contributors</i>	405
<i>Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers</i>	409
<i>Douglas Jerrold, a Midshipman</i>	419
<i>Lord Cochrane and Douglas Jerrold</i>	420
<i>Table-wit of Douglas Jerrold</i>	421
<i>Absence of Mind</i>	424
<i>Nice Evasion</i>	424
<i>Macaulay's Boyhood</i>	424
<i>Election Ballad. By Macaulay</i>	425
<i>Mr. Macaulay and the Ballad Boy</i>	428
<i>A Good Talker.—Mr. Buckle</i>	429
<i>Diderot and the Blind</i>	430

CLERICAL LIFE.

<i>Short Prayers</i>	431
<i>An Old Student</i>	431
<i>Virtues of Tar-water</i>	431

CONTENTS.

XIV

PAGE

<i>A Punning Archbishop</i>	432
<i>An Intriguing Bishop</i>	432
<i>A Bishop's Humour</i>	432
<i>Bishop Warburton's Marriage</i>	433
<i>Worldly Distinction</i>	433
<i>Warburton and Louth</i>	433
<i>Warburton and Quin</i>	434
<i>Warburtoniana</i>	434
<i>"With the Stream"</i>	436
<i>Heathenish Talk</i>	436
<i>A Rhyming Canon</i>	436
<i>Scottish Presbyterianism</i>	437
<i>Religious Difference</i>	437
<i>Weather Prayer</i>	438
<i>Weeping for Want of Words</i>	438
<i>Scottish Ministers</i>	438
<i>A Cunning Elder</i>	439
<i>A Double Cure</i>	439
<i>A Pious Joke</i>	449
<i>A Border Minister</i>	440
<i>"The Stool of Repentance"</i>	441
<i>Scottish Sabbath</i>	441
<i>A Popular Chaplain</i>	441
<i>Parenthesis</i>	442
<i>A Diligent Bishop</i>	442
<i>A Ghost Story</i>	443
<i>Sleeping in Church</i>	443
<i>Let Well Alone</i>	445
<i>A Clear Case</i>	445
<i>A Third Wife</i>	445
<i>Baptismal Blunder</i>	445
<i>Lady Huntingdon's Connexion</i>	445

	PAGE
<i>Wesley and the Moravians</i>	446
<i>Wesley's Reclamations</i>	446
<i>Opposition to Methodism</i>	447
<i>Burial of John Wesley</i>	449
<i>Eccentricities of the Rev. Rowland Hill</i>	449
<i>A Surfeit of Salmon</i>	452
<i>Catechism</i>	453
<i>A Ready Answer</i>	453
<i>Agreeable Valediction</i>	454
<i>Bishop Blomfield's Rise</i>	454
<i>Saving Righteousness</i>	455
<i>The Duke of Clarence and Bishop Blomfield</i>	455
<i>The Bishops' Saturday Night</i>	456
<i>A Small Charge</i>	457
<i>Keen yet Kindly Satire</i>	457
<i>What is an Archdeacon</i>	458
<i>Dr. Blomfield's Humour</i>	458
<i>The Rev. Edward Irving</i>	460
<i>Father Mathew</i>	461
<i>Homage to Father Mathew</i>	463
<i>Too Late at Church</i>	464
<i>Piety and Learning</i>	465
<i>The Bishop and the Premier</i>	465
<i>Not at Church</i>	465
<i>Archbishop Whately's Wit and Humour</i>	466
<i>Sermon Anecdotes</i>	466
<i>Mind Your Figures</i>	476
<i>Scottish Preachers</i>	477

LAW AND LAWYERS.

<i>Chances of the Bar</i>	480
<i>Study of the Law</i>	480

CONTENTS.

xxvii

	PAGE
<i>Rise of Lord Loughborough</i>	481
<i>The Chancellor's Purse</i>	482
<i>Lord Foley's Will</i>	482
<i>Lord Northington</i>	483
<i>Rise of the Great Lord Curzon</i>	483
<i>Pope and Lord Mansfield</i>	484
<i>A Curious Trial</i>	485
<i>Twofold Illustration</i>	486
<i>Dunning, Lord Ashburton</i>	486
<i>Novel-Reading</i>	487
<i>Lord Kenyon's Parsimony and Ill-temper</i>	487
<i>Bar Blunders</i>	488
<i>Conscientious Fees</i>	489
<i>Proving an Alibi</i>	489
<i>"No Judge"</i>	489
<i>The Ruling Passion</i>	489
<i>Horse-dealing Trials</i>	490
<i>Northumbrian Witnesses</i>	490
<i>Almanacks in Evidence</i>	490
<i>Law of Libel</i>	491
<i>Swallowing a Writ</i>	491
<i>Witnesses to Character</i>	491
<i>A Lawyer's Toast</i>	492
<i>Keeping the Advantage</i>	492
<i>A Courteous Judge</i>	492
<i>The Criminal Law</i>	493
<i>The Last English Gibbet</i>	493
<i>A Scottish Jeffreys</i>	494
<i>Perfect Mimicry</i>	495
<i>Drinking on Circuit</i>	496
<i>A Scotch Village</i>	497
<i>Judicial Absurdities</i>	497

	PAGE
<i>Lord Monboddo</i>	499
<i>Lord Thurlow's Start in Life</i>	499
<i>The Great Seal Stolen</i>	500
<i>Thurlow and the Curate</i>	500
<i>Rise of Lord Lyndhurst</i>	501
<i>Lord Erskine's Earliest Success</i>	502
<i>Lord Erskine's Humour</i>	503
<i>L-a-w</i>	504
<i>Lord Ellenborough's Humour, and Power of Ridicule</i>	504
<i>John Scott and James Boswell</i>	507
<i>Lord Eldon's Beginnings</i>	508
<i>Herman and Eldon</i>	508
<i>A Strange Story</i>	508
<i>"Hobson's Choice"</i>	509
<i>Scott's First Great Success</i>	510
<i>Sir John Scott's Silk Gown</i>	511
<i>A Narrow Escape</i>	511
<i>A Crying Scene</i>	512
<i>Lord Eldon's Doubt</i>	513
<i>Lending Books</i>	513
<i>How Jekyll was made a Master in Chancery</i>	513
<i>Lord Eldon as a Whip</i>	514
<i>Lord Chief Justice Tenterden</i>	514
<i>A Cool Hand</i>	516
<i>Curran's Wit and Humour</i>	516
<i>Curran Playing Punch</i>	521
<i>Gratitude of Curran</i>	521
<i>Charles Phillip's Sketch of Curran</i>	522
<i>Curran and George Colman the Younger</i>	523
<i>Death of Four Remarkable Men</i>	523
<i>An O'Connell Ruse</i>	524
<i>Sir William Grant's Living</i>	525

CONTENTS.

xxix

	PAGE
"Honest Charley Wetherell"	525
Sir William Follett on Free-masonry	527
Character of Follett	528
"Newly-born Vanity"	528
Fitzgibbon and the Fee	528
Dangerous Metaphor	529
Lord Norbury, and his Court	529
Norbury's Humour	530
One Shilling Each	531
Judge Maule—His Straw-splitting and Irony	531
A Circuit Story	533
Jesting by Inches	534
Chartist Trials	534
Cupar and Jedburgh Justice	534
Rise of Lord Chancellor Campbell	535
Down to the Level	535
The Mackintosh Family	536
Brougham at the Bar	536
Lord Chancellor Brougham	537
Eskgrove and Brougham	537
A Profitable Hint	538
A Bold Lawyer	538
Short Commons	539

ECCENTRIC PERSONS.

Anecdotes of Misers	540
Vagaries of Sir John Hill	554
The Story of Chevalier D' Eon	556
Sir Matthew Mite	558
Admiral Keppel and the Dey of Algiers	558
Hogarth Caricatures Wilkes and Churchill	559

	PAGE
<i>Playing on the Salt-box</i>	560
<i>Haddocks and Whitings</i>	560
<i>A Wonderful Horse</i>	561
<i>"Jerusalem Whalley"</i>	561
<i>Unfortunate Irish Gentlemen</i>	562
<i>The Duke of Queensbury on the Turf</i>	563
<i>Laudamy and Calamy</i>	564
<i>Henry Pelham, Duke of Newcastle</i>	564
<i>Sir Robert Walpole's Temper</i>	565
<i>Utter Ruin</i>	565
<i>"The Corsican Brothers"</i>	565
<i>The Gambler's Death</i>	566
<i>Lively Diagnosis</i>	566
<i>A Marriage by Mistake</i>	567
<i>The Last of the Alchemists</i>	567
<i>Deadly-Lively</i>	568
<i>Church Militant</i>	569
<i>Plain Speaking</i>	569
<i>Benefit of Flogging</i>	569
<i>Quid Pro Quo</i>	569
<i>Scorn of Petty Larceny</i>	569
<i>Turner on his Travels</i>	570
<i>Canon Bowle's Absence of Mind</i>	570
<i>St. Simonism</i>	571
<i>Tempting Opportunity</i>	571

PLAYERS AND PAINTERS.

<i>The Actor and the Archbishop</i>	572
<i>Colley Cibber's First Fine</i>	572
<i>Garrick's First Appearance</i>	572
<i>Garrick and Mrs. Clive</i>	573

CONTENTS.

xxxi

PAGE

<i>Garriek's Othello</i>	573
<i>Garriek Criticised</i>	574
<i>Garriek's Study of Insanity</i>	574
<i>George II. and Garriek</i>	574
<i>Positive Criticism</i>	575
<i>Mr. Rogers's Recollections of Garriek</i>	575
<i>Shakspeare and Garriek</i>	576
<i>Garriek's Eye</i>	576
<i>Benefit of Preaching</i>	576
<i>Familiar Blank Verse</i>	576
<i>An Income Tax Return</i>	577
<i>A Cruel Case</i>	578
<i>Taking a Joke</i>	578
<i>Parsimonious Praise</i>	578
<i>An Uninvited Guest</i>	579
<i>A Long Eel</i>	579
<i>Umbrella Esteem</i>	579
<i>Decline of the Drama</i>	579
<i>Rule of Proportions</i>	580
<i>Killing Time</i>	580
<i>Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler"</i>	580
<i>Portrait-Painting</i>	581
<i>Reynolds and Gainsborough</i>	582
<i>Patience of Woollett the Engraver</i>	583
<i>Patronage Well Bestowed</i>	583
<i>Sir Martin Archer Shee and his Early Friends</i>	584
<i>Harlow's Sign-painting</i>	586





A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE.

COURT AND FASHIONABLE LIFE.

GEORGE SELWYN.

SELWYN, with brilliant wit and classic taste, combined qualities of a very contradictory nature. With good humour, kindness of heart, and great fondness for children, he united a morbid interest in the details of human suffering, and more especially a taste for witnessing criminal executions. Even frightful details of suicide and murder, the investigation of a disfigured corpse, or an acquaintance in his shroud, afforded him pleasure. When the first Lord Holland was on his deathbed, he was told that his friend Selwyn had called to inquire after his health. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said Lord H., "show him up—if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

Selwyn told a friend that Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress. "How do you know?"—"Why, I saw them the other day in a vault in St. Giles's."

He was walking in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who showed the tombs. "Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up."

Walpole having captured a housebreaker, sent to White's for Selwyn: the drawer, who had himself been lately robbed, received the message. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and, in a hollow, trembling voice, said: "Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a housebreaker for you."

Lord Pembroke met Selwyn, on the 1st of May, very much annoyed in the street with chimney-sweepers, who were clamorous,

surrounded, daubed, and persecuted him; in short, they would not let him go till they had forced money from him. At length he made them a low bow, and cried, "Gentlemen, I have often heard of the *majesty* of the people; I presume your highnesses are in court mourning." This is Hannah More's version. Walpole gives Selwyn's words on meeting the chimney-sweepers wearing their crowns of gilt paper: "We have heard so much lately of the *majesty of the people*, that I suppose they are taken for the *princes of the people*, and that this is a Collar-day."

At the trials of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, observing Mrs. Bethel, who had a hatchet-face, looking wistfully at the rebel lords, "What a shame it is," said Selwyn, "to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned."

Some ladies bantering him on his want of feeling, in attending to see Lord Lovat's head cut off, "Why," he said, "I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see it sewn on again." At the undertaker's, after the head had been sewn on, and with the body placed in the coffin, Selwyn, imitating the voice and manner of the Lord Chancellor at the trial, exclaimed, "My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise."

Alluding to the practice of stage-criminals dropping a handkerchief on the scaffold, as a signal to the executioner to strike, "George," says Walpole, "never thinks but *à la tête tranchée*. He came to town the other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."

He went to Paris purposely to see Damien broken on the wheel, for attempting to assassinate Louis XV.: he got near the scaffold among the crowd, but was repulsed by one of the executioners, who, however, being told of Selwyn's object, caused the people to make way for him, exclaiming, "*Faites place pour monsieur; c'est un Anglais, et un amateur.*"

He delighted in a hoax. Dining with the Mayor and Corporation of Gloucester, in 1758, when news arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochefort, the Mayor, turning to Selwyn, said: "You, sir, who are in the ministerial secrets, can no doubt inform us of the cause of this misfortune?" Selwyn, though utterly ignorant upon the subject, said, "I will tell you in confidence the reason, Mr. Mayor: the fact is; that the scaling-ladders, prepared for the occasion, were found, on trial, to be too short." The Mayor believed this solution, and told it to his friends; though Selwyn was aware that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the sea-shore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast.

Walpole, speaking of the witty and notorious Lady Townshend, writes: "On Sunday, George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner. He saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Caraccioli's chapel. He watched it, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his demure voice, he said, 'Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?' She looked furies, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is anything more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum; the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth."

Selwyn's wit at the club is very amusing. One night, at White's, Sir L. Fawkener, the postmaster-general, was losing a large sum at piquet, when Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, said: "See how he is robbing the mail." Observing Mr. Speaker Ponsonby tossing about bank-bills, at a hazard-table, at Newmarket, "Look," said Selwyn, "how easily the Speaker passes the money-bills."

Walpole observing that there had existed the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system in the politics of Queen Anne, that now distinguished those of the reign of George III, added, "But there is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, the latter inquired of Selwyn whether he had attended the execution? "No," replied George, "I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals."

Selwyn was once wearied with the inquiries of a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of "How are you now, sir?" Selwyn replied: "Very well, I thank you: and I mean to continue so for the rest of the journey."

A member of the Foley family having hurried off to the Continent to avoid the importunities of his creditors,—"*It is a pass-over*," remarked Selwyn, "that will not be much relished by the Jews."

Selwyn held several Government appointments, to which the wits of the day said, was added the post of "Receiver General of Waif and Stray Jokes."

In Parliament, he often amused the House, during a long debate, by snoring in unison with the First Minister, Lord North. And when Burke was wearying his hearers by those long speeches which obtained for him the name of the "Dinner-bell," a nobleman entering

the House just as Selwyn was quitting it, inquired, "Is the House up?" "No," replied George, "but Burke is."

Selwyn resided in Cleveland-row, St. James's, in the house rendered memorable by the quarrel which took place between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townsend, in the reign of George I., when the First Minister and Secretary of State seized each other by the throat; a scene which Gay burlesqued in the *Beggar's Opera*, under the characters of Peachum and Lockit.

When Lord Weymouth was about to be married, or, as he said, *turned off*, Selwyn told him he wondered that he had not been turned off before, for he still sat up drinking all night and gaming.

Selwyn happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting in the rooms. In the height of the following season George encountered his old associate in St. James's-street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What! don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cuttee*.—"I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn, "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

Bruce was one day asked before Selwyn if the Abyssinians have any music? He replied, "They have one *Lyre*." George whispered his neighbour, "They have one less since he left the country."

When a report was circulated that Sir Joshua Reynolds was to stand for the borough of Plympton on the next occasion of an election, the macaronies, club-men, and gentlemen generally laughed at the idea of an artist, or of a literary man, presuming to have a chance to get into the House of Commons. "He is not to be laughed at, however," said Selwyn; "he may very well succeed in being elected, for Sir Joshua is the ablest man I know on a canvas."

In Walpole's time, an artist made a sketch as a companion to Copley's "Death of Lord Chatham." As the latter exhibits all the great men of Britain, the former was to record the Beauties. The subject chosen was the *Daughter of Pharaoh* saving Moses. The Princess-Royal was the Egyptian Infanta, accompanied by the Duchesses of Gloucester, Cumberland, Devonshire, Rutland, Lady Duncannon, &c. The sketch was to be seen *over against Brooks's*: George Selwyn said he could recommend a better companion for this piece, which should be the *Sons of Pharaoh* (faro) at the opposite house.

MASQUERADES.

During the food-riots in London, in 1772, when the condition of the middle and lower classes was one of extreme distress, they found

little sympathy among persons of fashion. In the very midst of these distresses sprung up a rage for masquerades. At one of these licentious entertainments given at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, it was calculated that not less than 10,000 guineas were expended by the revellers in dress and other luxuries. The trade of the metropolis would have profited by this, to a certain extent, had payment of liabilities been a recognised duty of the time. As a sample of the sort of persons, and their conduct at these orgies may be cited from the various reports in different journals, the presence of groups of gentlemen from the universities, some of them attired as "Tom-fools, with cap and bells;" of clergymen, who gained applause for originality by trying to represent "old sober hackney-coachmen;" and of ladies, the Duchess of Ancaster at their head, in male attire. Dr. Goldsmith is named among those who masqueraded in "an old English dress;" and after lists of noble ladies, descriptions of their dresses, and praises of their wit and beauty, we find a sample of the easy virtue of the times in the presence of a group of "a lady abbess, and her nuns." The licence of speech, action, and allusion was astounding. At the Pantheon, the excited crew generally finished by breakfasting at daylight on the remains of the supper, and then going home "gloriously drunk." At Cornely's masquerades in Soho-square, after a supper, marked by hard drinking and immodest singing, "which no lady need leave save those who are too immodest to stay," as the formula ran, the custom was to fling open the windows and pelt the eager, hungry, thirsty, and howling crowd below with half-empty bottles and the remains of the supper. The very Queen of Beauty at these orgies was young Gertrude Conway, niece of General Conway, daughter of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford, and only just married to George Villiers Earl of Grandison. She was the Queen of Fashion as well as of beauty; and she excited the greatest admiration by giving frocks and tambour-waistcoats, as undress livery to her servants; and by the splendour of her chairmen, who never carried her abroad without feathers in their hats. This gay young wife died in 1782, in the thirty-second year of her age. In her masquerades lost their great patroness.

This species of entertainment was never encouraged by George III., at whose request Foote abstained from giving a masquerade at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. There were some curious scruples entertained even by people of pleasure at this time. The most fashionable of them appeared at the theatre in Lent attired in mourning; and at the same season masquerades were considered as out of place; but these scrupulous persons found a method of reconciling their sense of religion with their taste for dissipation:

"In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
Call 'em *ridottos* and they still go down."

Madame Teresa Cornelys, a German by birth, and by profession a public singer, was one of the *entrepreneurs* of masquerades. Walpole describes her as a singular dame, and "the Heidegger of the age." She took Carlisle House, on the east side of Soho-square, enlarged it, and established here assemblies and balls by subscription. At first they scandalized, but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly. She went on building, and made her house a fairy palace for balls, concerts, and masquerades. Her opera, which she called "Harmonic Meetings," was splendid and charming. To avoid the Act, she pretended to take no money, and had the assurance to advertise that the subscription was to provide coats for the poor, for she vehemently courted the mob, and gained their favour. She then declared her masquerades were for the benefit of commerce. At last the bench of magistrates decided against her, and she was compelled to shut up the house. Her improvidence then reduced her to become a "vendor of asses' milk" at Knightsbridge; but she sank still lower, and died in 1797, in the Fleet Prison.

VAILS TO SERVANTS.

The giving of vails to servants was carried to great excess in the last century. Dr. King tells of a Lord Poor, a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who lived upon a small pension which Queen Anne had granted him. The Duke of Ormonde often invited him to dinner, and he as often excused himself. At last the duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My Lord Poor then honestly confessed that he could not afford it; "but," said he, "if your Grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you." This was done, and Lord Poor was afterwards a frequent guest at the Duke's, in St. James's-square.

Lord Taaffe, of Ireland, a general officer in the Austrian service, who resided for a time in England, had another way of meeting this subject of vails. When his friends, who had dined with him, were going away, he always attended them to the door; and if they offered any money to the servant who opened it (for he never suffered but one servant to appear), he always prevented them, saying, in his manner of speaking *English*, "If you do give it, give it to me, for it was I that did buy the dinner."

It was at Newcastle House, at the north-west angle of Lincoln's Inn Fields, then the residence of the Duke of Newcastle, that the

old and expensive custom of "vails-giving" received its death-blow Sir Timothy Waldo, on his way from the Duke's dinner-table to his carriage, put a crown into the hand of the cook, who returned it, saying, "Sir, I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed!" said Sir Timothy, putting the crown into his pocket; "then I do not give gold." Jonas Hanway's "Eight Letters to the Duke of -" had their origin in Sir Timothy's complaint.

AMENITIES OF SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

One of her Grace's principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine hair; one day, at her toilet, in anger to her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses, and flung them in his face.

Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger Duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph of her own composition and bad ing, to Congreve, in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *happiness* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter, the Duchess of Montagu, old Sarah agreed as ill. "I wonder," said the Duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her grand-daughter, the Duchess of Manchester, she affected to be fond. One day, she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And she has a mother!" answered the Duchess of Manchester, who was all spirit, justice, and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

Sarah, who had risen to greatness and independent wealth by the weakness of a Queen, forgot, like the Duke d'Epemon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave successive courts, though sprung from the dregs of one. When the Prince of Orange came over, in 1734, to marry the Princess Royal Anne, a boarded gallery, with a penthouse roof, was erected for the procession from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's across the garden to the Lutheran Chapel in the Friary. The marriage was deferred for some weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough House. The Duchess cried, "I wonder when *my neighbour George* will take away his orange-chest!"—which the gallery did resemble.

Great was her fury when Henry Fox prevailed on the second Duke to go over to the court. With her warm, intemperate humour, she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose!" Repeated injuries at last drove the Duke to go to law with her, fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she

was animated herself. She appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit and infinite abuse, treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire, metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson, in his suit, demanded a sword set with diamonds, given to his grandsire by the Emperor. "I retained it," said the beldam, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

Her insolent asperity once produced an admirable reply from the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond earrings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in Queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old Duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature to come hither with the bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied Lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out."

Eventually, the Duke resigned everything to reinstate himself in the old Duchess' will, when she said, "It is very natural; he listed as soldiers do when they are drunk, and repented when he was sober."

Sarah, in a letter to Lord Stair, says, "I have made a settlement of a very great estate that is in my own power, upon my grandson, John Spencer, and his sons; but they are to forfeit it if any of them shall ever accept any employment military or civil, or any pension from any King or Queen of this realm, and the estate is to go to others in the entail. This, I think, ought to please everybody; for it will secure my heirs in being very considerable men. None of them can put on a fool's coat, and take posts from soldiers of experience and service, who never did anything but kill pheasants and partridges."

With this said will, her son-in-law, the Duke of Montagu, had bound up an old penny history-book, called "The Old Woman's Will of Ratcliffe Highway," only tearing away the title-page of the latter.

FINE COURTESY.

On one of George the First's journeys to Hanover, his coach broke. At a distance in view was a château of a considerable German nobleman. The King sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the King to his house, and begged the honour of his Majesty accepting a dinner while his carriage was repairing; and while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his Majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in

several tours to Italy. But what did the King see in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of the sovereigns of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had become acquainted with the Chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the King instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.—*Walpole's Reminiscences.*

FLATTERING COMPARISON.

When Prince William (afterwards Duke of Cumberland) was a child, he was carried to his grandfather on his birthday, when the King asked him at what hour he rose. The Prince replied, "When the chimney-sweepers went about."—"Vat is de chimney-sweeper?" said the King. "Have you been so long in England," said the boy, "and do you not know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there," pointing to Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, of a family uncommonly dark and swarthy—"the black funereal Finches."

THE HUSBAND'S ADVICE.

Sir John Germain, a short time before his decease, in 1718, having called his wife to his bedside, said: "Lady Betty, I have made you a very indifferent husband, and particularly of late years, when infirmities have rendered me a burden to myself; but I shall not be much longer troublesome to you. I advise you never again to marry an old man; but I strenuously exhort you to marry when I am gone, and I will endeavour to put it in your power. You have fulfilled every obligation towards me in an exemplary manner, and I wish to demonstrate my sense of your merits. I have, therefore, by my will, bequeathed you this estate,* which I received from my first wife; and which, as she gave it to me, so I leave it to you. I hope you will marry, and have children to inherit it." Lady Betty, though left young a widow, and though she survived Sir John fifty years, never married a second time."

KINGLY AFFECTION.

George II. and his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, several years previous to the decease of the latter, lived on terms of complete

* Drayton, in Northamptonshire, "a most venerable heap of ugliness, 'with many curious bits,'"—*Walpole.*

alienation, or rather hostility. The King, though he never visited his son during his last illness, sent constantly to make inquiries, and received accounts every two hours, of his state and condition. He was so far from desiring the Prince's recovery, that, on the contrary, he considered it would be an object of the utmost regret. Nor did he conceal his sentiments on this point. He was one day engaged in conversation with the Countess of Yarmouth, when the page entered, announcing that the Prince was better: "There now," said his Majesty, "I told you that he would not die." On the evening of the Prince's decease, the King had his usual party at Lady Yarmouth's apartments, and had just sat down to cards, when a page brought from Leicester House the information that the Prince was no more. The King did not testify either emotion or surprise. Then, rising, he crossed the room to Lady Yarmouth's table, who was likewise playing at cards, and leaning over her chair, said to her in a low tone of voice, in German, "Freddy is dead." Having communicated it to her, the King instantly withdrew. She followed him, the company broke up, and the news became public. These particulars were communicated by one of the party to Sir N. Wraxhall.

UNLUCKY GARDENING.

The gardens of Lord Islay (afterwards Duke of Argyll) at Whifton, or rather upon *Hounslow Heath*, were very cultivated, and gave rise to the following epigram:—

"Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste
In improving his gardens purloin'd from the waste,
Bade his gard'ner one day to open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues:
No particular prospect his lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended,
With transport and joy he beheld his first view end
In a favourite prospect—a church that was ruin'd—
But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit!
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caused him to muse on
Full many a Campbell that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He order'd it quick to be closed up again
With a clump of Scotch firs, that served for a screen."

Walpole's Letters, vol. i. 173.

A DELICATE HINT.

When Mrs. Chevenix, the toy-woman of Bath, and her sister Bertrand, called upon Walpole, touching the property of Strawberry

Hill, he showed them his cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet." What an entertaining assumption of dignity!

GEORGE II. AT DETTINGEN.

Frederick the Great in his *Histoire de mon Temps*, gives the following account of George II. at Dettingen: "The King was on horseback, and rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy: his horse, frightened at the cannonading, ran away with his Majesty, and nearly carried him into the midst of the French lines: fortunately, one of his attendants succeeded in stopping him. General Cyrus Trapaud, then an ensign, by seizing the horse's bridle, enabled his Majesty to dismount in safety. 'Now that I am once on my legs,' said he, 'I am sure I shall not run away.' The King then abandoned his horse, and fought on foot at the head of his Hanoverian battalions. With his sword drawn, and his body placed in the attitude of a fencing-master who is about to make a lunge en carte, he continued to expose himself, without flinching, to the enemy's fire."

LADY SARAH LENNOX.

Lady Sarah, the youngest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, was born in 1745; and it is said, that when sixteen, she refused an offer of marriage made her by George III., but that she ultimately accepted him. Kensington traditions describe Lady Sarah as making hay in the fields, then bordering the road, and exchanging a word or two with the young Prince as he rode by. But the royal lover deceived her, and she, instead of being bride at his wedding, was only a bridesmaid. Lady Sarah was speedily consoled: for the year after the union of George and Charlotte, she married, at the age of eighteen, the well-known baronet, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury. Subsequently, a widow of the mature age of thirty-six, Lady Sarah married, in 1781, the Hon. George Napier, son of Francis, fifth Lord Napier. The first child of which she was the mother was the "Sir Charles Napier," the hero of Scinde, whose "very existence" is ludicrously described by his biographer and brother, Sir William, as "an offence to royal pride." The slowness of Sir Charles Napier's promotion is amusingly laid to this union. When Lady Sarah was seventy, this eldest son of a brave, honourable, but singularly arrogant family, wrote to Lady Sarah: "It is the greatest satisfaction to me that the Regent is fifty, and that I am only thirty-four;" and at an earlier period by fifteen years, he

expresses his disgust against the Prince of Wales, "for taking the liberty of calling me Charles! 'Marry, come up, very dirty cousin.'" Lady Sarah Lennox died in 1826, being then in her eighty-first year.—*Dr. Doran: note to Walpole's Last Journals.*

REMARKABLE COINING STORY.

In the spring of 1746, an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter-pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c., as she could pass for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she had got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, "That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty: that, indeed, she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money." The judge asked the mistress if this was true; she answered, "Yes;" and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace; that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm. The judge flew into the greatest rage: told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the jury did bring her in *not guilty*. Horace Walpole, who relates this story, adds: "I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villany."

TOO GOOD FOR ANYTHING.

Walpole, in his Letters, 1749, presents us with an impersonation of this rare excellence in *le beau* Gibberne, whose position he thus cleverly describes, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann: "Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times, after telling me her whole history, she said, 'Well, then, sir, upon the whole,' and began it all again. *Upon the whole*, I think she has a mind to keep her son in

England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, by the acquaintance, he says, his mother has among the quality, to get him that nothing called something. He seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.”

FLORENTINE BLUNDERS.

The Chevalier Lorenzi, whom Walpole feasted with venison which he protested was “as good as beef,” with all his thirst for English knowledge, vented as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland, too. He was transported with some Florentine works of art, of which he said, the Great Duke had the originals, and there never had been made any copies of them. He told a lady also that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be. “Oh!” said he; “I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire.”

A LOVER OF POMP.

The Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of James II., in her journey to the Continent always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her Grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become threadbare—and so it remained.

Though the Duchess could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough; she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad, who died under age; and for herself: and prepared and directed waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster Abbey. It was for the procession at her son’s burial that she wrote to old Sarah of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the Duke. “It carried my Lord Marlborough,” replied the other, “and shall never be used for anybody else.” “I have consulted the undertaker,” replied the Buckingham, “and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds.”

One of her last acts was marrying her grandson to a daughter of Lord Hervey. The day which was appointed for his first interview with the Duchess was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: she received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House,

seated in a chair of state, in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr!

GOOD ADVICE.

Mrs. Leneve used often to advise Walpole never to begin being civil to people he did not care for: "for," said she, "you grow weary of them, and can't help showing it, and so make it ten times worse than if you had never attempted to please them."

COURT CHAPLAINS.

Odd stories are told of devotional exercises at Court. While Caroline, Queen of George II., dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a nude Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bedchamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain, Dr. Madox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, begin the service. He said archly: "And a very proper altar-piece is here, madam!" Queen Anne had the same custom; and once, ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The Queen sent to ask why he did not proceed. He replied, "He would not whistle the Word of God through the keyhole."

A FRACAS AT COURT.

Walpole humorously describes the following romping scene: "There has been a great fracas at Kensington: one of the Mesdames [George II.'s daughters] pulled the chair from under Countess Delorane at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse, gave him just such another fall. But alas! the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the Countess is disgraced, and her German rival [Lady Yarmouth] remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favour."—*Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.*

DUBLIN SOCIETY.

Malone relates that Lord Chesterfield, when Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, being asked one day whom he thought the greatest man of the time, said—"The last man who arrived from England, be he who he might." There is some truth in this. Dublin depends a great deal on London for topics of conversation, as every secondary metropolis must; and the last man who arrives from the great scene of action (if of any degree of consequence) is courted as being supposed to know many little particulars not communicated by letters or the public prints. Every person in a distant country-town in England experiences something of this on the arrival of a friend from the metropolis.

• LORD CHESTERFIELD'S MISTAKE.

Lord Chesterfield, on being made Secretary of State to George the Second, found a fair young lad in the antechamber at St. James's, who, seeming much at home, the Earl, concluding it was one of the sons of Lady Yarmouth, the King's mistress, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd lad received all his Lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself; at last, he said, "I suppose your Lordship takes me for Master Louis; but I am only Sir William Russel, one of the pages."

• "THOSE GODDESSES, THE GUNNINGS."

Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, who appeared at the Court of George II.—one at the age of eighteen and the other nineteen—were two portionless girls, of surpassing loveliness. "They are declared," writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive: they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them, that they are generally driven away." They made more noise than any of their beautiful predecessors since the days of Helen. One day, they went to see Hampton Court: as they were going into the Beauty Room, another company arrived; the house-keeper said, "This way, ladies; here are the beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they went to see the palace, not to be shown as a sight themselves.

The youngest of these fair sisters became the wife of James, Duke of Hamilton: he fell in love with her at a masquerade, and in a fortnight, met her at an assembly made to show Lord Chesterfield's new house in May Fair. Duke Hamilton made violent love to her at one end of the room, while he was playing faro at the other end: that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each; he soon lost a thousand. Two nights after, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, the Duke grew so impatient that he sent for a parson. Doctor Keith refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring; the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of a bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair Chapel. In less than three weeks, Maria Gunning followed her sister to the altar, her choice falling on Lord Coventry.

Nothing could exceed the curiosity excited by the beauty of the sisters, which interest was considerably increased by their splendid alliances. When the Duchess of Hamilton was presented, the crowd

at the drawing-room was so great that even noble persons clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There were mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and such crowds flocked to see the Duchess, when she went to her castle, that 700 persons sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her postchaise next morning. Lady Coventry was equally run after: at Worcester, a shoemaker got two guineas and a half by showing at a penny a head a shoe that he was making for the Countess! She went to Paris, but her Lord, who was grave and ill-bred, would not allow her to wear either red or powder. The Duke of Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my lord replied, *Vous avez fort bien fait*. He was jealous, prudish, and scrupulous: once, at a large dinner-party, he coursed his wife round the table, and, suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, and scrubbed her with a napkin. She was weak-minded, and had little or no tact; for her Ladyship it was who told George II. the only sight she was eager to see was a coronation. But the King was only diverted with the awkward blunder.

Lady Coventry died at twenty-seven: the quantity of paint she had laid on her face is said, by checking the perspiration, to have been the immediate cause of the disorder which occasioned her death. Her sister, the Duchess of Hamilton, survived her thirty years.

ROBBERY PANIC.

In 1750, when robberies were so frequent in London that people were almost afraid of stirring out after dark, Miss Pelham left a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed, in a hackney-chair; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry; her mother grew frightened, lest her infant should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender-drops. Mrs. Selwyn, who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, "Pho! give her *brilliant drops*!"

At the same period a lady at a card-party caused great consternation by calling out, at the top of her voice, "*Un voleur! un voleur!*"—meaning a *thief in the candle*!

REASONABLE EVASION.

One day it was proposed that the Duchess of Douglas should go to Court, and take advantage of the privilege of the *tabouret*, or right of sitting on a low stool in the Queen's private chamber, which it was alleged she possessed by virtue of her late husband's ancestors

having enjoyed a French dukedom (Touraine) in the fifteenth century. The old lady made all sorts of excuses in her homely way; but when the Laird of Boysack started the theory that the real objection lay in her Grace's fears as to the disproportioned size of the tabouret for the correlative part of her figure, he was declared, amidst shouts of laughter, to have divined the true difficulty—her Grace enjoying the joke fully as much as any of them.

JESUIT FLOGGING.

Molinari, a Jesuit of the school at Kensington, had, for corrective purposes, a whip made of strong cord, with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of the scholars in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. It seemed to give him great pain to inflict this chastisement, but he felt *the necessity of being severe*. He had a very extraordinary method of reconciling the devouter student to this torture. He sentenced him first to nine lashes, and then ordered him to hold out his hand; "Offer it up to God and his saints," he would say, "as a sacrifice." He would then select nine saints. The first blow was to be suffered in honour of St. Ignatius,—"*Allons, mon enfant, au nom du plus grand de tous les saints—St. Ignace!*" and down went the whip from a vigorous and muscular arm. "Oh! mon Dieu!" cried the little martyr, withdrawing his hand after the first operation. "*Allons, mon enfant, au nom de St. François Xavier!*" and he then inflicted a second laceration upon the culprit. "*Mais, mon père, ayez pitié—jamais, jamais je ne ferai des solécismes—oh, mon père, jamais.*" The Jesuit was inexorable. "*Allons, mon enfant, au nom de St. Louis de Gonzague!*" and thus he proceeded till he had gone through his calendar of infliction.

ODD BELIEF.

The only thing talked of (writes Walpole, in 1751) is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that about the time, or a little after I die, the secret will be found out how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician.

GEOGRAPHICAL LAPSUS.

Walpole mentions that when the fanciful Whiston predicted that the world would be burnt in three years, the Duchess of Bolton packed up all her effects, and declared she was off to China, to get out of danger.

DEATH OF FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

Two men were heard lamenting the Prince's death in Leicester Fields: one said, "He has left a great many small children!"—"Ay," replied the other; "but what is worse, they belong to our parish!" But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in May Fair Chapel: "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then, his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

ROYAL CRITICISM.

Walpole, writing in 1751, says: A certain King (George II.) was last week at the play. The intriguing chambermaid in the farce says to the old gentleman, "You are villanously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years." The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, "This is d—d stuff."

A MATCH FOR A QUEEN.

After Sir Paul Methuen had quitted Court, Queen Caroline, who thought she had the foolish talent of playing off people, frequently saw him when she dined abroad, during the King's absence at Hanover. Once that she dined with Lady Walpole at Chelsea, Sir Paul was there, as usual. People that play off others generally harp upon the same string. The Queen's constant topic for teasing Sir Paul was his passion for romances, and he was weary of it, and not in good humour with her. "Well, Sir Paul, what romance are you reading now?"—"None, Madam! I have gone through them all."—"Well! what are you reading then?"—"I am got into a very foolish study, Madam; the History of the Kings and Queens of England."

AN OBLIVIOUS LADY.

Mrs. Vesey, a leader of fashion, a contemporary of the celebrated Mrs. Montague, was so forgetful that she sometimes hardly remembered her own name. It will scarcely be credited that she could declaim against second marriages to a lady of quality who had been twice married, and though Mr. Vesey was her own second husband. When, at last, reminded of the circumstance, she only exclaimed, "Bless me, my dear, I had quite forgotten it." There was, indeed, some decay of mind in such want of recollection. Her sister-in-law, who lived in the same house with her, and who formed physically

as well as morally a perfect contrast to Mrs. Vesey, superintended all domestic arrangements. From their opposite figures, qualities, and endowments, the one was called "Body," the other "Mind."

• • • A TUNBRIDGE WELLS HOAX.

The Lilliputian Lady Newhaven arriving at Tunbridge, desired her friend, Mrs. Vesey, to explain to her and instruct her in the customs of the place. A man arrived ringing a bell—"For what?" said my lady. "Oh!" replied Mrs. Vesey, "to notify your arrival." At that instant the man bawled out, "At one o'clock, at Mr. Pinchbeck's great room, will be shown the surprising tall woman."—*Walpole's Letters*.

• ODDITIES OF FALSE HAIR.

I was struck the other day (writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann) with a resemblance of mine host at Brandon to old Sarazin. You must know, the ladies of Norfolk universally wear periwigs, and affirm that it is the fashion at London. "Lord! Mrs. White, have you been ill, that you have shaved your head?" Mrs. White, in all the days of my acquaintance with her, had a professed head of red hair; to-day she had no hair at all before, and at a distance above her ears I discerned a smart brown bob, from beneath which had escaped some long strings of original scarlet—so like old Sarazin at two in the morning, when she has been losing at faro, and clawed her wig aside, and her old trunk is shaded with the venerable white wig of her own locks.

KITTY CANNON AND HER TWO HUSBANDS.

Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the second Earl of Roseberry, some years before his death, in 1755, casually encountered in London a lady who made a deep impression on him, and whom he induced to marry him, and accompany him on a tour of the continent. This union was without the knowledge of relations on either side; but the pair lived in great harmony and happiness till the lady was overtaken by a mortal illness. When assured that she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote the words, "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Cannon, and my last request is to be buried at Thorpe." How she had happened to desert her husband does not appear; but Lord Dalmeny, while full of grief for her loss, protested that he was utterly ignorant of this previous marriage. In compliance with her last wishes, he embalmed her body, and brought it in a chest to England. Under the feigned name of Williams he landed at Colchester, where the chest was opened by the custom-house officers

under suspicion of its containing smuggled goods. The young nobleman manifested the greatest grief on the occasion, and seemed distracted under the further and darker suspicions which now arose. The body being placed uncovered in the church, he took his place beside it absorbed in profound sorrow. At length he gave full explanation of the circumstances, and Mr. Gough was sent for to come and identify his wife. The first meeting of the indignant husband with the sorrow-struck young man who had unwittingly injured him was very moving to all who beheld it. Of the two, the latter appeared the most solicitous to do honour to the deceased. He had a splendid coffin made for her, and attended her corpse to Thorpe, where Mr. Gough met him, and the burial was performed with all due solemnity. Lord Dalmeny immediately after departed for London, apparently inconsolable for his loss. Kitty Cannon is, it is believed, the first woman in England that had two husbands to attend her to the grave together.

A DREAM VERIFIED.

Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, Jan. 9, 1755: "I relate the following, only prefacing that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor, when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. 'Lord! child,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'what brings you to town so early?' He said he had been sent for. Says she, 'You are not well!' 'Yes,' replied Lord Bury, 'I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard.' 'Let me feel your pulse,' said Lady Albemarle: 'Oh!' continued she, 'your father is dead!' 'Lord! Madam,' said Lord Bury, 'how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health).' 'No,' said my Lady Albemarle, 'I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!' and immediately swooned." Another account states that Lady Albemarle thought she saw her lord dressed in white: "the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family."

THE UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

Edward, Duke of York, was one day conversing at St. James's, with his brother George III., when the latter remarked that he seemed in unusually low spirits. "How can I be otherwise," said the Duke, "when I am subjected to so many calls from my creditors,

without having a sixpence to pay them?" The King, it is said, immediately presented him with a thousand-pound note; every word of which he read aloud, in a tone of mock gravity; and then marched out of the room, singing the first verse of "God save the King."

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S MARRIAGE.

When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came over to be married to George III. she was ten days at sea, but gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the cabin-door open. Walpole describes her as easy, civil, and not disconcerted. On the road they wanted to curl her toupet: she said she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of St. James's Palace, she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me."

After the marriage ceremony, as supper was not ready, the Queen sat down, sung and played on the harpsichord to the royal family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects: the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure. "Oh no, sir," said the Queen; "it is the worst of all."

She was not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin, but looked sensible, and was genteel. A ridiculous circumstance happened during the presentations. Lord Westmoreland, not very young or clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lennox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. With Lady Sarah the King was thought to be in love.

Queen Charlotte had always been, if not ugly, at least ordinary, but in her later years her want of personal charms became, of course, less observable, and it used to be said that she was grown better looking. Mr. Croker one day said something to this effect to Colonel Disbrowe, her chamberlain. "Yes," replied he, "I do think that the *blom* of her ugliness is going off."

A VILLAGE TALE.

At Teddington, there lived, in Walpole's time, a Captain Prescott, who was not only a tar, but pitch and brimstone too. He beat his wife, a beautiful, sensible young woman, most unmercifully, so that a young footman, who lived with them five years, could not bear to witness such brutality, but left them, and went to live with Mrs. Clive. The Captain's wife then resolved to run away, and by the footman's assistance did, and got to London. Her father and friends

came up, and she swore the peace against her husband. The cause was heard before Lord Mansfield. Mrs. Clive's servant was summoned as a witness. The Chief Justice asked him if he had not been aiding and abetting to his former mistress's escape. He said, Yes, he had. "You had!" said my Lord; "what, do you confess that you helped your master's wife to elope?" "Yes, my Lord," replied the lad, "and yet my master has never thanked me!" "Thanked you!" said Lord Mansfield, "thanked you! what, for being an accomplice with a wife against her husband?" "My Lord," said the lad, "if I had not, he would have murdered her, and then he would have been hanged." The Court laughed, and Lord Mansfield was charmed with the lad's coolness and wit. •

DISTRESSED ORPHANS.

Shortly before the Coronation of George III., Walpole relates this incident. "I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner: she said she had a petition to present to me. 'What is it, Mrs. Burton?' 'It is in behalf of two poor orphans.' I began to feel for my purse. 'What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?' 'Only if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them *tickets for the Coronation.*' I could not keep my countenance, and these distressed orphans are two- and three-and-twenty! Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?"

CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

The following are a few amusing eccentricities of the pageant:—My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of a Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance: she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. "Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable." She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth.

Walpole tells us that he dressed part of Lady Strafford's head, and made some of my Lord Hertford's dress; "for," adds he, "you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. . . . Lord B—— put rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Dutches of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow."

Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. A maid from

Richmond begged leave to stay in town, because the Duchess of Montrose was only to be seen from two to four.

The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next coronation* would be regulated in the most exact order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this flattering speech that he made the Earl repeat it several times.

Garrick exhibited the Coronation, and opening the end of the stage, discovered a real bonfire and real mob; the houses in Drury Lane let their windows at threepence a-head. Rich promised a finer Coronation than the real one: for there was to be a dinner for the Knights of the Bath and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which Lord Talbot refused them.

PLAIN-SPEAKING AT COURT.

When old Mr. Richard Clive, through the elevation of his great son, Lord Clive, had been introduced into society for which his former habits had not well fitted him, he presented himself at the levee. The King asked him where Lord Clive was. "He will be in town very soon," said the old gentleman, loud enough to be heard by the whole circle, "and then your Majesty will have another vote."

ROCHESTER'S LETTERS.

Mr. Bentley used to tell of an old devout Lady St. John, who burnt a whole trunkfull of letters of the famous Lord Rochester, "for which," said Mr. Bentley, "her soul is now burning in heaven." The oddness, confusion, and wit of the idea are very striking.

A VISIT TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Walpole, writing in 1762, describes his visit to this strange lady: "I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow-candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair, or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horse-man's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of dark-green brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat, sprig'd, velvet muffedens on her arms, grey stockings, and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined. I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she need have taken it for flat-

tery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Russian, all men-servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing.

SAVING A LIFE, AND AN EAR.

Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden, the surgeon then in favour at Court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation, and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at Court.

WALPOLE'S VISIT TO THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

The notorious Ghost in Cock-lane was set on foot in 1762 by a drunken parish-clerk; the Methodists adopted it, and the whole town thought of nothing else. "I went to hear it," says Walpole, "for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland-house, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained in torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We heard nothing: they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night, till seven in the morning; that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half-an-hour after one. The Methodists

have promised their contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*, as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises when they can be discovered.”

The girl—the clerk’s daughter, twelve years old—it was said, was continually disturbed at night with the knocking and scratching of some invisible agent against the wainscot of whatever room she was in. These noises were made, it was said, by the departed spirit of a young gentlewoman of respectable family in Norfolk, buried in the vaults of the church of St. John, Clerkenwell. She was said to have been poisoned by her husband with a drink of deleterious punch, and the girl she pursued was said to have slept with her in the absence of her husband. Investigation of the noises was courted, and the supposed spirit had publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that she would attend any one of the gentlemen into the vault where her body was deposited, and give a token of her presence by a knock upon her coffin. An investigation took place on the night of February 1, 1762; Dr. Johnson was present, with other gentlemen, and printed an account of what they saw and heard. Knocks and scratches were heard, and the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back. The spirit was then required to manifest itself, but no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited. Nor was the promised “affirmative knock” in the vault given; nor could any confession be drawn from the girl. This solemn inquiry undeceived the world, and the contrivers of the imposture were punished for what they did. The father of the girl was set three times in the pillory, and imprisoned for one year in the King’s Bench prison; but the mob, instead of pelting him in the pillory, collected a subscription for him. Oliver Goldsmith has described the whole of this strange affair in a pamphlet.

“IT IS VERY INCONVENIENT.”

• This was a cant phrase with Walpole, which had its rise in the following story:—The tutor of a young Lord Castlecomer, who lived at Twickenham with his mother, having broken his leg, and somebody pitying the poor man to the mother, Lady Castlecomer, she replied, “Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer.”

As a companion to the above: A constable’s journal kept during the Civil War, ended thus: “And there was never heard of such troublesome and distracted times as these five years have been, but *especially for constables.*”

YAWNING'S CATCHING.

One evening, at the commerce-table, at the Princess Amelia's, Horace Walpole was seen to gape—a great sin on any Palatine Hill. A few days after, the Princess, calling at Strawberry Hill, and spying the shield with Medusa's head on the staircase, she said to Walpole, "Oh, now I see where you learnt to yawn."

LORD BATH AND HIS CREDITOR.

Lord Bath owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him: the man determined to persecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchilsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?" "My money," said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next pew: he leaned over, and said, "My money; give me my money!" My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too:—"Give me my money!" The sermon was on Avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they that heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out and paid him directly.

LONG SIR THOMAS ROBINSON.

This eccentric person, who is now at rest in Westminster Abbey, was, when living, designated as "Long," to distinguish him from his namesake Sir Thomas Robinson, created Lord Grantham in 1761. Chesterfield being asked by the baronet to write some verses upon him, immediately produced the epigram:

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long."

Long Sir Thomas, or "Long Tom," as he was familiarly called, filled the office of Commissioner of Excise and Governor of Barbadoes. He was a man of the world, or rather of the town, and a great pest to persons of high rank, or in office. He was very troublesome to the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister, and when on his visits to him he was told that his Grace was gone out, would desire to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with the monkey that was kept in the hall, in hopes of being sent for in to the Duke. This he had so frequently done, that all in the house were tired of

him. At length it was concocted among the servants that he should receive a summary answer to his usual questions; and accordingly, at his next coming, the porter, as soon as he had opened the gate, and without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him in these words: "Sir, his Grace has gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead."

Long Sir Thomas distinguished himself also in this curious manner. When our King had not dropped the folly of calling himself also King "of France," and it was customary at the coronation of an English sovereign to have fictitious Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy to represent the vassalage of France, Sir Thomas was selected to fill the second mock dignity at the coronation of George III., the last occasion on which the foolish phantoms appeared. Churchill alludes to the circumstance in his "Ghost," but he assigns a wrong dukedom to Sir Thomas:

"Could Satire not (though doubtful since
Whether the plumber is or prince)
Tell of a simple knight's advance,
To be a doughty peer of France?
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain."

We have said there were two Sir Thomas Robinsons—of whom one was tall and thin, the other short and fat: "I can't imagine," said Lady Townshend, "why the one should be preferred to the other; I see but little difference between them; the one is as *broad* as the other is *long*."

GROWING TOWARDS OLD.

Walpole, writing in 1767, says: "I have seen and remember so much that my life already appears very long; nay, the first part of it seems to have been a former life, so entirely are the persons worn out who were on the stage when I came into the world. You must consider, as my father was Minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George the First, two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I see then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago, I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with, Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is true, she doted; then came her daughter the old Lady Waldegrave; her son the ambassador; his daughter

Lady Harriet, her daughter the present Lady Powis; and, she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more! but if I do I shall be superannuated, for I think I talk already like an old nurse."

[Mr. P. Cunningham, upon this notes: "He (Walpole) had seen the Duchess of Tyrconnell, (Frances Jennings, of De Grammont,) in his father's house at Chelsea, as I gather from the MS. note in his own edition and copy of De Grammont, once in my possession."]

EXTRAVAGANCES OF FASHION.

What an amusing picture of the follies of the early years of the reign of George III. does the following anecdotic gossip by Walpole, writing from Strawberry Hill, May 6, 1770, afford: "What think you of a winter Ranelagh [the Pantheon] erecting in Oxford-road, at the expense of 60,000*l.*? the new bank, including the value of the ground, and of the houses demolished to make room for it, will cost 30,000*l.*; and erected, as my Lady Townley says, *by sober citizens too!* I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half-a-guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nosegay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant; you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets 300*l.* for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. . . . Another rage is for prints of English portraits; I have been collecting them above thirty years, and, originally, never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings, the lowest are now a crown; most from half-a-guinea to a guinea. Lately, I assisted a clergyman [Granger] in compiling a catalogue of them; since the publication, scarce heads in books not worth threepence, will sell for five guineas. Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware, in Staffordshire [by Wedgwood], from two to five guineas; and *ormolu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well, that a teakettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines,—we have the fustian also."

WAITING TO BE HANGED.

A laird, in the north of Scotland, who died some thirty or forty years ago, had as great a *penchant* for attending executions as the witty George Selwyn, and his local standing would appear to have made his presence at such exhibitions a *sine quâ non*. On one occasion an unfortunate wretch was about to be "turned off;" the rope was adjusted, and everything was ready. The hangman, however, stood waiting with apparent anxiety, evidently for an addition to the spectators. Being asked why he did not proceed with the business, he replied, with a look of surprise at his questioner, "M—— (naming the laird) is nae come yet." The hangman's paramount desire to please the local dignitary (whom we may suppose he looked upon in the light of a patron) under such circumstances, is fine.—*Notes and Queries*, No. 106, Third Series.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

Mrs. Rudd, who was tried at the Old Bailey, in 1775, for felony, preparatory to her trial sent for some brocaded silks to a mercer; she pitched on a rich one, and ordered him to cut off the proper quantity; but the mercer reflecting that if she were hanged, as was probable, he should never be paid, pretended he had no scissors, but would carry home the piece, cut off what she wanted, and send it to Newgate. She saw his apprehension; pulled out her pocket-book; and, giving him a bank-note for twenty pounds, said, "There is a pair of scissors."

WHAT HORACE WALPOLE SAW.

When Walpole was near his sixtieth year, he wrote: "As I was an infant when my father became Minister, I came into the world at five years old; knew half the remaining Courts of King William and Queen Anne, or heard them talked of as fresh; being the youngest and favourite child, was carried to almost the first operas, kissed the hand of George the First, and am now hearing the frolics of his great-great-grandson;—no, all this cannot have happened in one life! I have seen a mistress of James the Second, the Duke of Marlborough's burial, three or four wars; the whole career, victories, and death of Lord Chatham; the loss of America; the second conflagration of London by Lord George Gordon—and yet I am not so old as Methuselah by four or five centuries."

THE TWO PRINCES OF ANAMABOE.

In the London season of 1749, two black princes of Anamaboe were in fashion at all the assemblies. Their story is very much like that of Oroonoko, and is briefly this: A Moorish king, who had

entertained, with great hospitality, a British captain trafficking on the coast of Africa, reposed such confidence in him as to entrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, and another sprightly youth, to be brought to England and educated in the European manners. The captain received them, and basely sold them for slaves. He shortly after died; the ship coming to England, the officers related the whole affair; upon which the Government sent to pay their ransom, and they were brought to England, and put under the care of the Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the Board of Trade, who had them clothed and educated. They were afterwards received in the higher circles, and introduced to the King (George II.) on the 1st of February. In this year they appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, to see the tragedy of *Oroonoko*, where they were received with a loud clap of applause, which they returned with "a genteel bow." The tender interview between Imoinda and Oroonoko so affected the Prince, that he was obliged to retire at the end of the fourth act. His companion remained, but wept all the time so bitterly, that it affected the audience more than the play.

NOT INFECTIOUS.

Old Lady Rosslyn was at home. Mrs. — was announced. When the women were bundling off, "Sit still, sit still," said old Lady R., "it is na' catching."

DOMESTIC TROUBLE.

There is an odd mixture of complaint and remedy in the following passage from a letter of Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, written from Strawberry Hill: "I am in great distress, with a near relation dying in my house. You have heard me mention Mrs. Daye; they have let her come here from Chichester in the last stage of an asthma and dropsy. I can neither leave her here with only servants, nor know how to convey her back; but I will not disturb your happiness with melancholy stories, Madam. For political mishaps, they are very durable. One love's one's country, but then one takes no more part than comes to the share of an individual; besides, where one has lived a good while, events strike one the less. I have seen my country's barometer up at Minden and down at Derby. I have worn laurels and crackers, and sackcloth and ashes. At last I am grown like sauntering Jack, and bear revolutions with much philosophy:

My billet at the fire is found,
Whoever is depos'd or crown'd.

but I go no further; one has grief enough of one's own, without fretting because cousin America has eloped with a Presbyterian parson."

CHALK-STONES AND GOUT.

Walpole was a martyr to gout, with deposits of chalk in his fingers; yet, says Hannah More, "neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant Horace, which rather improve than decay; though he himself says, he is only fit to be a milkwoman, as the *chalk-stones* on his fingers' ends qualify him for nothing but *scoring*; but he declares he will not be a *Bristol milk-woman*"—the Anne Yearsley, who so grossly imposed upon the good Hannah. What exquisite humour is there in his description of his sufferings: "A finger of each hand has been pouring out a hail of chalk-stones and liquid chalk; and the first finger, which I hoped exhausted, last week opened again, and threw out a cascade of the latter, exactly with the effort of a pipe that bursts in the streets; the gout followed, and has swelled both hand and arm; and this codicil will cost me at least three weeks. I must persuade myself, if I can, that these explosions will give me some repose; but there are too many chalk-eggs in the other fingers not to be hatched in succession."

HOW TO ESCAPE AN OLD STORY.

Lord Cobham *would* tell stories, though he had few to tell, and those he told prosily. One day he was dining at Sir Richard Temple's. Bubb Dodington was present, and after dinner fell asleep, and had a pretty long nap. Temple rallied him, when Dodington tried to deny the fact, and offered to bet ten guineas that he would repeat all Cobham had been saying. His lordship accepted the wager, and dared Dodington to the proof. To his surprise, however, Bubb went through a story Cobham had been telling, nearly word for word. "Surely," said Temple, "you must possess the extraordinary faculty of sleeping with your eyes open." "Far from it," replied Dodington; "when I dozed off, I knew that the period of the evening had arrived when Cobham would tell *that* story; so I went to sleep accordingly."

THE ART OF BORROWING.

Bubb Dodington was one day walking down Bow-street, at the time it was well inhabited, and "resorted to by gentry for lodgings," when a borrowing acquaintance rushed from the opposite side of the way, and expressed great delight at meeting him; "for," said he, "I am wonderfully in want of a guinea." Dodington winced, and

taking out his purse, showed that he had no more than half a guinea. "A thousand thanks," exclaimed the persecutor, half forcing the coin from between the owner's fingers, "that will do very well for the present;" and cleverly changed the subject to a good story. When they had parted, the brazen borrower returned to Dodington, saying: "By-the-bye, when will you pay me that half-guinea?"—"Pay you! what do you mean?" "Why, I *intended* to borrow a guinea of you, and have only got half; but I am not in a hurry for t'other; name your own time—only pray keep it."

THE PALSIED GAMBLER.

Hannah More used to relate that a foreign ambassador, Count Adhemar, had a stroke of palsy, and that he was to have had a great assembly on the night of the day on which it happened. It was on a Sunday! The company went—some hundreds. The man lay deprived of sense and motion; his bedchamber joined the drawing-room, where was a faro-bank, held close to his bed's head. Somebody said, they thought they made too much noise. "Oh no," answered another, "it will do him good; the worst thing he can do is to sleep." A third said, "I did not think Adhemar had been a fellow of such rare spirit; palsy and faro together is spirited indeed; this is keeping it up!"

The gentle Hannah related this to Walpole, who, in return, told her of a French gentleman at Paris, who being in the article of death, had not signed his will, when the lawyer who drew it up was invited by his wife to stay supper. The table was laid in the dying man's apartment; the lawyer took a glass of wine, and addressing himself to the lady, drank "*à la santé de notre aimable agonisant!*" "I told Mr. Walpole," says Hannah, "he invented the story to outdo me, but he protested it was literally true."

LOSING A FORTUNE.

Sir John Bland is said to have *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. In one night he exceeded what was lost by the Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens are said to have "put on their double-channeled pumps, and trudged to St. James's-street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's hermits." Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who had nothing but a few debts and his commission.

A REFORMED GAMESTER.

Colonel Thomas Panton was a celebrated gamester of the time of the Restoration, and who, in one night, it is said, won as many thousands as purchased him an estate of above 1500*l.* a-year. "After this good fortune," says Lucas, "he had such an aversion against all manner of games, that he would never handle cards or dice again; but lived very handsomely on his winnings to his dying day, which was in the year 1681." Colonel Panton was the last proprietor of the gaming-house called Piccadilly Hall, and was in possession of land on the site of the streets and buildings which bear his name, as early as the year 1664. Yet we remember to have seen it stated that Panton-street was named from a particular kind of horse-shoe called a *panton*; and from its contiguity to the Hay-market, this origin was long credited.

LOCAL FAME.

"I remember," says Walpole, "how, long ago, I estimated local renown at its just value by a little sort of adventure that I will tell you; and since that there is an admirable chapter somewhere in Voltaire, which shows that more extended fame is but local on a little larger scale: it is the chapter of the Chinese who goes into a European bookseller's shop, and is amazed at finding none of the works of his most celebrated countrymen; while the bookseller finds the stranger equally ignorant of western classics." Horace then tells us how he went once with Mr. Rigby to see a window of painted glass at Messling, in Essex, and dined at a better sort of alehouse. The landlady waited on them, and was notably loquacious, entertaining them with the *bon-mots* and funny exploits of Mr. Charles Mr. Charles said this, Mr. Charles played such a trick; oh! nothing was so pleasant as Mr. Charles. But, how astonished the poor soul was when they asked *who Mr. Charles was*; and how much more astonished when she found they had never heard of Mr. Charles Luchyn, who, it seems, was a relation of Lord Grimston, had lived in their village, and been the George Selwyn of half a dozen cottages.

"If I had," adds Walpole, "a grain of ambitious pride left, it is that, in other respects, has been the thread that has run through my life, that of being forgotten: so true, except the folly of being an author, has been what I said last year to the Prince of Wales [George IV.] when he asked me if I was a Freemason, I replied, [o, sir; I never was anything."

Lady Charleville, Walpole's neighbour, told him, that having some company with her, one had been to see Strawberry. •“Pray,” said another, “who is that Mr. Walpole?” “Lord!” cried a third, “don't you know the great epicure, Mr. Walpole?” “Pho,” said the fourth, “great epicure! you mean the antiquarian.”

When Horace bought a large parcel of bugles at a little shop in the city, and bade the proprietor send them to Sir Robert Walpole's, the shopkeeper coolly asked, “Who is Sir Robert Walpole?”

COURT AND CITY.

The contempt of the City for the Court, and the characteristic follies of public men, were humorously satirized in the following anonymous lines, which were in circulation in 1773:—

“ You I love, my dearest life,
 More than Georgey loves his wife;
 More than Ministers to rule,
 More than North to play the fool,
 More than Camden to grimace,
 More than Barrington his place,
 More than Clive his black jaguer,
 More than Bute the royal ear;
 More than patriots love their price,
 More than Fox loves cards and dice,
 More than Cits the Court to spite,
 More than Townshend not to fight,
 More than Colebrook heaps of pelf,
 More than Elliot loves himself,
 More than Alderman his gut,
 More than Hillsborough to strut;
 More than cullies love a jilt,
 More than Grosvenor horns well gilt;
 More than Dartmouth loves field preachers,
 More than Huntingdon her teachers,
 More than Carlisle those who cheat him,
 More than Long Tom those who treat him,
 More than Pomfret a lead-mine,
 More than Weymouth play and wine,
 More than fools at wits to nibble,
 More than Walpole loves to scribble,
 More than Lyttleton to write,
 More than blackleg March to bite,
 More than country squires their dogs,
 More than Mawbey loves his hogs,
 * * * * *
 More than Tories love the Stuarts,
 More than Whigs love all true hearts,
 Thus, my fair, I love you more
 Than ever man loved fair before.”

WHAT IS ENNUI?

Walpole, in a letter to Mr. Chute, writes from Houghton the following ludicrous account of one of his visitors, who seems to sit as the centre figure of his picture of Ennui:—

“I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me down so yesterday with interrogatories, that I dreamt all night, she was at my ear with ‘whos,’ and ‘whys,’ and ‘whens,’ and ‘wheres,’ till, at last, in my very sleep I cried out, ‘For God in heaven’s sake, madam, ask no more questions.’

“Oh! my dear sir, don’t you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don’t know what to do with them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have a bad people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in country than in town, because one can avoid it there, and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear it is growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there’s no English word for *ennui*; I think you may translate it most literally by what is called ‘entertaining people,’ and ‘doing the honours’; that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don’t know and don’t care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, ‘I think you live a good deal in the country,’ or, ‘I think you don’t love this thing or that.’ Oh! ’tis dreadful!”

DEATH OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Lord Chesterfield’s declining years, though now and then brightened by flashes of wit and merriment, were clouded by sickness and despondency. His ruling passion was ruffled in his last moments, when his only expressed anxiety related to his friend, Dayrolles, being in the room without a chair to sit down upon. Chesterfield died March 24, 1773. He desired, by will, that his remains might be buried in the next burying-place to the place where he should die, and that the expense of his funeral might not exceed 100*l*. He died in Chesterfield House; and was accordingly interred in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, but his remains were afterwards removed to Shelford, in Nottinghamshire.

Lord Chesterfield is described by Lord Hervey as "very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; having a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S WILL.

Stanhope-street, May Fair, was built by Lord Chesterfield, on ground belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The earl is said to have had a hard bargain of the ground; as appears from the following clause in his will:—

"In case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall, at any time hereafter, keep, or be concerned in keeping of, any racehorses, or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of races there; or shall resort to the said races, or shall lose, in any one day, at any game or bet whatsoever, the sum of 500*l.*; then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate, the sum of 5000*l.* for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

Upon this Lord Mahon remarks, in his *History of England*: "The last sentence contains a lively touch of satire. The earl had found, or believed that he found, the Chapter of Westminster of that day exorbitant and grasping in their negotiation with him of land for the building of Chesterfield House [and the houses in Stanhope Street adjoining]; and he declared that he now inserted their names in his 'Will,' because he felt sure that if the penalty should be incurred, they would not be remiss in claiming it."

LATE HOURS.

Walpole, writing in 1777, gives a droll picture of the silly dissipation of the time. "The present folly," he says, "is late hours. Everybody tries to be particular by being too late; and as everybody tries it, nobody is so. It is the fashion now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten, the company go at twelve. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The Earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? that is, he would have paid him for killing him. You see, we have brought the spirit of calculation to perfection!"

Again: "About ten days ago I wanted a housemaid, and one presented herself very well recommended. I said, 'But young woman, why do you leave your present place?' She said she could not

support the hours she kept; that her lady never went to bed till three or four in the morning. 'Bless me, child,' said I, 'why, you tell me you live with a bishop's wife; I never heard that Mrs. North (wife of the Bishop of Worcester) gamed or raked so late.' 'No, sir,' said she; 'but she is three hours undressing.' Upon my word, the edifice that takes three hours to demolish must at least be double the time in fabricating!"

Just at this ruinous time of frenzy, folly, and extravagance, a large party had returned from the opera; Lady Melbourne (the mother of the Prime Minister) was standing before the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass, says she, "Lord! they say the Stocks will blow up; that will be very comical. All the ladies, Melbournes, and all the Bishops' wives that kill their servants by vigils are going about the town lamenting their poor orphans, and soliciting the peers to redress their grievances."

ROYAL FLATTERY.

When Admiral Keppel, the friend and legatee of Admiral Saunders, carried the latter's red ribbon to George III., his Majesty, as great a flatterer as any of his own flatterers, kept Keppel, though in opposition, long in the closet, yet said not a word of so meritorious an officer as Saunders, who had died in opposition. Keppel, provoked, said at last, "Your Majesty has lost a most brave and loyal subject." The King, with great quickness answered, "I do not miss him while I have a Keppel."

MAY AND DECEMBER.

The Prince of Conti, the lover of Madame de Bouffleurs, was greatly attached to the sex, even when old. Perceiving that he did not succeed so well as he had formerly done, he one day said, "It is time for me to retire. Formerly, my civilities were taken for declarations of love, but now my declarations of love are taken only for civilities."

INSANITY AND REASON.

A poor man in Bedlam was ill-used by an apprentice because he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature said at last, "Because God has deprived me of a blessing which you never enjoyed." There never was anything finer or more affecting.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: her Lord (an Irishman) replied: "Oh! for my part, there's no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there's no waking me afterwards."

THE HEALTH OF EUROPE.

Madame de Sevigné had a German friend, the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess. One day, Madame de Sevigné happening to meet her in colours, made a low curtesy, and said, "Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe."

A FEU-DE-JOIE.

During foggy weather, with a gleam of sunshine, on the cannon firing for George III. going to the House, somebody asked what it was for? Madame de Choiseul replied, "Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil."

KINGLY RETORT.

The Duc de Lauragais was a very singular and eccentric person. He was a great *Anglomane*, and was the first introducer into France of horse-races *à la Anglaise*; it was to him that Louis XV.—not pleased at his insolent *Anglomanie*—made so excellent a retort. The King had asked him, after one of his journeys, what he had learned in England? Lauragais answered, with a kind of republican dignity, "A panser" (*penser*)—"Les chevaux?" inquired the King.

STORY OF A PARROT AND MONKEY.

A young Madame de Choiseul longed for a parrot, that should be a miracle of eloquence; and, as every shop in Paris then sold macaws, parrots, cockatoos, &c., a parrot was soon found for the nymph; but she had another passion, and was enamoured of General Jackoo, a celebrated monkey, at Astley's: ingots of gold were offered for this monkey, but Astley demanded a *terre* for life; but fortunately, another miracle of a monkey was heard of, who was not in so exalted a sphere of life, being only in a kitchen, where he had learned to pluck fowls with inimitable dexterity. This dear animal was not invaluable, was bought, and presented to Madame de Choiseul, who immediately made him the *secrétaire de ses commandemens*. The first time she went out, the two animals were locked up in her bedchamber. When the lady returned, Jackoo the second received her with all the *empressement* possible—but where was Poll?—found at last under the bed, shivering and cowering—and without a feather, as stark as any Christian. Now, the two animals had been presented by two rival lovers of Madame; and Walpole humorously tells us "Poll's presenter concluded that his rival had given the monkey with that very view, challenged him, they fought, and both were wounded; and an heroic adventure it was!"

BRED IN THE BONE.

A well-known Jack Bragg, who had contrived to secure a limited reception in society, being one day in a party, where those present were speculating on what they would do in given contingencies, committed himself by exclaiming, "Now, if I was a gentleman," which, naturally enough, led ill-natured people to suppose that there had been a time when he was not. Still, everybody was at fault as to his original vocation, until, in an unlucky hour, he accompanied some of his new associates to a billiard-table. Immediately on entering the room, he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking-board so naturally that every doubt was dissipated, and the marker stood confessed.

It has been told of Mr. Arthur Moore, and was naturally true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman, that, in the days of his opulence, he once handed some ladies into a carriage, and then, from the mere force of habit, got up behind it himself.

A VEAL DINNER.

At the table of Lord Polkemmet, when the covers were removed, the dinner was seen to consist of veal broth, a roast fillet of veal, veal cutlets, a florentine (an excellent Scotch dish, composed of veal), a calf's head, calf's-foot jelly. The worthy judge observing an expression of surprise among his guests, broke out in explanation: "Ou, ay, it's a cauf; when we kill a beast we just eat up one side, and down the tither."

The expressions he used to describe his own *judicial* preparations for the bench were very characteristic: "Ye see I first read a' the pleadings, and then, after letting them wamble in my wame wi' the toddy twa or three days, I gie my ain interlocutor."

THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

• The personal exertions made by the Duchess of Devonshire in favour of Charles Fox, during the contested election for Westminster, in 1784, are well known. Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, she visited the abodes of the humblest amongst the electors; she dazzled and enslaved them by the fascination of her manners, the power of her beauty, and the influence of her high rank; and is known, on more than one occasion, to have carried with her the meanest one drunk to the hustings in her carriage. The fact of her having purchased the vote of a stubborn butcher by a kiss, is, we believe, undoubted. It was during these scenes that the Irish mechanic paid Her Grace the well-known compliment:

gazing with admiration at her beautiful countenance, he said, "I could light my pipe at her eyes."

This beautiful woman died in 1786, at the age of forty-nine. Sir N. Wraxall relates: "During the month of July, 1811, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin which contained the ashes of that admired female [the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire] the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a *bouquet*, which lay upon the lid, nearly collapsed into dust. 'That nosegay,' said she, 'was brought here by the Countess of Bessborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin; but, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wishes.'"

PROFITABLE SUPERSTITIONS.

Hannah More writes thus of her own time: "In vain do we boast of the eighteenth century, and conceitedly talk as if human reason had not a manacle left about her, but that philosophy had broken down all the strongholds of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition; and yet at this very time Mesmer has got a hundred thousand pounds by animal magnetism in Paris, and Mainanduc is getting as much in London. There is a fortune-teller in Westminster who is making little less. Lavater's physiognomy books sell at fifteen guineas a set. The divining-rod is still considered oracular in many places. Devils are cast out by seven ministers; and to complete the disgraceful catalogue, slavery is vindicated in print, and defended in the House of Peers."

"POOR AS JOB."

Lady Margaret Compton said she was *as poor as Job*. "I wonder," said Lady Barrymore, "why people say *as poor as Job*, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches." "Yes," said Walpole, "Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*."

A LONG DINNER.

Of Mr. Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, one of the judges of the Court of Session, equally remarkable as a gourmand and a lawyer, it is told that a client calling on him one day at four o'clock, and

being surprised to find him at dinner, and saying to the servant that he understood five to be Mr. Hay's dinner hour. "Oh, but sir," said the man, "it is his yesterday's dinner."

A TIRESOME CRITIC.

Walpole one day met Mr. Villiers, at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of Thomson's new play, he began to give the earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, "Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true," and so got rid of the bore.

WILBERFORCE'S EARLY LIFE.

"When I left the University," writes Mr. Wilberforce, "so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's Poems; and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's, I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs—Miles and Evans's, Brookes's, Boodle's, White's, Goostree's. The first time I was at Brookes's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, in mere shyness, in play at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference; and, turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'O, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed!' Nothing could be more luxurious than the style of these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms; you chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party. We played a good deal at Goostree's; and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever."

INTRODUCTION OF TOOTHPICKS.

Lord Clermont, at a dinner-party, told the company that in the course of his reading he had found that Scipio first introduced the use of toothpicks from Spain. "I did not know so much," said Walpole, in a letter next day; "nor that his lordship ever did read, or knew that Scipio was anybody but a racehorse. His classic author, probably, is 'Marsh upon the Gums.'"

A VAIN OLD COUNTESS.

When the Countess of Pomfret gave her lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she went there at the public cost, to receive adoration. "A box," says Walpole, "was built for her near the Vice Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time, to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricassee French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica."

A REPRIEVE.

After the execution of eighteen malefactors, in 1787, a woman was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know *you* had been reprieved."

CHAIRMAN'S IMPUDENCE.

Mrs. Herbert, the bedchamber-woman in the household of Queen Charlotte, going in a hackney-chair, the chairmen were excessively drunk, and after tossing her and jolting her about for some minutes, set the chair down; and the foreman, lifting up the top, said, "Madam, you are so drunk, that if you do not sit still, it will be impossible to carry you."

KINGS AND PRINCES.

The following dialogue is related of Mr. Pope and the Prince of Wales:—"Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then!" "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Was it possible to make a better answer to such simple questions?

A DRAM-DRINKER'S MOTTO.

Mr. Chute, a friend of Walpole's, passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ*: he said it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ*.

A STUCK-UP HOST.

Lord John Townshend was at a grand dinner, where the smallness of the establishment obliged the entertainer, a coarse upstart, to transform the gardener, the stable-boy, and even the coachman, into waiters. Several awkward mishaps were the consequence. Among others, the coachman upset the butter-boat over Townshend's clothes. Determined to expose his pretentious host, his Lordship exclaimed aloud, as he wiped off the butter, "John, take my advice, and in future never grease anything but your wheels."

PURE DICTION.

The poet, Malherbe, the founder of the purity of the French language, was very sensitive on the score of diction. When, during his last moments, his confessor, by way of encouraging him, began to enlarge on the joys of Paradise, "Stop," cried Malherbe, "your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them."

ENGLISH CREDULITY.

Pasquier, an old French author, says that in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors "Des Anglois," from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many.

THE DISCOVERIES OF POSTERITY.

When Walpole began to plant the grounds at Strawberry Hill, he used to talk very learnedly with the nurseryman, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturned all his botany, as he more than once took it for a curious West Indian flowering shrub. "Then," he says, "the deliberation with which trees grow is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age when we are come to see so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers. I shall talk of a secret of roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame gers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now

look upon as impracticable; and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda (the Spanish Jesuit) had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to pitch me into a verse with Herrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge springs from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who as Dr. Shaw says very prettily, in his Preface to Boyle, 'had the art of inventing arts;' or rather, like a Marquis of Worcester, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls 'A Century of Inventions,' where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves."

PRIDE OF HERALDRY.

Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, tells him that Mr. Chute, who was always thinking of blazoning his pedigree in the noblest colours, had just tapped a new and very great family for him: "in short," says Walpole to Sir Horace, "by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard II.; indeed, I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees of Paddington and Blackheath. I have at least a dozen great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere flea-bites, and leave no stain."

Lord Chesterfield placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*: the ridicule is admirable.

Old Peter Le Neve, the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father had been a footman: "Here lies

the last who died before the first of his family!" This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said: "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?"

TRUE DIGNITY.

We have (says Walpole) in our family an instance of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honourable alliance in the pedigree. The Dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French staymaker's daughter. When Ambassadress in France, the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a Frenchwoman. "Française?" replied the Queen. "Vous Française, Madame! et de quelle famille?" "D'aucune, Madame," answered my aunt. "Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be of the *aucune* family, which is not necessary to be a Howard."

PRECEDENCE.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the elder go first." Such a dispute was never known afterwards.

When King William landed, he said to Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker, "Sir Edward, I think you are of the Duke of Somerset's family." "No, sir; he is of mine," was the Speaker's reply.

"Precedence of rank," says Furetière, "has its charms, certainly; though I cannot go so far as a lady of my acquaintance, who wished to die before her husband. I inquired of her the reason of wishing so extraordinary a thing. 'Because,' said her ladyship, 'if my husband dies before me, I cannot put his arms on his tomb, because he is not a man of family; though, should I die first, he can claim a right of placing my arms on my tomb, because I am a woman of quality by birth.'"

SMALL PRECEDENT.

An amusing illustration of this weak point is told. "When Lord Baltimore would not come into the Admiralty, because in the new commission they had given Lord Vere Beauclerc the precedence, a gentleman at Tom's Coffee-house said, "It put him in mind of Penkethman's petition in *The Spectator*, where he complains that formerly he used to act second chair in Diocletian, but now was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot."

SPANISH GRANDEES.

In Spain, it is the ambition of grandes to unite in themselves as many grandeeships as possible by the marriage of heiresses, whose names and titles are assumed by their husbands; whence the old story of a benighted grandee, who knocked at a lonely inn, and when asked, as usual, "Quien és?" ("Who is there?") replied, "Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribero Guzman Pimental Osario Ponce de Leon Gumaga, Accrora Tellez y Giron, Sandoval y Boxas, Velasco Man——" "In that case," interrupted the landlord, shutting his window, "Go with God. There is not room for half of you."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

What a drawback on *beaux sentiments* and romantic ideas is presented in Pasquier's account of the execution of the Queen of Scots: he says, "The night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore." In a very old trial of her, which Walpole bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantoufles and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off is there!

THE HOUSES OF HUDDLESTONE AND HOWARD.

Mr. Huddlestone believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, of which his name was allowed to be an undeniable corruption; and amongst others by the Duke of Norfolk. These two worthies often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees; and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the Duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon Kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the Duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sternly repelled the proffered hand of the cadet. "Never," he hiccupped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good-natured Duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying, the Duke also took his place upon the floor. The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised, and applied to other people, but the authenticity of this version may be relied on.—*Quarterly Review*.

EPITAPH ON A BELLE.

Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, a belle of Walpole's time, died suddenly with drinking too freely of lemonade at a subscription masquerade. Horace, in his sneering way, says, "It is not quite unlucky for her: she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad. Her exit was commemorated in these doggerel lines:

Poor Jenny Conway,
She drunk lemonade
At a masquerade:
So now she's dead and gone away.

WOMANLY CONSOLATION.

One night, at a large rout, great panic was expressed about the French; when Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said with great softness: "I don't know: I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of."

ODD PAYMENT.

Caroline Vernon lost one night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he would rather have a draft on her banker. "Oh! willingly;" and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummond's, lest all her money should be drawn out. "Sir," said the clerk, "would you receive the contents immediately?" "Assuredly." "Why, Sir, have you read the note?" Martindale took it; it was, "Pay to the bearer two hundred blows, well applied."

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The Duchess of Gordon, "one of the Empresses of Fashion," coming out of an assembly, said to Dundas, "Mr. Dundas, you are used to speak in public; will you call my servant?" This Duchess had more wit than any of Walpole's old sayers of good things; but she was also coarser than they ventured to be.

GARDENING AND PUNCTUATION.

Hannah More tells us that Capability Brown illustrated everything he said about gardening by some literary or grammatical allusion; and he compared his art to literary composition. "Now, *there*," said he, pointing with his finger, "I make a comma; and *there*," pointing to another spot, "where a more decided turn is proper, I make a colon; at another part, where an interruption is desirable to

break the view,—a parenthesis—now a full stop; and then I begin another subject.”

CIVIC SAPIENCE.

Two stories are related of an absurd Lord Mayor, one about the copy of a letter taken after the original was lost—and the other—hearing of a gentleman who had the small-pox twice and died of it, he asked if he died the first time or the second.

LIFE OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

Among the celebrities of the latter half of the last century was General Sir John Irwin, who, besides a regiment and government conferred on him by the Crown, held, for several years, the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. But no income, however large, could suffice for his expenses. At one of the entertainments which he gave to the Lord Lieutenant, in Dublin, he displayed as the centre piece of the dessert a representation of the fortress of Gibraltar invested by the Spanish force, executed in confectionary, a model of the celebrated rock, with the works, batteries, and artillery of the besiegers throwing sugar-plums against the walls. This piece of folly cost nearly 1500*l*!

Irwin was a great favourite of George III., who once observed to him, “They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine.” “Those,” replied Irwin, “who so informed your Majesty have done me great injustice; they should have said a bottle.” Irwin’s extravagant mode of living involved him in endless pecuniary difficulties; and while the General was abroad, in great distress, George III. twice sent him a present of 500*l*. His debts became so numerous, and his creditors so importunate, that he privately quitted his elegant house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, and retired to the continent. There he hired a chateau in Normandy; but his pecuniary difficulties continuing, he removed over the Alps, into Italy; he is said to have died at Padua, in May 1788, in obscurity, but not in distress.

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

In 1792, the Duchess of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands, on her Duke’s birthday. A company of strollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn; she was solicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her servants. Next day a Methodist came to preach a charity sermon in the same theatre, and she consented to hear it on the same motive; but her servants desired to be excused on not understanding English. “Oh!” said the Duchess, “but you went to the comedy, which you understood less, and you shall go to the sermon;” to which she gave handsomely, and for them.

CIVIC ENJOYMENT.

In 1800, on November 8, the usual festivities were kept up with great spirit at the Mansion House, it being the day of the Lord Mayor (Combe) retiring from office, and the assumption of its duties by his successor, Sir William Staines. The honest knight loved his pipe, and was accordingly indulged with one. In yielding up his place and honours to him, the late chief magistrate, Combe, had the good nature to share in the humour of his successor; and they were observed, after dinner, lighting their pipes at one candle, like the Duke of Buckingham's two Kings of Brentford, smelling at one nosegay.

Alderman Boydell, when he lived at the corner of Ironmonger-lane, in Cheapside, had a strange mode of refreshing himself on the morning after a civic feast: leaving his shop, he would go to the pump in Ironmonger-lane, and there taking off his wig, place his bare head beneath the cooling stream.

A CRUEL CASE.

Lady Cathcart, who died in 1798, had four husbands, of whom Lord Cathcart was the third; the fourth was a Captain Macguire, an Irish officer, who, not much pleased with the posy on her wedding-ring—

If I survive,
I'll have five.

took her to Ireland, and kept her there, in solitary durance, for twenty years, when he died, and her Ladyship returned to dance at the Welwyn Assembly.

MR. PITT'S IDEAS OF WOMEN,

Mr. Pitt is stated, by Lady Hester Stanhope, to have ardently loved the daughter of Lord A——, and that he almost broke his heart when he gave her up. But he considered that she was not a woman to be left at her will when business might require it, and he sacrificed his feelings to his sense of public duty. "Yet (adds Lady Hester) Mr. Pitt was a man just made for domestic life, who would have enjoyed his own retirement, digging his own garden, and doing it cleverly too."

"There were other reasons," Mr. Pitt would say, against this match; "there is her mother, such a chatterer! and then the family intrigues. I can't keep them out of my house, and for my King's and country's sake, I must remain a single man." He used to say, he considered "no man ought to marry who could not give a proper share of his time to his wife; for how would it be if he was

always at the House, or in business, and she always at the Opera, or whirling about in her carriage?"

"People," says Lady Hester, "thought Mr. Pitt did not care about women, and knew nothing about them; but they were very much mistaken. Mrs. B——, of Devonshire, when she was Miss W——, was so pretty, that Mr. Pitt drank out of her shoe. Nobody understood shape, and beauty, and dress, better than he did; with a flame of his eye he saw it all at once. But the world was ignorant of much respecting him. Whoever thought that there was not a better judge of women in London than he? and not only of women as they present themselves to the eye, but that his knowledge was so critical as to analyse their features and persons in a most masterly way? Not a defect, not a blemish escaped him: he would detect a shoulder too high, a limp in the gait, where nobody else would have seen it; and his beauties were real, natural beauties. In dress, too, his taste was equally refined. I shall never forget when I had arranged the folds and drapery of a beautiful dress which I wore one evening, how he said to me, 'Really, Hester, you are bent on conquest to-night; but would it be too bold in me, if I were to suggest that that particular fold'—and he pointed to a triangular fall which I had given to one part—'were looped up so?'—and it was exactly what was wanting to complete the classical form of my dress.

"He had so much urbanity, too! I recollect returning late from a ball, when he had gone to bed fatigued; there were others beside myself, and we made a great deal of noise. I said to him next morning, 'I am afraid we disturbed you last night.' 'Not at all,' he replied; 'I was dreaming of the Masque of Comus, Hester, and when I heard you all so gay, it seemed a pleasant reality.'"

Lady Hester then relates how Mr. Pitt's excellent heart was full of sympathy for persons whom others spurned; and on being told that a lady of this ill-treated class was expected to accompany a guest at Walmer Castle, "My dear Hester," said Mr. Pitt, "for God's sake, don't distress the poor woman, if she is coming—now, pray don't." He then gave orders that she should have the bedroom in the house, while others, who were expected, were to be sent to the village.

MR. PITT'S LOVE OF PORT WINE.

Mr. Rogers has left these reminiscences of the statesman's port-drinking: "During his boyhood, Pitt was very weakly; and his physician, Addington (Lord Sidmouth's father), ordered him to take port wine in large quantities; the consequence was, that when

he grew up he could not do without it. Lord Grenville has seen him swallow a bottle of port in tumblerfuls before going to the House. This, together with his habit of eating late suppers (indigestible cold veal pies, &c.), helped, undoubtedly, to shorten his life. Huskisson, speaking to me of Pitt, said that his hands shook so much that, when he helped himself to salt, he was obliged to support the right hand with the left. Stothard, the painter, happened to be one evening at an inn on the Kent road, when Pitt and Dundas put up there on their way from Walmer. Next morning, as they were stepping into their carriage, the waiter said to Stothard, 'Sir, do you observe these two gentlemen?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I know them to be Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas.' 'Well, sir, how much wine do you suppose they drank last night?' Stothard could not guess. 'Seven bottles, sir!'

LORD PEMBROKE'S PORT WINE.

Lord Palmerston one day related the following anecdote to a deputation of gentlemen, who waited upon him to urge the reduction of the wine duties. Referring to the question of adulterations, "I remember," said his lordship, "my grandfather, Lord Pembroke, when he placed wine before his guests, said: 'There, gentlemen, is my champagne, my claret, &c. I am no great judge, and I give you this on the authority of my wine-merchant; but I can answer for my port, for I made it myself.' I have still his receipt, which I look on as a curiosity; but I confess *I have never ventured to try it.*" The following is the veritable receipt which Lord Pembroke adopted:—Eight gallons of genuine port wine, forty gallons of cider, brandy to fill the hogshead. Elder tops will give it the proper roughness, and cochineal whatever strength of colouring you please. The quantity made should not be less than a hogshead. It should be kept fully two years in cask, and as long in bottle before it is used.

PORT WINE AND PARALYSIS.

Mr. Savory, of Bond-street, used to relate that a friend of his, a baronet, well known in the gay world, on his return home from a convivial party, was seized with paralysis, and suddenly deprived of speech and power of moving one side of his body. Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of port wine brought to his bedside, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman lived long after, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever

was; and he long discussed his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity.

A JUDGE OF WINE.

In Bow-street, Covent-garden, there was formerly a coffee-house kept by Mat Williams, which was much frequented by actors. Incledon, who was one day president at a large dinner-party here, found great fault with the wine, and though, by his order, it was more than once changed for better, he was still dissatisfied, at the same time boasting what very fine wine he had in his cellar, "bin No. 2," brandishing in his hand his nectar-key, as he called it. Munden, who sat next to Incledon, when he put the key into his coat-pocket, whilst he was singing, adroitly took it out, and leaving the room, sent the key to Mrs. Incledon, by a person whom he could trust, with a message to deliver to the bearer six bottles of the old port wine, bin No. 2. When the man returned, Mat Williams, who was in the secret, brought up one of the bottles himself, and said he hoped the company would find it better; he had only six bottles of *that* wine in the house. Incledon still persisted that it was worse than any of the others. The joke continued till the last bottle made its appearance, when a bumper was drunk to the president, as donor of the last six bottles, not a little to his astonishment, as may be imagined.

THE STRAWBERRY.

It is related of the convivial Mr. Alderman Faulkner, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late, and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution to place in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities. On the faith of this specific he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away earlier than usual. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had drunk, the Alderman was extremely indignant. "The claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do anybody any harm; any discomfiture was altogether caused by that d—d single strawberry which I kept all night at the bottom of my glass."

A FAMOUS PIPE OF MADEIRA.

The bidding for the pipe of Madeira, at the sale of the effects of the late Duchess de Raguse, in 1858, caused a great commotion in Paris. This famous wine, known to *convives* as the "1814 pipe," was fished up near Antwerp in 1814, where it had lain in the *car-case* of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheld in 1778, and

which had rested there ever since. As soon as the valuable discovery was made known, Louis XVIII. despatched an agent to secure the precious relic. A share of the glorious beverage was presented to the French Consul, who had assisted at its discovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duke de Raguse. Only four-and-forty bottles were remaining, and these were literally sold for their weight in gold to Rothschild, who was opposed by Véron and Milland. Véron was angry, because he declared that he had made the reputation of the wine, by mentioning it in his *Memoirs*, on the occasion of the dinner given to Taglioni by the Duchess de Raguse, whereat the famous "1814" was produced as the greatest honour to be paid to the great artist.

SAVING A BOTTLE OF WINE.

Dr. King relates an odd story of saving a bottle of port wine at the expense of a life, at Colby House, Kensington, opposite the road leading to the Palace. Here lived Sir Thomas Colby, who was his own butler, and inadvertently had left the key of the wine-cellar on his parlour-table; when, fearing his servants might seize the key, and steal a bottle of wine, Sir Thomas rose from his bed in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse perspiration, the effect of medicine he had taken: he walked downstairs and secured the key, but took cold, and died in a few days, intestate, leaving more than 200,000*l.* in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, his nearest relations.

THE CHANCELLOR'S "CONSTANTIA."

Sheridan was dining with Lord Thurlow, when his Lordship produced some fine *Constantia*, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all the attempts to get another glass. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immovable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman seated further down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter; for I must return to Madeira, since I cannot double the Cape."

RELIGIONS AND SAUCES.

When Ude, the celebrated French cook, first came to this country, two peculiarities struck him: the number of churches and chapels in London, and the frequency with which melted butter appeared at

our tables. "What an extraordinary nation!" he exclaimed; "they have twenty religions, and only one sauce."

A PUN OF A DISH.

It was suggested to a distinguished *gourmet* what a capital thing a dish all fins (turbot's fins) might be made. "Capital," said he; "dine on it with me to-morrow." "Accepted." Would you believe it? when the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphytrion had put into the dish, "Cicero, *De finibus*." "There is a work all fins," said he.

EATING OLIVES.

There is etiquette in eating olives. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose.

A DISTINCTION.

A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on his road home from a dinner-party. The man, the next morning, craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault: "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he; "but I was not *very* drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Why," replied the master (the Hon. B. C., renowned for the smartness of his answers), "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were d—d drunk for a coachman. So get about your business."

COSTLY EPICURISM.

One day an epicure, entering the Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, inquired, "What have you for dinner, John?" "Anything you please, sir," replied the waiter. "Oh, but what vegetables?" The *légumes* in season were named; when the customer, having ordered two lamb-chops, said, "John, have you cucumbers?" "No, sir, we have none yet, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step into the market and inquire if there are any." The waiter did so, and returned: "Why, sir, there are a few, but they are half-a-guinea apiece." "Half-a-guinea apiece! are they small or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then buy two." This anecdote has been related of various epicures: it occurred to Charles Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815.

On an early summer's day, a *gourmet* entered the shop of a fruiterer in New Bond-street, and desired to be handed one of two very small baskets of strawberries from out the window: he ate the fruit, and

then coolly desired to have the other basket; and having eaten this also, inquired what he had to pay: "Six-and-thirty shillings," was the reply, and the demand was quickly paid.

WEARING ROUGE.

There was a certain Bishop of Amiens, who was a saint, and yet had a good deal of wit. A lady went to consult him whether she might wear *rouge*: she had been with several *directeurs*, but some were so severe, and some so relaxed, that she could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore was come to Monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. "I see, Madam," said the good prelate, "what the case is: some of your casuists forbid *rouge* totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and therefore I permit you to wear *rouge* on one cheek only."

A HARMLESS CASE.

Once, when Lord Onslow was absent from home for a fortnight, Lady Onslow invited an officer to keep her company, to the great scandal of a prudish lady her neighbour, and of whom she asked leave to carry him into her pew at church, which the other, though with marks of indignation and surprise, could not help permitting. Sunday came, and my Lady and the Major; yet, though the minister had begun the service, the prude could not help whispering Lady O., "You did not not tell me the Major had grey hair."

GRACE MAL-A-PROPOS.

A milliner's apprentice, about to wait upon a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her deportment. She therefore consulted a friend as to the manner in which she should consult this great personage, and was told that, on going before the duchess, she must say her Grace, and so on. Accordingly, away went the girl, and, on being introduced, after a very low curtsy, she said. "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess answered: "Amen!"

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY.

This long-lived voluptuary pursued pleasure with as much ardour at fourscore as he had done at twenty. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. When he lay dying in his house in Piccadilly, opposite

the Green Park, in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his weak state, to open or peruse these letters, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall denies the truth of stories which were circulated and believed of the Duke; as among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used *milk bath*,* and other idle tales. It is, however, a fact that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room, the scene of "Paris and the Goddesses." Three of the most beautiful women to be found in London presented themselves before him, precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while *he*, habited like the Dardan Shepherd, holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest.

Mr. Wilberforce records having, when a young man, dined with the Duke at his Richmond villa: Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn [the latter continued in society till he really looked like the wax-work figure of a corpse]. The dinner was early, that some of the party might be ready to attend the Opera. The views from the villa were enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the Duke looked on with indifference. "What is there," he said, "to make so much of in the Thames?—I am quite tired of it,—there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same."

Latterly the Duke confined himself almost entirely to his mansion in Piccadilly, where, in fine sunny weather, he would sit

"Sunning himself in Huncamunca's eyes."

A parasol was held over his head, as he watched every attractive form and ogled every pretty face that met his eye in the street. He retained in his household a French physician; and the Duke is known to have promised a large salary to his medical attendant, the late Mr. Fuller, on condition that the latter should keep him alive. [For his services, during seven years, sleeping in his Grace's house 1215 nights, and during that time making 9340 visits of two hours

* There are many persons still living who remember the almost universal prejudice against drinking milk which prevailed in the metropolis, in consequence of its being supposed that this common necessary of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of the Duke of Queensbury.—J. H. JESSE, 1843.

each, Mr. Fuller recovered from the Duke's executors, by an action-at-law, 7500*l*.] The Duke died at the age of eighty-six; and it was said he would have lived longer but for his imprudent indulgence in eating fruit.

RESOLUTE SCOTTISH LADIES.

Some amusing stories are told* of the "resolute" class of old ladies whom no misfortune or bereavement could daunt. Mrs. Baird, of Newbyth, the mother of General Sir David Baird, had always been spoken of as a grand specimen of this class. When the news arrived from India of the gallant but unfortunate action of '84 against Hyder Ali, in which her son, then Captain Baird, was engaged, it was stated that he and other officers had been taken prisoners, and chained together two and two. The friends were careful in breaking such sad intelligence to the mother, who was, however, too Spartan in her nature to require such considerate treatment. When she was made fully to understand the position of her son and his gallant companions, disdaining all weak and useless expressions of her own grief, and knowing well the restless and athletic habits of her boy, all she said was, "Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davey."

Another story illustrates the liberal view which a Scottish maiden could take of her own privileges, or of those of her accepted admirer. On her marriage day, the youth to whom she was about to be united said to her, in a triumphant tone, "Weel, Jenny, haven't I been unco ceevil?" alluding to the circumstance that during their whole courtship he had never even given her a kiss. Her quiet reply was, "Oo, ay, man—senselessly ceevil."

When one of these dames was dying, and her friends were round her bed, she overheard one of them saying to another, "Her face has lost its colour; it grows like a sheet of paper." "Then I'm sure it maun be *brown* paper," was the cool comment of the dying woman.

A notion of the stiff manner in which these old ladies could vindicate their principles or their personal dignity is afforded by the various stories told of Mrs. Helen Carnegie, of Craigo. On one occasion, as she sat in an easy chair, having assumed the habits and privileges of age, Mr. Mollison, the minister of the established kirk, called on her to solicit for some charity. She did not like being asked for money, and, from her Jacobite principles, she certainly did not respect the Presbyterian kirk. When he came in she made only an inclination of the head, and when he said, deprecatingly, "Don't get up, madam," she at once replied, "Get up? I wadna

* By Dean Ramsay, in his entertaining *Reminiscences*.

rise out of my chair for King George himsel, let abee a Whig Minister." The same lady had a graduated scale for her courtesies, and which was adapted to different individuals in the town, according as she placed them in the scale of her consideration. As she liked a party at quadrille, she sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game in these terms:—"Nelly, you'll gang to Lady Carnegie's, and mak my compliments, and ask the *honour* of her Ladyship's company and that of the Miss Carnegies to tea this evening; and if they canna come, gang to the Miss Mudies, and ask the *pleasure* of their company; and if they canna come, you may gang to Miss Hunter, and ask the *favour* of her company; and if she canna come, gang to Lucy Spark, and *bid her come*."

An old Montrose lady, walking in the street one frosty day, fairly fell down. A young officer, with much politeness, came forward and picked her up, earnestly saying, "I hope, ma'am, you are no worse;" to which she replied, looking at him very steadily, "Indeed, sir, I'm just as little the better."

Two Glasgow ladies, sisters, attended a sale by auction at a country house. A dozen of silver spoons were handed round to the company; when returned to the auctioneer he only found eleven. He ordered the door to be shut, that every one should be searched. One of the sisters, in consternation, whispered to the other, "Esther, ye hae nae gotten the spune?" to which the other replied, "Na; but I hae gotten Mrs. Siddons in my pocket." She had been attracted by a miniature of the great actress, and had pocketed it. The cautious reply to the sister was, "Then just drop her, Esther."

Another Montrose lady hated paying taxes, and always pretended to misunderstand their nature. One day, receiving a notice of such payment signed by the provost (Thorn), she broke out, "I dinna understand thae taxes; but I just think when Mrs. Thorn wants a new gown the provost sends me a tax-paper."

A very strong-minded lady had been asking from a lady the character of a cook she was about to hire. The lady naturally entered a little upon her moral qualifications, and described her as a very decent woman; the reply to which was, "Oh, d—n her decency, can she make good collops?"

A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about packing up his clothes. His old aunt was much annoyed at the bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, "Wherever's this you're going, Robby, that ye mak sic a grand wark about your claes?" The young man lost temper, and

pettishly replied, "I'm going to the devil." "'Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye need nae be sa nice; he'll just tak ye as ye are."

It is told of old Miss Johnstone, of Hawk Hill, that, when dying, a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on, so as to shake the house. In a quaint eccentric spirit, and with no thought of profane or light allusions, she looked up, and, listening to the storm, quietly remarked, in reference to her departure, "Ech, sirs! what a night for me to be fleeing thro' the air!"

Some people, not very scrupulous, put bad coppers into the plate at a chapel-door on Sundays, with which a good old lady paid her losses at cards during the week, and so, in the end, it came to be known through whose veins the *ill barbees* circulated.

An old lady, hearing that her farm-servant had become a *local* preacher among the Methodists, she attacked him: "Well, John, hast thee become preacher? Thee'lt never sound the trumpet in Zion. Thee'lt never be anything but a *ram's-horn preacher*." However, John's answer was not bad: "Well, missus, I may be a ram's-horn preacher, but it was the rams'-horns that brought down the walls of Jericho."

Old Mrs. Robinson had invited a gentleman to dinner—he had accepted, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "if ye're dead I'll no expect you."

How pithy and how wise, and also how Scotch, says Dean Ramsay, is the following: "A young lady, pressed by friends to marry a decent but poor man, on the plea, 'Marry for love and work for siller,' replied, 'It's a vera true, but a kiss and a tinniefu' (porringer) of cauld water make a gey wersh (insipid) breakfast.'"

CHARITY ON CREDIT.

A certain rich laird in Fife, whose weekly contribution to the church collection never exceeded one penny, one day, by mistake, dropped into the plate at the door a five-shilling piece; but discovering his error before he was seated in his pew, hurried back, and was about to replace the dollar by his customary penny, when the elder in attendance cried out, "Stop, laird, ye may put in what ye like, but ye maun take naething out!" The laird, finding his explanations went for nothing, at last said, "A weel, I suppose I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na, laird," said the elder, "ye'll only get credit for the *penny*."

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

Some amusing tilts between English and Scottish conceit are related by Dean Ramsay. A lowland cattle-dealer expressed his sur-

prise that Nelson should have issued his signal at Trafalgar in the terms, "*England expects*," &c. He was met with the answer (which seemed highly satisfactory to the rest), "Ay, Nelson only said 'expects' of the English; he said naething of Scotland, for he *hent the Scotch* would do theirs."

A splenetic Englishman said to a Scotchman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ; I'se tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thotcht o' leavin' yet."

MECHANICAL WONDERS.

Sir Alexander Ramsay had been constructing, upon his estate in Scotland, a piece of machinery, which was driven by a stream of water running through the home farmyard. There were a thrashing machine, a winnowing machine, a circular saw for splitting trees, and other contrivances. Observing an old man, who had long been about the place, looking very attentively at all that was going on, Sir Alexander said, "Wonderful things people can do now, Robby?" "Ay," said Robby, "indeed, Sir Alexander; I'm thinking if Solomon was alive now, he'd be thought naething o'!"—*Dean Ramsay*.

A SHORT HISTORY.

The shortest chronicle of the Reformation by Knox, and of the Wars of Claverhouse (Claver'se) in Scotland, which we know of, is that of an old lady who, in speaking of those troublous times, remarked, "Scotland had a sair time o't. First, we had Knox deavin' us wi' his clavers, and syne we had Claver'se deavin' us wi' his knocks."

A LONG HORSE.

A curious correspondence once arose between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas. When the latter applied to Pitt for the loan of a horse "the length of Highgate," Pitt wrote back to say that he was afraid he had not a horse in his possession quite so long as Mr. Dundas had mentioned, but he had sent the longest he had.

AN ELECTION BALL.

An old Scotch laird, at one of these entertainments, had attired himself in splendour for the occasion. The grandee, who was going round, of course, showing civilities, said, "I dinna ken ye, B——, you're so brav." "Nae," said the old squire; "and I dare say, ye'll no ken me for another seven year!"

SCOTTISH FEELING.

No example of the attachment of Scotchmen to old Scottish ways, and remembrances of their early days, has ever, says Dean Ramsay, struck me more than the story told of old Lord Lovat, which is amongst the many touching anecdotes which are traditionary of his unfortunate period. On his return from the trial at Westminster Hall, where he had been condemned to death for his adherence to the Stuart cause, he saw out of his coach-window a woman selling the sweet yellow gooseberries, which recalled the associations of youth in his native country. "Stop a minute," cried the old scoffer, who knew his days on earth were numbered; "stop a minute, and gie me a ha'porth of *honey-blobs*," as if he had gone back in fond recollection to his schoolboy-days, in the High-street of Edinburgh, when honey-blobs had been among the pet luxuries of his young life.

[Doubtless, the sight of the honey-blobs reproved "the offending Adam" in the peer, and reminded him of what innocence had out-lived.]

ONE BETTER THAN TWO.

Lord Mulgrave, who made the Expedition of discovery towards the North Pole, was formed on rather a heavy, colossal scale; and to distinguish him from his younger brother, the Honourable Charles Phipps, who had likewise a seat in Parliament, the former was denominated "*Ursa Major*." He was also called "*Alphesibœus*," it is supposed from some fancied analogy between him and the awkward imitator of the Dancing Satyrs, in the fifth eclogue of Virgil's *Bucolics*.

Lord Mulgrave was distinguished by a singularity of physical conformation, having *two distinct voices*: the one, strong and hoarse; the other, weak and querulous; of both of which he occasionally availed himself. So extraordinary a circumstance, probably, gave rise to a story of his having fallen into a ditch in a dark night, and calling for aid in his shrill voice. A countryman coming up, was about to assist him; but Lord Mulgrave addressing him in a hoarse tone, the peasant immediately exclaimed, "Oh, if there are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out of it."

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S ANNULLED MARRIAGE.

While travelling in Italy, in 1792, the late Duke of Sussex formed an attachment to Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The Earl was not in Italy at the time; but Lady Dun-

more consented to a private marriage of her daughter with the Duke, who was then about twenty years of age. The Duke could not have been ignorant of the Royal Marriage Act, which forbade the marriage of English princes with English subjects; and rendered the consent of the reigning sovereign necessary, even when the alliance was with persons of royal blood. Nor is it likely that such a statute could have been unknown to Lady Dunmore. The young couple, after a residence at Rome of several months, came to England. At the desire of the Duke and her friends, the lady consented to a second marriage ceremony, more public and regular than the first. The couple took lodgings in South Molton-street, at the house of a coal-merchant; merely that they might, by residence of one month in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, be entitled to have their banns asked in the church of that parish. They were regularly married on the 5th of December, 1793, under the names of Augustus Frederick and Augusta Murray. It was an anxious time for the lady, seeing that she was about to become a mother, and had every motive for wishing to be recognised as a true wife. The King, however, never forgave the Duke for this marriage, and even instituted a suit against his own son in the Court of Arches, for annulling the marriage. The fact of the ceremony at St. George's Church had to be rendered manifest by the testimony of the mother and sister of Lady Augusta, the clergyman who had performed the ceremony, the coal-merchant and his wife, and another witness who was present. So far as the Church was concerned, the marriage was in all respects a valid one; but the terms of the Royal Marriage Act were clear and decided; and after many months of anxious doubt the Duke and Lady Augusta were informed, by the irrevocable judgment of the Court, that the marriage was no marriage at all in the eyes of the English law, and that their infant son was illegitimate. Lady Augusta, in a letter to a friend, written in 1811, said: "Lord Thurlow told me my marriage was good in law; religion taught me it was good at home; and not one divine of my powerful enemies could make me believe otherwise, or ever will." When the pair separated, the Duke settled on Lady Augusta an income out of the allowance he received from Parliament; but the King took care, through the whole remainder of his life, not to give the Duke a single office or post that would augment his resources.

FLIGHT OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

In a fine evening (July 16th, 1814), about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, the young Princess Charlotte rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended;

hastily crossed Cockspur-street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find, and drove to her mother's house in Connaught-place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser, Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. Brougham arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Elphinstone had only obeyed the summons. Soon after the Royal mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady in waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that, by the law, as all the twelve Judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair, that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night.

As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particular imposing state, "regard being had" to his eminent station; for, indeed, he came in a hackney-coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained inclosed in them, without entering the Royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many entreaties, used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Elphinstone and Lady C. Lindsay (whom she always honoured with a just regard), to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham, that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accom-

panied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for and arrived in a Royal carriage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress, in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he, too, was deserting her, and leaving her in her father's power, when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window, when the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park, and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in, and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood; nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

This admirably written narrative of a very remarkable incident is attributed to Lord Brougham. The late Sir Frankland Lewis was accustomed to say that it was somewhat highly coloured throughout: it first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*.

INCURABLE GAMESTERS.

The Salon des Etrangers in Paris was, after the Restoration, a rendezvous for confirmed gamblers. It was conducted by the Marquis de Livry; he presented an extraordinary likeness to the Prince Regent of England, "who," says Captain Gronow, "actually sent Lord Fife over to Paris to ascertain this momentous fact." The play in these saloons was frequently of the most reckless character. The Captain tells us that "The Hon. George T——, who used to arrive from London with a very considerable letter of credit expressly to try his luck at the Salon des Etrangers, at length contrived to lose his last shilling at *rouge et noir*. When he had lost everything he possessed in the world, he got up and exclaimed, in an excited manner, "If I had Canova's Venus and Adonis from Alton Towers, my uncle's country-seat, it should be placed on the *rouge*, for black has won fourteen times running."

But, perhaps, the most incurable gamester amongst the English was Lord Thanet, whose income was not less than 50,000*l.* a year,

every farthing of which he lost at play. When the gambling-tables were closed, he invited those who remained to play at chicken-hazard and écarté; the consequence was that, one night, he left off a loser of 120,000*l.* When told of his folly and the probability of his having been cheated, he exclaimed, "Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum."

Fox, the secretary of the Embassy, came nightly to the Salon; and if he possessed a Napoleon, it was sure to be thrown away at hazard, or *rouge et noir*. The late Henry Baring, however, one night recommended him to take to the dice-box. Fox replied, "I will do so for the last time, for all my money is thrown away upon this infernal table." Fox staked all he had in his pockets; he threw in eleven times, breaking the bank, and taking home for his share 60,000 francs.

Marshal Blucher was another daily visitor, and played the highest stakes at *rouge et noir*; it is said that the Bank of France was called upon to furnish him with several thousand pounds, to reimburse him for the money lost at play.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND RETURNED.

London is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays constantly for his lodging, for his provisions, and for whatever else he wants, nobody will ask a question concerning him, or enquire whence he comes, whither he goes, &c. Dr. King relates the following evidence of this fact, in his pleasant volume of *Anecdotes of his Own Time*, published in 1819:

"About the year 1706 (says the Doctor), I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l.* or 800*l.* per annum: he married a young lady of good family in the west of England, her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business: the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be about three weeks or a month. He was absent from her *seventeen years*, during which time neither heard from him, nor of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to

give him a meeting the next evening, in the Birdcage-walk, in St. James's-park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, 'You see, brother,' said she, 'old as I am, I have got a gallant.' Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting; this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away; however, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage-walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends, and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death.

"But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn-street, near St. James's Church; he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he departed from her; but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead: this Act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties, which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehensions of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened.

"Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants, and the expenses of her housekeeping; and, therefore, removed from her house in Jermyn-street to a little house in Brewer-street, near Golden-square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at

length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct; apparently there was none: but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me that he believed his brother Howe would never have returned to his wife if the money which he took with him, which was supposed to have been 1000*l.* or 2000*l.*, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would scarce have held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him, I mean what he carried away with him in money or bank-bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in 'Gil Blas,' what was sufficient for his expenses."

Dr. King received this remarkable story from Dr. Rose and Mr. Salt, whom he often met at King's coffee-house, near Golden-square.

SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

Sydney Smith very unfairly said it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. "The only idea of wit," he said, "which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of 'wut,' is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." He might have drawn a distinction between English wit and Scotch humour in no way discreditable to the latter. Charles Lamb is a second witness in the same cause to prove an *alibi* as regards wit proper. Dean Ramsay, however, controverts this with some show of success, though most of the peculiar zest which he ascribes to Scottish humour resolves itself into "the vehicle in which the humour is conveyed."

There is something distinctive in the following, but it is neither wit nor humour, but a shower of Scotch vocables. When an Aberdonian went up to visit his son, then the manager of the Opera-house, his answer on his return as to the nature of his son's business was this: "He just keeps a curn of wirricows and weanies, and gars

them fizzle and loup and mak murgeons to the great foulk." Though this may not sustain the pretensions to peculiar humour, it will go far to sustain the claim to a distinctive language.

A Scotch nobleman, of no bright parts, was asked by the Duchess of Devonshire how it happened that the Scots in general made a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh!" said he, "nothing is so easily accounted for. For the honour of the nation persons are stationed at every egress, to see that none leave the country but men of abilities." "Then," answered the Duchess, "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

A poor laird of Macnab was in the habit of riding a most wretched horse to the Musselburgh races, where a young wit asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face so emphatically as to preclude further questioning, "na; but it's the same *whip*."

A miserly Scottish lord had picked up a small copper coin, and was observed to put it into his pocket by a beggar, who exclaimed, "Oh, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "Na, na; fin' a fardin for yoursell, puir body."

The late Lord Airlie remarking to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season, "Indeed, my lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's out a' thegither."

PALMER'S CLARET.

Captain Gronow relates* that General Palmer having received from Parliament 100,000*l.* for his father's introduction of the mail-coach system, was induced to invest a large portion of his fortune in the purchase of a fine estate for the production of claret, in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. The management of the property he confided to a very plausible agent, under whose auspices Palmer's Claret began to be talked of in the clubs, and to be highly prized. The patronage of the Regent was solicited, and the Prince, from a kindly feeling for Palmer, who had before been introduced at Carlton House, gave a dinner, when his claret was to be tried. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Sir William Knighton, and Sir Thomas Tyrer were of the party, with Lord Yarmouth, known as "Red-herrings," from his rubicund whiskers, hair, and face, and from the town of Yarmouth largely importing that fish from Holland. The wine was produced, and was found excellent. The Prince was delighted, told some of his best stories, quoted Shakspeare, and felici-

* In his lively volume of *Reminiscences*, &c.

tously declared the bouquet of the wine as suited "to the holy Palmer's kiss." Lord Yarmouth alone sat in moody silence; on being asked the cause, he said that he had drunk a claret which he much preferred at His Royal Highness' table. The Prince ordered a bottle of this wine to be served with anchovy sandwiches; and His Royal Highness declared his own wine superior to Palmer's, adding that he should try to obtain a better wine from his estate. Palmer came from Carlton House much mortified. On Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt attempting to console him, saying that it was the anchovies that had spoiled the taste of the connoisseurs, the General said, loudly enough to be heard by Lord Yarmouth, "No; it was the confounded red-herrings." Palmer took the advice of the Prince, rooted out his old vines, and planted new ones, at an immense cost, but with little or no result. He and his agent got into difficulties, mortgaged the property, and were eventually ruined; the General sold his commission, passed through the Insolvent Court, and was at last seen begging in the streets of London, so strongly had the tide of misfortune set in against him.

"TIPPING THE COLD SHOULDER."

Mr. Lockhart, in his admirable *Life* of his father-in-law, relates that many years ago, when the wealthy Mrs. Coutts visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. On the first day of her stay, Sir Walter Scott, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of the *evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness), into his armorial hall adjoining. He said to her, "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts's grand balls and *fêtes*, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise on her the delicate *manœuvres* called *tipping*

the cold shoulder. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new neither to you or to me, that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets, I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying that I think the style you have all received my guest, Mrs. Coutts, in this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told, a couple of days ago, that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her." The beautiful Peeress answered, "I thank you, Sir Walter; you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her Ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts." Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comic anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's "Laird of Cockpen." She stayed out her three days—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests.

LORD PETERSHAM.

This eccentric nobleman, who was the eldest son of Charles, third, Earl of Harrington, was a leader of fashion some thirty years since: he was tall and handsome: according to Captain Gronow, Lord Petersham very much resembled the pictures of Henry IV. of France, and frequently wore a dress not unlike that of the celebrated monarch. He was a great patron of tailors, and a particular kind of great-coat was called after him a "Petersham." When young, he used to cut out his own clothes; he made his own blacking, which, he said, would eventually supersede every other. He was also a connoisseur in snuff, and one of his rooms was fitted up with shelves and beautiful jars for various kinds of snuff, with the names

in gold. Here were also implements for moistening and mixing snuffs, and "Lord Petersham's mixture" is to this day a popular snuff. He possessed a fine collection of snuff-boxes, and it was said, a box for every day in the year. Captain Gronow saw him using a beautiful Sèvres box, which, on being admired, he said was "a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear." He was equally choice of his teas, and in the same room with the snuffs, upon shelves, were placed tea-canisters, containing Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Gunpowder, Russian, and other fine kinds. Indeed, his father's mansion, Harrington House, was long famous for its tea-drinking: and the Earl and Countess, and family, received their visitors upon these occasions in the long gallery, and here the family of George the Third enjoyed many a cup of tea. It is told that when General Lincoln Stanhope returned from India after several years' absence, his father welcomed him with "Hallo, Linky, my dear boy! delighted to see you. *Have a cup of tea!*"

Lord Petersham's equipages were unique: the carriages and horses were brown; the harness and furniture of antique design; and the servants wore long brown coats, reaching to their heels, and glazed hats with large cockades. His Lordship was a liberal patron of the Opera and the theatres; and two years after he had succeeded his father in the earldom (of Harrington), he married the beautiful Maria Foote, of Covent-garden Theatre.

SALLY LUNN CAKES.

Captain Gronow, in the second series of his piquant *Reminiscences*, tells us that Lady Harrington related to him a curious anecdote of these tea-cakes. She said her friend Madame de Narbonne, during the emigration, determined not to live upon the bounty of foreigners, found means to amass money enough to open a shop at Chelsea, not far from the then fashionable Ranelagh. It had been the custom in France, before the Revolution, for young ladies in some noble families to learn the art of making preserves and pastry; accordingly, Madame de Narbonne commenced her operations under the auspices of some of her acquaintances; and those who went to Ranelagh made a point of stopping and buying some of her cakes. Her fame spread throughout the West-end of the town, and orders were given to have them sent for breakfast and tea in many large houses in St. James's. Madame de Narbonne employed a Scotch maid-servant to execute her orders; the name of this woman was *Sally Lunn*; and ever since a particular kind of tea-cake has gone by the name of *Sally Lunn*.

Hone, however, states Sally Lunn to have lived at Bath at the

close of the last century; and that a baker and musician of Bath noticed her, bought her business, and set to music a song in praise of Sally Lunn and her fashionable cakes.

A BACCHANALIAN DUELLIST.

"A good old Irish gentleman," in the times of conviviality and duelling, was Mr. Bagenal, of Dunleckny, in the county Carlow—*King* Bagenal, as he was called through his extensive territories; and within their bounds no monarch was more absolute. Of high Norman lineage, polished manners, princely income, and boundless hospitality, Mr. Bagenal was popular with every class. A terrestrial paradise was Dunleckny for all lovers of good wine, good horses, good dogs, and good society. His stud was magnificent, and he had a large number of capital hunters for his visitors. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to hunt and drink, and solve points of honour at twelve paces. His politics were popular: he was the mover of the grant of 50,000*l.* to Grattan in 1782; he was at that time member for the county of Carlow.

Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of congenial spirits. He had a tender affection for pistols: a brace of "saw-handles," loaded, was often laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner, the claret was produced in an unbroached cask. Bagenal's practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, whilst he kept the other *in terrorem* for any of the guests who should fail in doing simple justice to the wine. He gave his junior guests the results of his own experience for the regulation of their conduct. "I am not a quarrelsome person," he would say; "I never was—I hate your mere duellist—but experience of the world tells me that there are knotty points in life in which the only solution is the *saw-handle*. Occasions will arise in which the use of them is absolutely indispensable to character. A man must show his proofs—in this world courage will never be taken upon trust."

His practice accorded with his precepts. Some pigs, the property of a gentleman who had recently settled near Dunleckny, strayed into an enclosure of King Bagenal's, and rooted up a flower-knot. The incensed monarch ordered that the porcine trespassers should be shorn of their ears and tails; and he transmitted the severed appendages to the owner of the swine, with an intimation, that *he*, too, deserved to have his ears docked; and that only he had not got a tail, or he (King Bagenal) would sever the caudal member from his dorsal extremity. "Now," quoth Bagenal, "if he's a gentleman, he *must* burn powder after such a message as that." Nor was he

disappointed. A challenge was given by the owner of the pigs; Bagenal accepted it with alacrity; only stipulating that, as he was old and feeble, being then in his 79th year, he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that as his infirmities prevented early rising, the meeting should take place in the afternoon. "Time was," said the old man, with a sigh, "that I would have risen before day-break to fight at sunrise—but we can't do these things at seventy-eight. Well, Heaven's will be done!"

They fought at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he escaped unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

The traditions of Dunleckny allege that when Bagenal, in the course of his tour through Europe, visited the petty court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand-Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte, who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George the Third!—*Abridged from Daunt's Ireland and her Agitators.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MRS. ROBINSON.

This lady was distinguished as a writer in verse and prose, as well as by her exquisite beauty and personal misfortunes. She was the daughter of a merchant at Bristol, of the name of Darby, who failing in business, and dying soon after, his widow took her lovely daughter to London, where, at sixteen, she was induced to marry a young attorney, of specious appearance, named Robinson. Her husband soon after falling into difficulties, Garrick encouraged her to try the stage for subsistence; and at nineteen she performed several parts with success:* she first appeared as Juliet, in 1776. Her beauty had already become known to the Prince of Wales; and one night, after she had played the part of Perdita in the *Winter's Tale*, she received from the hands of Lord Malden a lock of His Royal Highness's hair, enclosed in a billet, with these words—"To the ever adorable Perdita—Florizel, to be redeemed,"—in the Prince's handwriting. The vanity of a young woman in her situation rendered her an easy prey, and she soon after became the mistress of the Prince, and lived in a style of great splendour. The

* Walpole, however, speaks of her as an indifferent actress in Lady Craven's comedy of the *Miniature Picture*, performed at Drury Lane, in May, 1780. His words are: "Mrs. Robinson (who is supposed to be the favourite of the Prince of Wales) thought on nothing but her own charms or him."—*Letter to Mason.*

connexion, either from the incautiousness of His Royal Highness, the officiousness of false friends, or from some other causes, never well explained, produced much uneasiness to the royal family. The King thus wrote to Lord North :

20th August, 1781.

"My eldest son got last year into an improper connexion with an actress of indifferent character, through the friendly assistance of Lord Malden. He sent her letters and very foolish promises, which undoubtedly by her conduct she has cancelled. Col. Hotham has settled to pay the enormous sum of 5000*l.* for the letters, &c. being returned. You will, therefore, settle with him."

Then followed the open shame and scandal of the Prince's breaking up this intrigue; of which, however, the following record, an abstract from the parish register of St. Mary-le-Bone, may be added: "Georgina Augusta Frederica Elliott, daughter of H. R. H. George Prince of Wales and Grace Elliott: born 30 March, and baptized 30 July, 1782."

At this date we find Walpole writing: "Charles Fox is languishing at the feet of Mrs. Robinson." George Selwyn says: "Who should the man of the people live with, but with the woman of the people?" This scandal was doubtless heightened for the sake of the joke. However, the habits of luxury which Mrs. Robinson had acquired during her royal connexion could not be shaken off. Her attachments were of a romantic cast: on the return of the celebrated trooper, Colonel Tarleton, from his guerilla warfare in the backwoods of America, she fell desperately in love with him. In a journey by night to render him a personal service she caught cold, followed by a severe fever, and lost the sinews of her knees, being then only twenty-two. This affliction she never overcame, and was unable to stand upright or walk during the remainder of her life. She now devoted herself to literature, and many of her poetical pieces are of deep feeling and highly-wrought sentiment. She maintained her personal fascinations, and she might be considered as one of the loveliest women in England till her forty-second year, when her sedentary life brought on dropsy of the chest, of which she died in 1800, neglected and poor, at Englefield-green. She was interred at Old Windsor, where a plain tomb, placed over her grave, bears the following lines:—

"Of Beauty's isle, her daughters must declare,
She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair;
But ah! while Nature on her favourite smiled,
And Genius claimed his share in Beauty's child,
Even as they wove a garland for her brow,
Sorrow prepared a willow wreath of woe,

Mixed lurid nightshade with the buds of May,
 And twined her darkest cypress with the bay,
 In mildew tears steeped every opening flower,
 Preyed on the sweets, and gave the canker power.
 Yet O may Pity's angel from the grave
 The early victim of misfortune save,
 And, as she springs to everlasting morn,
 May Glory's fadeless crown her soul adorn."

After the death of Mrs. Robinson, her papers, with the hair and billet of the Prince of Wales, were purchased by Sir Richard Phillips, by whom her Memoirs, as far as she had written them, were published. Her portrait was more than once painted; her favourite attitude being with her head resting upon her upraised arm, which was very beautiful.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AN ODD-FELLOW.

Near to the south end of Grosvenor-row, Chelsea, was a small public-house, "The Feathers," to which a curious anecdote is attached. A lodge of Odd Fellows, or some similar society, held its meetings here; and on one occasion, when a new member was being initiated into the mysteries of the fellowship, in rushed two persons, whose abrupt intrusion threw the whole assemblage into uproar. Summary punishment was proposed by an expeditious kick into the street; but just as it was about to be bestowed, the secretary recognised one of the intruders as George Prince of Wales. Circumstances instantly changed: it was indeed the Prince out on a nocturnal ramble: accordingly, it was proposed that His Royal Highness and his companion should be admitted members. The Prince assented, and was chairman the remainder of the evening; and the chair in which he sat, ornamented in consequence with the riple plume, is still preserved in the parlour of the modern tavern in Grosvenor-street West; and over it hangs a coarsely-painted portrait of the Prince in the robes of the order. The old "Feathers" was removed in 1851, and, on clearing the ground, coins, old horse-shoes, war implements, and some human remains were found.

At the intersection of the cross-roads at the end of Grosvenor-place, suicides were subjected to the revolting burial then awarded by the law. The last person thus interred was named Griffiths, the son of a colonel, who had first murdered his father and then destroyed himself. This took place in 1823.—*Memorials of Knightsbridge.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND COLONEL HANGER.

This eccentric person was the youngest son of Gabriel, first Lord Coleraine, and was, by turns, a successful gamester, a prisoner in

the King's Bench, a gallant soldier in King George's army, fighting against the Americans, and ultimately a flattered guest at the table of the Prince of Wales.

Hanger's extravagance in dress has been recorded by himself. For one winter's dress-clothes only it cost him 900*l.*; on every birthday he had two suits; morning-dress cost 80*l.*, and ball-dress above 180*l.*, the latter including a satin coat, which thenceforth became the fashion. He was passionately fond of the turf; he once stood 3000 guineas on one race—Shark against Leviathan—and won it. He was a considerable gainer by the turf; but he was subjected to strange reverses. Once, when he was dining with the Prince of Wales, at Carlton House, after the wine had for some time circulated, his good-humoured volubility suddenly ceased, and he seemed for a time lost in thought. The Prince inquired the cause. "I have been reflecting, sir," replied the Colonel, "on the lofty independence of my present situation. I have compromised with my creditors, paid my washerwoman, and have three shillings and sixpence left for the pleasures and necessities of life;" exhibiting at the same moment the amount in current coin upon the royal board at which he sat.

After he had obtained his colonelcy, one day the Prince condescendingly said, that "now he was rich, he would so far impose upon his hospitality as to dine with him;" at the same time insisting on the repast being anything but extravagant. "I shall give your Royal Highness a leg of mutton, and nothing more, by G—," warmly replied the Colonel. The day was named; and the Colonel had sufficient time to refer to his budget, and bring his ways and means into action. Long destitute of credit and resources, he counted upon the forestalment of the profits of his appointment to entertain "the first gentleman in England;" but agents had flinty hearts and long memories, and would not advance. The day approached, and Hanger could boast little more than the once-vaunted half-crown and a shilling. The day arrived, and etiquette demanded that the proper officer should examine and report upon the nature of the expected entertainment, when the Colonel was found with a dirty scullion for his aide-de-camp, in active preparation for his royal visitor; his shirt-sleeves tucked up, while he ardently basted the roasting leg of mutton, which shed its savoury exhalations upon a panful of potatoes; and there were tankards of foaming ale and bread *à discrétion*. Although the Colonel's culinary skill was undoubted, and the Prince had enjoyed a steak dinner at Alderman Combe's brewery, yet Hanger's feast was dispensed with, and due acknowledgment made for the evidences of his hospitality.

After many sufferings and vicissitudes, a coronet became Hanger's

by the death of his brother, Lord Coleraine; and it came opportunely, for he knew by experience its value, and he resolved to enjoy it. He had had enough of fashion, and had proved all its allurements. So he took a small house at Somers' Town, near which stood a public-house he was fond of visiting; and there, as the price of his sanction and in acknowledgment of his rank, a large chair by the fireside was exclusively appropriated to the peer. His Lordship died, unmarried, March 31, 1824, aged seventy-three, and with him the family honours became extinct.

THE EARLDOM OF BRIDGEWATER.

On the death of the Duke of Bridgewater, his relative, then General Egerton, claimed the earldom, but found a difficulty in complying with the established rules of the House of Lords—that before a nobleman can take his seat he must produce his patent, or prove his descent from a former peer—inasmuch as he could not find the registers of the marriage of his grandfather or father. The former, when Bishop of Hereford, had run away with Lady Harriet Bentinck, a daughter of Lord Portland, which occasioned the difficulty in that case. This was got over; but not so readily the other impediment; for though Lord Bridgewater knew that his father, when Bishop of Durham, had married Lady Sophia de Grey, a daughter of the Duke of Kent, and that the ceremony was performed at the Chapel Royal, George the Second attending to give away the bride; though all these were circumstances of public notoriety, still he could not find the marriage recorded in the St. James's register. For almost a twelvemonth he was thus prevented from taking his seat, when, having offered by advertisement a considerable reward to any one who should give him such information as should enable him to obtain the required document, his agent, Mr. Clarke, was waited upon one morning by a very old man, who stated that he could prove the marriage of Egerton, Bishop of Durham, with Lady Sophia de Grey, having himself acted as clerk on that occasion. He related that, in consequence of the lameness of His Majesty, the ceremony was performed in the pew in which the King sat instead of at the altar; and that pew being in St. Martin's, and not in St. James's, the marriage was registered in the former parish. Search was immediately made at St. Martin's Church, and the entry found forthwith.—*From Sir Bernard Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, Second Series.*

GEORGE III. AND HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.

Although George the Third condemned, with great severity, the first amour of his eldest son with Mrs. Robinson, the youth of the

King was not spotless; but he fell into a like dereliction himself.* The story is variously told; but the following version, written by Sir Richard Phillips, who knew some of the parties, and took great pains to elicit the truth, in the *Monthly Magazine*, may be relied on.

About the year 1756, there lived at the corner of Market-street, St. James's-market, a linen-draper, named Wheeler, a Quaker, who had a beautiful niece, named Hannah Lightfoot, known as "the fair Quakeress," from serving in her uncle's shop. The lady caught the eye of Prince George, in his walks and rides from Leicester House to St. James's Palace, and she soon returned the attentions of such a lover.† She is said to have been privately married to the Prince, in 1759, in Kew Chapel: another story states that the marriage was celebrated at Curzon-street Chapel, by the Rev. Alexander Keith, with the Prince's brother, the Duke of York, as witness: and it is stated that children were born of the marriage, of whom a son was sent, when a child, to the Cape of Good Hope, with the name of George Rex. This portion of the story, by Dr. Doran, receives some corroboration, from there being, in 1830, at the Cape, a Mr. George Rex, at the Knysna: a Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol xi., understood from Rex that he had then (1830) been about thirty-four years a resident in the colony, was about sixty-eight years of age, of strong, robust appearance, and the exact resemblance in features to George III. This would bring him to about the time of the Prince's marriage to Hannah, as stated by Dr. Doran. On Mr. Rex's first arrival in the colony, he occupied a high situation in the Colonial Government, and received an extensive grant of land at the Knysna.

* Dr. Doran, in his Notes to the *Last Journals of Horace Walpole*, has printed the following illustration of the royal household life from a note in the handwriting of Mrs. Piozzi:—"The character of George III. was uniformly moral, and uniformly discreet. He was what we call 'a steady boy' in early youth. A confidential friend, and natural son, indeed, of one of my uncles, was about the court when Prince Frederick of Wales died. He told my mother the following story:—The Princess was sitting one day of her early widowhood, pensive and melancholy; her two eldest sons were playing about the room: 'Brother,' said the second boy (Edward, Duke of York), when you and I are men grown, you shall be married, and I will keep a mistress.' 'Be quiet, Eddy,' replied the present King (George III.), 'we shall have anger presently for your nonsense: there must be no mistresses at all.' 'What you say?' cried old Augusta; 'you more need learn your pronouns, as the preceptor bid you do. Can you tell what is a pronoun?' 'Yes, very well,' replied Prince Edward; 'a pronoun is to a noun what a mistress is to a wife, a substitute and a representative.'"

† In Exeter-street, Knightsbridge, resided a family named Perrin, one of whom, it has been said, was employed by the Duchess of Kingston to furnish a meeting between Prince George and Hannah Lightfoot.—*Memorials of Knightsbridge*.

We now return to Sir Richard Phillips's version. The acquaintance alarming the Royal Family, it was contrived to marry the Quaker to a young grocer and former admirer, of the name of Axford, of Ludgate-hill. The prince, however, was inconsolable; and a few weeks after, as Axford was one evening from home, a royal carriage came to the door, and the lady was hurried into it by the attendants, and carried off at full speed. Where she was taken to, or what became of her, was never known. Some reported that she survived her lover: others, that she died in 1765, after having had three sons, since general officers. Her death disturbed the Royal mind. Axford, broken-hearted, retired to Warminster, set up a grocer's shop, married again, and had a family: he died in old age, about 1810, but not without having sought clamorously for information about his wife, at Weymouth and other places. [We remember a grocer of the above name and family at Ludgate-hill, and on the north side of Fleet-street, between 1822 and 1826.]

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE THE THIRD.

Twice had his Majesty nearly fallen a victim to the fury of a maniac. On the morning of August 2, 1786, as the King was stepping out of his post-chariot, at the garden-entrance to St. James's Palace, a woman, who was waiting there, pushed forward, and presented a paper, which his Majesty received with great condescension. At that instant, she struck a concealed knife at the King's breast, which his Majesty happily avoided by bowing, as he received the paper. As she was making a second thrust, one of the yeomen caught her arm, and at the same instant one of the King's footmen wrenched the knife out of her hand. The King, with great temper and fortitude, exclaimed: "I have received no injury: do not hurt the woman, the poor creature appears insane." His Majesty was perfectly correct in his humane supposition. She proved to be Margaret Nicholson; and after a long examination before the Privy Council, they were "clearly and unanimously of opinion that she was, and is, insane." The knife struck against his Majesty's waistcoat, and made a slight cut, the breadth of the point, through the cloth; had not the King shrunk in his side, the blow must have been fatal. Several addresses of congratulation were presented to his Majesty, and knighthoods conferred, and the recipients became popularly known as "Peg Nicholson's Knights." She was committed to Bethlehem Hospital, in Moorfields, and thence removed to the new hospital, in St. George's Fields; she died there in 1828, in her 99th year, after a confinement of forty-two years.

Another attempt on his Majesty's life was made on the night of the 15th of May, 1800, when the King and Queen and the Court were present at Drury-lane Theatre. A maniac named Hadfield fired a pistol at the King from the pit of the theatre, when the arm of the assassin was arrested by a gentleman named Holroyd. Hadfield had been a gallant dragoon, and his face was seamed with scars which he had received in battle; he was adjudged to be insane, and committed to Bethlehem Hospital, where he employed himself with writing verses on the death of his birds and cats, his only companions in his long imprisonment, from 1802 until his death, in 1841.

"JACK ROBINSON" AND GEORGE III.

John Robinson, of Appleby, rose, under the patronage of Sir James Lowther, from being footboy in his service, to sit in Parliament for Westmoreland and Harwich, and Secretary of the Treasury, under Lord North's Administration, when he was caricatured as *the political rat-catcher*. He was made by Pitt Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests; when he died, there were found in his writing-desk upwards of 300 letters written to him by George III.

Mr. Serjeant Atkinson relates of Robinson: The King was once obliged in the chase to cross Wyke Farm (Robinson lived at Wyke House, near Brentford), when on riding up to one of the gates, he found it locked. He hailed a man close by, but the fellow seemed lazy or unwilling to do as he was bid. "Come, come," said the King, "open the gate." "Nay, *ye mun gang aboot*," was the answer. "Gang aboot!" replied the King;—"open the gate, man—I'm the King!" "Why, may be," said the chap; "but *ye mun gang aboot*, if ye er t' king;" and sure enough, the King was forced to "gang aboot," which in plain English means that he was obliged to go round nearly the whole inclosure of Osterley Park. Robinson came home in the afternoon, and hearing of the King's disappointment, instantly ordered horses to his carriage, and drove post haste to Kew. He was admitted, as usual, without ceremony, and his Majesty, laughing, greeted him thus: "Ah, Robinson, I see you are in distress—be of good cheer! I wish I had such fine fellows in my pay as *auld gang aboot*. Tell him from me that I shall always be glad to see him." Robinson was at ease; and *auld gang aboot* very soon and very often found a more direct path than around the palings of Osterley Park to Kew Palace, where he always met with kindness. The King never saw Robinson afterwards without inquiring affectionately after "*auld gang aboot*."

SIR JOHN DINELY, BART.

This eccentric baronet, of the family of the Dinelys, of Charlton, descended, by the female line, from the Royal House of Plantagenet, having dissipated the wreck of the family estates, obtained the pension and situation of a poor knight of Windsor. His chief occupation consisted in advertising for a wife, and nearly thirty years were passed in assignations to meet the fair respondents to his advertisements. His figure was truly grotesque: in wet weather, he was mounted on a high pair of pattens; he wore the coat of the Windsor uniform, with a velvet embroidered waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. In this finery he might be seen strolling one day; and next out marketing, carrying a penny loaf, a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a farthing candle. Twice or thrice a year he came to London, and visited Vauxhall Gardens and the theatres. His fortune, if he could recover it, he estimated at 300,000*l*. He invited the widow, as well as the blooming maiden of sixteen, and addressed them in printed documents, bearing his signature, in which he specified the sum the ladies must possess; he expected less property with youth than age or widowhood; adding that few ladies would be eligible that did not possess at least 10,000*l*. a year, which, however, was nothing compared to the honour his high birth and noble descent would confer; his incredulous he referred to Nash's *Worcestershire*. He addressed his advertisements to "the angelic fair" from his house, in Windsor Castle (one of the poor knights' houses). He cherished to the last the expectation of forming a connubial connexion with some lady of property, but, alas! he died a bachelor in 1808.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME AND LOVE MY DOG.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a modest appanage to the opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hot-bed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded; and in this solicitude for conciliating the good-will of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have

"killed the flock of all attentions else." The morning came; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied by one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony. A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole *corps de ballet*—French and Italian, men and women. Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetteur* of the day, led his fair spouse, but scraggy, from the banks of the Seine. The prima donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of chorusers and figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared that "then, for the first time, it struck him seriously that he was about to marry—a dancer." But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day: these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride, handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest, presented to him as the *father*, the gentleman that was to *give her away*, no less a person than Signor Delpini himself, with a sort of pride, as much as to say, "See what I have brought to do us honour!" the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and, slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back-yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton, relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridesmaids.—*Charles Lamb*.

KISSING HANDS.

Dr. Leifchild has left the following amusing account of the reception of a deputation to George the Fourth, with its attendant ceremonies:—

"Not only had my father the honour of conversing with a royal duke, but while at Kensington he was introduced to royalty itself. He must be allowed to narrate the event in his own words. 'I was one of the ministers of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent, who proceeded to Carlton Palace, Pall Mall, with an Address of Congratulation to the Prince Regent upon his accession to the throne as George the Fourth. We were a motley group, of various dimensions, dresses, and appearance. We advanced in a somewhat confused manner through a long room, with noblemen in waiting on each side, like statues, to the King, who was seated on a low throne at the further end. He was lusty, pappy,

and pale, in a kind of uniform, and with a cocked hat, which on our approach he took off with inimitable gracefulness. Dr. Rees, our senior, a Presbyterian, and a fine-looking man, read the address. The King's air of supineness had given way to a mirthful smile, as he saw the satisfaction on our countenances when we were admitted to the royal presence. At the close of the address he read a brief reply, and then unexpectedly addressed us *impromptu* in these words:—"The manner in which you have spoken of my late revered father must touch every heart, and none more than my own (laying his hand upon his breast). You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, of a continuance, while I sway the sceptre, of all the privileges you enjoyed under his auspicious reign." To this we had almost audibly said, "hear, hear." When the King was informed that we waived the usual privilege of *all* kissing hands on account of the fatigue it would occasion him, and that as twelve only of the clergy had been permitted to do so, six only of our number would be selected for the honour, he smilingly observed, "O you may *all* kiss hands." Upon this we all fell in a most humiliating posture on our knees to kiss his extended hand. Some of those who were large and aged men, especially Doctors Rees and Waugh, had great difficulty in rising, and retired backwards in some confusion, not being accustomed to such a movement. As we retired, the King said to us, "You may stay in the adjoining room till I return." While waiting there, we saw a small deputation of Quakers advancing with an address, which one of their number held before him in a frame. One of the pages coming towards them to take off their hats, Dr. Waugh, who loved a joke, said to the foremost Quaker, in an audible whisper, "Persecution, brother"; to which the brother significantly replied, while pointing upwards to the portrait of Charles I., "Not so bad to take off the hat as the head." We saw the King again as he returned in procession, and departed well pleased. I believe we were remarkably loyal in our prayers the next Sunday."

ECCENTRIC MR. BLACKBURN.

This gentleman, one of the oldest members of the House of Commons, was very absent: once Captain Gronow gave him a letter to sign, which he deliberately opened and read in the Captain's presence, and on being asked if it amused him, he replied that he did not understand what it meant.

Mr. Blackburn was intimate with the Duke of Gloucester: one day he accompanied His Royal Highness to shoot pheasants, when suddenly Mr. B. observing that the Duke's gun was cocked, asked His Royal Highness whether he always carried his gun cocked.

"Yes, Blackburn, always," was the reply. "Well, then, good morning, your Royal Highness; I will no longer accompany you."

At dinner, he would never surrender his place at table, even to royalty; so the Duke was obliged to sit near him. Whenever the royal servant filled the Duke's glass with wine-and-water, Mr. B. invariably drank it off, until at length the Duke having secured a glass, drank it off, and said, "Well, Blackburn, I have done you at last." After dinner, in the drawing-room, the servant in royal livery was holding a tray with a cup of tea for the Duke. Mr. Blackburn, seeing nobody, took the cup of tea, determined on drinking it; the servant retired a little, but Blackburn followed, and persisted; upon which the servant said, "Sir, it is for His Royal Highness." "D—n his Royal Highness, I will have this tea." The Duke exclaimed, "That's right, Blackburn," and ordered the servant to hand it to him.—*Captain Gronow's Reminiscences.*

IRISH WIFE-HUNTING.

An old Catholic family chanced to be in pecuniary difficulties, and a rich wife was the prescribed remedy. A priest, a friend of the family, who, as matrimony is one of the seven sacraments, thinks himself in duty bound to promote so salubrious a rite, was consulted. He gave a couple of taps to his gold snuff-box, protested that there are risks in celibacy, that it is needful to husband the constitution and the estate, and observing that the young squire, though a little pale, was a pretty fellow, put his finger to his nose, and hinted at a young damsel in Newrow (a penitent of his reverence, and a mighty good kind of young woman, not long come from the Cork convent), with ruddy cheeks and vigorous arms, a robust waist, and anti-gallican toes. The parties were brought together. The young gentleman stuttered a compliment, the heart of the young lady and her wooden fan were in a flutter; the question was popped. The old people put their heads together. Consideration of the marriage, high blood, and equity of redemption upon one side; and rude health and twenty thousand pounds on the other. The bargain was struck, and, to ensure the hymeneal negotiation, nothing remained but that Counsellor Bellew should look over the settlements.

Accordingly, a Galway attorney prepared the draft marriage settlement, with a skin for every thousand, and waited on Mr. Bellew. Laying thirty guineas on the table, and thinking that upon the credit of such a fee he might presume to offer his opinion, he commenced with an ejaculation on the fall of the good old families, until Mr. Bellew, after counting the money, cast a Caius Marius look upon him, and awed him into respect. He unrolled

the volume of parchment, and the eye of the illustrious conveyancer glistened at the sight of the ancient and venerable name that stood at the head of the indenture. But as he advanced through the labyrinth of limitations, he grew alarmed and disturbed, and on arriving at the words "on the body of the said Judy Mac Gilligan to be begotten," he dropped his pen, and put the settlement away, with something of the look of a Frenchman, when he intimates his perception of an unusually bad smell. It was only after an interval of reflection, and when he had recalled the fiscal philosophy of Vespasian, that he was persuaded to resume his labours, but did not completely recover his tranquillity of mind, until turning the back of his brief, he marked that most harmonious of all monosyllables "paid," at the foot of the consolatory stipend.—*Savage's Irish Sketches.*

LONG STORIES.

Capt. George Robert Fitzgerald was one day rattling on in an ordinary, in a small town in Mayo county, when Mr. Garret Dillon, an old story-teller, shouted out: "Captain Fitzgerald, let me ask you this little question; do you intend to pay every man's club present?" "No, sir," replied Fitzgerald, "this is an ordinary, and not my private house." "Well, then, sir, as you have now for two long hours engrossed the whole talk to yourself, I lay down my watch on the table, and if you attempt to say a word for one hour, I will make it a personal matter with you." George Robert, to the surprise of the company, quietly submitted to the injunction; the hour passed on; Dillon told, as under restraint, some stories in his worst manner; and it was a relief to the company, when Fitzgerald, at the expiration of the injunction, with perfect good humour, commenced to talk as if he had never been interrupted.

SMALL SERVICE.

•An English lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish. So that there might seem to be no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand at the back of his mistress' chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do anything, unless she directed him; the lady well knowing, that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas having thus been duly drilled and

repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table, behind his mistress, and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests: when he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate, or with old English notions; a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downwards almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height, or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and, to her greater horror, heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party, "A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod I've caught 'en!"—*The Doctor*. [This reminds one of a story in Miss Hawkins's *Countess and Gertrude*.]

A POSER.

At Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach, save the General's cow; and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D——, having called at the General's, in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return, and go the other road. She remonstrated; the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground. "But," said Lady D——, with a stately air, "do you know who I am?" "I don't know who you be, ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I knows who you b'aint—you b'aint the General's cow." So Lady D—— wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.

BEAU BRUMMEL.

Of all the beaux that ever flourished, exemplary of waistcoat and neckcloth, and having authoritative boots from which there was no appeal, Brummel appears to have been the chief. He was born in 1778, and his father, having grown wealthy by speculating in the funds, sent young George Bryan Brummel, at the proper age, to Eton. There he was a general favourite, but was more distinguished for his love of fun and frolic than for study. Even at this early period he affected a peculiar elegance, and obtained from his school-fellows the *sobriquet* of "Buck Brummel," the term *dandy* not being then in parlance.

Contentions between the Etonians and the bargemen were frequent. Upon one of these occasions an unlucky bargee fell into the hands of the schoolboys, who, in resentment of their having been roughly handled by him in some previous quarrel, were about to fling him over the bridge into the river, when Brummel saved the poor fellow by exclaiming: "My good fellows, don't send him into the river! the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it amounts almost to a certainty that he will catch cold!"

From Eton Brummel went to Oriel College, Oxford, where he did not remain long, for he was not much more than sixteen years old, when his father died, and in three months he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 10th Hussars, then commanded by the Prince of Wales. Brummel had, when an Eton boy, been presented to the Prince on the terrace at Windsor Castle, and was soon received into high favour.

Brummel's assurance, at this early date, was sublime. A great law-lord gave a ball, at which a Miss J., one of the beauties of the day, was present; she declined all offers to dance until the young hussar made his appearance, and he, having proffered to lead her out, she acquiesced quietly, to the mortification of the disappointed candidates. In one of the pauses of the dance he found himself next an acquaintance, when he exclaimed, "Ha! you here? Do, my good fellow, tell me who that ugly man is leaning against the chimney-piece?" "Why, surely you must know him," replied the other, "'tis the master of the house." "No, indeed," said the cornet, coolly; "how should I? I never was invited."

Brummel soon grew weary of a soldier's life. His regiment being at Brighton, was unexpectedly ordered to Manchester. The news arrived in the evening, and early next day Brummel made his appearance before the Prince of Wales, to whom he apologetically explained: "Why, the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard

that we are ordered to Manchester. Now, you must be aware how disagreeable this is to me! I really could not go: think, your Royal Highness—*Manchester!* Besides, *you* would not be there. I have, therefore, determined, with your Royal Highness' permission, to seek out." The flattery was well-timed, and secured the Prince's acquiescence.

A year afterwards Brummel came into possession of his fortune, which had accumulated, during his minority, to thirty thousand pounds. He then took a house in May Fair, 4, Chesterfield-street, in which street George Selwyn resided some forty years previously. Brummel soon became famed for the excellence of his dinners, and the Prince was more than once his guest. Brummel subsequently removed to 22, South-street. He was not a mere coxcomb, but already a man of great shrewdness and observation, and strong satirical spirit. Madame de Stael is said to have stood in awe of him, and considered her having failed to please him as her greatest misfortune; whilst she placed the Prince of Wales having neglected to call upon her, only as a secondary cause of lamentation. However, Brummel is best known by his excess of affectation, which often resembled humour.

An acquaintance, in a morning call, having recently been travelling in the north of England, persisted in cross-questioning Brummel about the Lakes—which did he like best? Tired at length of affected raptures, Brummel turned to his valet, who chanced to be in the room—"Robinson?" "Sir?" "Which of the Lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, sir," replied the valet, who understood his master's humour. "Ah! yes, Windermere," repeated Brummel; "so it is,—Windermere."

The intimacy between Brummel and the Prince lasted some years; the quarrel which led to the estrangement is variously related: some said it was owing to Brummel desiring the Prince to ring the bell, an assertion which the Beau stoutly denied. Moore sings:

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal, except, now I think on't, to Beau Brummel;
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

Others said the offence arose from the friend's ridicule of the favourite mistress Fitzherbert. Brummel protested that it was he who had cut the Prince, in public, in the following manner:—Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the Prince, who spoke to the friend, without noticing Brummel, he affected the air of one who waits

aloof while a stranger is present ; and then, when the great man was moving off, said to his companion, loud enough for the other to hear, " Eh ! who is our fat friend ? "

• Although the loss of his royal friend estranged many from Brummel, they generally suffered for their time-serving. A notable instance of this occurred to a lady of fashion, named Thompson, residing near Grosvenor-square, and who had a formidable rival in a Mrs. Johnson of Finsbury-square. The West-end lady gave a ball, at which the Prince had consented to be present, Brummel of course not being invited. Great, then, was the lady's surprise when, at the moment she expected the Prince's arrival, in walked the unasked and obnoxious Beau Brummel. The lady indignantly walked forth from the circle of her friends, and informed Brummel that he had not been invited. " Not invited, madam, not invited ? " said the unwelcome visitor, in his blandest tones ; " surely there must be some mistake ; " and, leisurely feeling in all his pockets to spin out the time, and give a better chance for the Prince's arrival, while the hostess was in agony, he at length drew forth a card, which he presented to her. At a glance she saw it was that of her East-end rival, and, returning it hastily, she exclaimed, " That card, sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's ; my name is Thompson. " " Is it, indeed ? " replied Brummel, affecting much surprise. " Dear me, how unfortunate ! really, Mrs. John—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake ; but, you know, Johnson and Thompson, Thompson and Johnson, are so much the same kind of thing. Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening. " And, making one of his most elaborate bows, he retired, slowly and mincingly, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of all present, except the hostess herself, who was bursting with indignation, and totally at a loss to reply to such matchless effrontery. Here are a few more of Brummel's affectations, first collected in the *Literary Pocket-book*.

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, " Yes, madam, I once ate a pea. "

Being met limping in Bond-street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and " the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg. "

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine the next day, was told that he really did not know ; " they put me in my coach, and take me somewhere. "

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat—all but the collar ; nobody could achieve a good collar but his tailor.

Having borrowed some money of a City beau, whom he patronized in return, he was one day asked to repay it, upon which he thus complained to a friend, "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog Tom, and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummel," observed one of a sympathising group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton-road, the other day, my infidel valet put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he like port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? port?—oh, *port*!—oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing." "Fellow," said Brummel, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country-seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of place it was, "that it was an exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It was his opinion, that port, not porter, should be taken with cheese. "A gentleman," said he, "never *mults* with his cheese; he always *ports*." Yet this is counter to his estimate of port.

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody consoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connexion, but what could I do? (here he looked deploring and conclusive). Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

When he went visiting, he is reported to have taken with him costly and elaborate dressing apparatus, including a silver basin; "for," said he, "it is impossible to spit in clay."

On reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said that, "with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, I thought it might be managed for eight hundred a year."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early, I take a—a—little lobster, an

apricot-puff, or so, and some burnt-champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

Brummel maintained his supremacy in the fashionable world several years after he had been cast off by the Prince. But, in the end the Beau was ruined by gaming, and he was compelled to quit England, and take up his abode at Calais. It has been said, ludicrously enough, that Brummel and Bonaparte fell together. The Moscow of the former, according to his own account, was a crooked sixpence, to the possession of which his good fortune was attached, but which he unfortunately lost. Nevertheless, Brummel had not lost his friends: he subsisted long at Calais chiefly upon their bounty. He obtained the appointment of English Consul at Caen, where, however, he soon became deeply involved in debt: in the hope of getting a more lucrative situation, he addressed his former friend, Lord Palmerston, then in office, stating the consulate at Caen to be useless: his lordship thanked him for the information, but forgot to provide him with any other situation. He was again thrown upon the charity of his friends; but paralysis more than once attacked him; he was flung into prison at Caen by his French creditors, and confined there upwards of two months. On his release, he fell into idleness; he was placed by friends in the hospital of the *Bon Sauveur*, in a room that had once been occupied by the celebrated Bourrienne. Here he died, March 30, 1840—a deplorable instance of wasted fortune and reckless folly, reminding us, that beaux, like princes, find but few real friends.

HOBY, THE BOOTMAKER.

Hoby, of St. James's-street, was not only the greatest and most fashionable bootmaker, but a Methodist preacher at Islington. He was said to employ three hundred workmen; and was privileged to say all sorts of things to his customers, whom he sometimes annoyed with his humour. Horace Churchill, an ensign in the Guards, one day entered Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill-made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby gravely called to his shopman, "John, close the shutters. It is all over with us. I must shut up shop. Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Hoby was bootmaker to the Duke of Kent. Calling on his Royal Highness to try on some boots, the news arrived of Lord Wellington's great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The Duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said: "If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he would never have had his great and constant suc-

cesses; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties." He was bootmaker to the Duke of Wellington from his boyhood, and received innumerable orders in the Duke's handwriting, both from the Peninsula and France, which he always religiously preserved.

On one occasion the late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop, to complain that his top-boots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said—"How did that happen, Sir John?" "Why, in walking to my stables." "Walking to your stables?" said Hoby, with a sneer; "I made the boots for riding, not walking."—*Captain Gro-nov's Reminiscences.*

AN ULTIMATUM.

A luckless undergraduate of Cambridge being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew.—*The Doctor.*

SCOTTISH CONVIVIALITY.

"It is hardly possible," says Lord Cockburn, "to realize the scenes which took place in society fifty years back. In many houses, when a party dined, the ladies going away was the signal for the commencement of a system of compulsory conviviality. No one was allowed to shirk. 'No daylight, no heeltaps,' was the wretched jargon in which were expressed the propriety and the duty of seeing that the glass, when filled, must be emptied and drained. The supper which came after the early Scotch dinner had a peculiar tendency to foster these toping customs. The master of the feast said, 'Let there be tumblers,' and there were tumblers in more senses than one, the guests at these symposia frequently disappearing beneath the table. It was not a custom merely, but involved a different moral view and theory of social life. The duty of hospitality was so misinterpreted that, in one case which he mentions, a London merchant, of formal manners and temperate habits, was pursued from the table of his host to his bedroom, and bottles and glasses were brought to his bedside, when, losing all patience, the wretched victim gasped out in his indignation, 'Sir, your hospitality borders upon brutality.'"

Of this deep-rooted character, Dean Ramsay relates the following illustration, communicated to him as coming from Mr. Mackenzie, the well-known author of the "Man of Feeling." Mackenzie had been involved in a regular drinking-party, and was keeping as free

from the usual excesses as he was able, when, as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands that were working at his throat. On asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that's to louse the neckcloths." To such an extent were the guests liable to become helpless, and such was the risk of apoplexy or suffocation, from their inability to untie their cravats, that it was the appointed duty of one of the household in this instance to perform this office for the protection of their jugulars.

There had been a carousing party at Colonel Grant's, the late Lord Seafield; and, as the evening advanced towards morning, two Highlanders were in attendance to carry the guests upstairs, it being understood that none could by any other means arrive at their sleeping apartments. One or two of the guests, however, whether from their abstinence or their superior strength of head, were walking upstairs, and declined the proffered assistance. The attendants were utterly astonished, and indignantly exclaimed, "Aigh, it's sare cheenged times at Castle Grant, when gentlemens can gang to bed on their ain feet."

Formerly in Scotland a funeral was a feast, and sometimes a fortune was well-nigh consumed in celebrating the great event. In the account of the funeral expenses of Sir Hugh Campbell, of Calder or Cawdor, there were charges for an enormous quantity of food and drink consumed. At the funeral of Mrs. Forbes, of Culloden, the mourners all got drunk. The festivities were conducted by her son Duncan, well known as the Lord President Forbes. The company sat so long and drank so freely, that when the word was given for the procession to form, and for the mourners to march to the burial-ground, the coffin was forgotten. The whole troop of jolly mourners found themselves at the grave with nothing to put in it. Special messengers were sent back for the poor dead lady, whose remains were "then deposited in the grave with all the decorum which could be mustered in such anti-funereal circumstances."

Nor were such death-scenes peculiar to the Highlands. There is a singular story told of Lord Forglen, on the authority of Auchinleck, James Boswell's father. On the day of Lord Forglen's death, his physician called on him as usual. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor, as he entered the house. "I houp he's weel," answered the manservant, with a solemnity which told what he meant. The doctor was then shown into a room where two dozen of wine were laid out under a table. Other persons presently came in, and the manservant, making them all sit down, began to describe to them his master's last moments, and at the same time to push the

bottle about briskly. After a glass or two, the company rose to depart; but they were detained by the man. "No, no, gentlemen; not so," he said, "it was at the express will o' the dead that I should fill you a' fou, and I maun fulfil the will o' the dead." "And, indeed," said the doctor, who afterwards told the story, "he did fulfil the will o' the dead; for, before the end o't, there was na ane o' us able to bite his ain thoomb."

Of the reckless Scotchman, Dr. Archibald Pitcairn was a good example. He was an Edinburgh physician of high repute, a man of great wit and pleasantry, a hater of Calvinism, a supposed atheist, and a dreadful Bacchanalian. He would sometimes be drunk twice a-day. It was the habit of professional men in those days to meet their clients in some tavern; and it is told of him that he ordered his servants, whenever he should be detained at the tavern overnight, to provide him with a clean shirt next morning. They obeyed his orders on one occasion, day after day, till the number of clean shirts amounted to six, all of which he duly put on; but when he made his way home, it was discovered that the whole six were upon him, one over the other.

At Glasgow, forty years ago, when the time had come for the *bowl* to be introduced, some jovial and thirsty member of the company proposed as a toast, "The trade of Glasgow, and the *outward bound*." The hint was taken, and silks and satins moved off to the drawing-room.

LADY BLESSINGTON AT GORE HOUSE.

Wilberforce, the philanthropist, resided in Gore House, just one mile from the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, from 1808 until 1821; with its three acres of pleasure-ground, and fine old trees, it was then a delightful retreat. After the philanthropist, a few unknown persons held the place ere the next celebrity, one of a totally opposite character, reigned: this was Lady Blessington, who came to reside here in 1836; and the opposition of ideas called forth by these tenants seems to have suggested to James Smith this *im-promptu* :—

"Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once owned this hallowed spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fettered Negro's lot;
Yet here still slavery attacks
When Blessington invites:
The chains from which he freed the blacks,
She rivets on the whites."

To Gore House came novelists and dramatists and poets, actors, statesmen, and refugees. "Here Louis Napoleon, just escaped from

captivity at Ham, first came for the shelter of an English roof; and afterwards—deep lesson, too—a few years later, she went forth as privately, perhaps, as her guest had entered, from the palace of which she had been queen, to seek in the capital of him whom she had harboured that support she had so freely bestowed on him; the late refugee then having an empire rapidly falling into his hands. Her object was not gained, and on this occasion ‘hope left a wretched one that sought her.’ Lady Blessington finally quitted Gore House April 14, 1849.”

During a continental tour, Lady Blessington was introduced to the Count D’Orsay. “He was a great favourite of Lord Blessington, whose daughter by his first wife was, when quite a young girl, fetched from school to marry him; and a promise also is said to have been given from the Count to his Lordship, and from the Count’s mother to Lady Blessington, that they (the Count and her Ladyship) would never leave each other. Be that as it may, they lived together for above a quarter of a century, and increase of years seemed still stronger to consolidate the engagement. D’Orsay led a gay and extravagant life in London, considerably beyond his means, in great measure appearing to consider his patronage sufficient payment. He undoubtedly possessed great abilities, was an excellent artist, and a humourist of the first water. But his conduct to his wife was cruel in the extreme: she was spurned by him entirely, he still pocketing an income from her father’s estates! For a long time he could only make his exit from Gore House on Sundays, for fear of arrest; and his extravagances vastly accelerated the day of retribution. He and Lady Blessington retired to Paris, and Gore House was stripped of its contents by public sale. There, whatever was the cause, they met not with the reception anticipated. Lady Blessington died soon after, on June 4, 1849. D’Orsay designed her monument, and in little more than three years after his career was ended. He died July 1, 1852.—*Davis’s Memorials of Knightsbridge.*

The Count D’Orsay painted an interesting memorial of Gore House, and its celebrities: a view in the pleasure grounds in the rear of the mansion, with portraits of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Blessington, the painter (D’Orsay), and other celebrities.

DISTINCTIONS OF DRESS.

The meeting of two gentlemen in a theatre lobby is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, “Pray, are you the box-keeper?” “No,” replied the other, “are you?”

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking, that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My good friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

PRUDENTIAL CONSIDERATION.

The lady of a distinguished officer died in one of our colonies, just previous to which she expressed a wish to be buried in England, and was, accordingly, deposited in a cask of rum, for the purpose of transport home, but remained in the cellar after the officer's second marriage; the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirit imported into England, in which the dear departed was preserved, would, in a few years, be either lowered or taken off altogether! Strange as this may seem, it is true.—*Theodore Hook*.

PLEASURES OF A CROWD.

"Pray, sir," said a person who had previously been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it; "pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me; it is unnecessary since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, sir, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't shove!"—*Poole*.

BORE-CIDE.

A certain well-known provincial bore having left a tavern party, of which Burns was one, he, the Bard, immediately demanded a bumper, and addressing himself to the chairman, said: "I give you the health, gentlemen all, of the waiter that called my Lord — out of the room."—*Lockhart*.

"THERE'S A LANGUAGE THAT'S MUTE."

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl on the high road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble. The bells were settling for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and the gentleman, who recognised in her the errand-maid of a neigh-

bouring farmer. "What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered, gravely: "Sir, I'm looking to see if my master be gone to church." Now, her master had a wooden leg.

PERSONAL RETALIATION.

Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to Count D'Orsay, containing some piece of impertinence, had closed it with a wafer, and stamped it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The Count soon discovered who was the writer, and in a roomful of company, thus addressed him: "Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose."

LORD ALVANLEY.

Among the witticisms attributed to Lord Alvanley is a *bon mot*, which gave rise to the belief that Solomon, the Jew money-lender, caused the downfall and disappearance of Brummel; for, on some friends of his observing that if he had remained in London, something might have been done for him by his old associates, Alvanley replied, "He has done quite right to be off; it was Solomon's judgment."

When Sir Lumley Skeffington's spectacle of the *Sleeping Beauty*, produced at a great expense on the stage, reappeared after some years' seclusion, Alvanley, on being asked who that smart-looking individual was, answered, "It is a second edition of the *Sleeping Beauty*, bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts."

A gay man named Judge, imprisoned in the King's Bench, was said to be the first instance of a judge reaching the bench without being previously called to the bar; to which Alvanley replied, "Many a bad judge has been taken from the bench and placed at the bar."

"SWEERING AT LAIRGE."

A late Duke of Atholl had invited a well-known personage, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dunkeld for the transaction of some business. The Duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the Duke had forgotten the appointment, and gone to the hill, from which he would not return for some hours. A Highlander present described the Perth writer's indignation, and his mode of showing it, by a most elaborate course of swearing. "But whom did he swear at?"

was the inquiry made of the narrator, who replied, "On, he didna sweer at onything parteeular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at lairge." "Sweering at lairge," however, even in former days, was more the tendency of the upper classes than of the Scottish peasantry, one of whom thus rebuked the late Lord Rutherford on his exclaiming gruffly at the Scottish climate, "What a d—mist!" The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. "What ails you at the mist, sir? It wats the grass and slockens the ewes;" adding, with much solemnity, "It's God's wull," and thereupon he turned from his Lordship with lofty indignation.

MATTER-OF-FACT-MEN.

"You must beware," says Charles Lamb, "of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher on your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember, you are upon your oath. I have a print, a graceful female, after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. —. After he had examined it minutely, I asked him how he liked "my beauty" (a foolish name it goes by among my friends), when he very gravely assured me that he 'had very considerable respect for my character and talents'—so he was pleased to say—'but had not given himself much thought for the degree of my personal pretensions.'"

Lamb was present at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression in his South British way, that he wished it were the father instead of the son, when four of them started up at once, that it was impossible, because he (the father) was dead.

MARVELLOUS OYSTER-EATING.

"While I was at Versailles," narrates the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, "I came frequently in contact with M. Laperte, who was voraciously fond of oysters, of which he complained he could never get his bellyful. This pleasure I resolved to give him, and for that purpose invited him to dine with me. He came. I kept company with him to the third dozen of oysters, and then allowed him to go on alone. He swallowed on steadily to the *thirty-second dozen*—that is to say, during more than an hour—when I stopped my guest just as he remarked, that he was *beginning* to enjoy his treat. "Alas!" I exclaimed, "it is quite clear that you are not to have your bellyful of oysters to-day. Let us begin dinner." We dined, and Laperte acquitted himself with the vigour and appetite of a man who had been suffering from a long fast."

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

One day, when the noble marquis was going alone from Aldborough to Sudborne, on the road he met a cart with one horse, deeply laden with coals, which, from the badness of the road, and the deepness of the ruts, was in great danger of being overturned; the marquis endeavoured to pass it, when the carter, not knowing who the stranger was, said to his lordship, "Come, ya' a might tie your horse to a tree, and come and help me." At this request the marquis instantly stopped and dismounted, asking the carter what he should do to help him? "Why, lay hold here and shove hard," was the ready reply, which, being complied with, they together soon got the cart out of the difficulty: the marquis then asked if there was anything more to do. "Why, no," said the carter, feeling his pocket; "if I had sixpence I would give it thee, but if you *wool* go down to the Crown with me, you shall take part of a pot of beer." The marquis declined the offer and mounted; the countryman, however, observed, "Why, you ride a very good horse; perhaps we shall see one another again." "That may be," was the reply; "but it is not very likely, and here is a half-crown for you to drink the Marquis of Hertford's health," and then rode on, leaving the poor fellow in fear and astonishment, at the event that had passed.

It will be recollected by some readers that the former church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet-street, within memory possessed one of London's wonders: it had a large gilt dial overhanging the street, and above it two figures of savages, life-size, carved in wood, and standing beneath a pediment, each having in his right hand a club, with which he struck the quarters upon a suspended bell, moving his head at the same time. To see the men strike was considered very attractive; and opposite St. Dunstan's was a famous field for pickpockets, who took advantage of the gaping crowd. Among those who were struck by the oddity of the figures was the Marquis of Hertford, who, when a child, and a good child, was taken by his nurse to see the giants of St. Dunstan's as a reward; and he used to say, when he grew to be a man he would buy those giants. Many a child of rich parents may have said the same; but, in the present case, the Marquis kept his word. When the old church of St. Dunstan was taken down, in 1830, Lord Hertford attended the second sale of the materials, and purchased the clock, bells, and figures for 200*l.*; and he had them placed at the entrance to the grounds of his villa in the Regent's-park, thence called "St. Dunstan's Villa;" and here the figures do duty to the present day.

“ ARMS FOUND.”

Mrs. Butler, in her entertaining *Journal*, relates this droll story:—A gentleman of New York sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer, to have it put upon his gig-harness. The man sent home the harness when it was finished, but without the die: after sending for it several times, the owner called, when the reply was, “Oh, why, I I didn’t know you wanted it.” “I tell you I wish to have it back.” “Oh, pooh, pooh! you can’t want it much now, do you?” “I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately.” “Ah, well, come now, what’ll you take for it?” “D’ye think I mean to sell my crest? Why you might as well ask me to sell my name.” “Why, you see a good many folks have seen it, and want to have it on their harness, as it’s a pretty-looking concern enough.”

MATHEMATICS AT FAULT.

An English nobleman in Paris proposed to run his horse against time, at a rate which appeared to be impossible. He found plenty of persons to take bets, and he staked an immense sum on the event. Some friendly *savans* tried in vain to dissuade him from abiding the event: for they assured him that besides losing his fortune he would kill his horse. Nay, they proved it mathematically. They reckoned the volume of air the horse would displace at each bound, multiplied the weight of this by the necessary velocity, ascertained the strength of the horse by a dynamometer; and putting *W* for the weight, *V* for the velocity, and *P* for the power, proved, without running far into the calculus, that the achievement was impossible. The sporting man thanked his scientific friends, testified to the wonders of mathematics, ran his horse—and won!

Again, while the *Great Western* steam-ship was on the stocks at Bristol, one of the philosophers at the meeting of the British Association, which was held at the time in that city, calculated away the possibility of the steamer ever crossing the Atlantic. He computed that, for each horse-power of steam, one ton of coals would be required for every 1425 miles. “Taking this as a basis of the calculation,” he said, “and allowing one-fourth of a ton of coals per horse-power as spare fuel, the tonnage necessary for the fuel and machinery, on a voyage from England to New York, would be 370 tons per horse-power, which, for a vessel with engines of 400 horse-power, would be 1480 tons.” Now, as the tonnage of the *Great Western* was only 1340 tons, with engines of 450 horse-power, for her to cross the Atlantic was, according to the theorist, utterly impossible. The “impossibility” was, however, performed, some twelve times per year, from the launch of the ship in 1838.

COMMERCIAL PEERAGES.

Among recent creations it may be mentioned that the title of Lord Belper, in 1856, was chosen by Mr. Strutt, on account of his family connexion with that place, to the manufacturing prosperity of which his uncle, the late Mr. Jedediah Strutt, contributed so largely. In the retiring address which he issued to his constituents on accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, prior to his elevation to the peerage, Lord Belper alluded to his own position as being still a manufacturer, thus identifying himself still with the order from which he is sprung. "The name, style, and title" which his Lordship chose, is almost better known upon the Continent than in this country, for there is scarcely a woman who plies her knitting-needle in the towns and villages of Germany but makes use of materials on the wrapper of which the name of Belper is printed in large characters. It may be of interest to remark here that Lord Belper is by no means the first person of commercial antecedents and connexions who has been raised to the peerage. Though George III. was very averse to the elevation of any one except members of the old county families, he created the London banker, Mr. Robert Smith, Lord Carrington, and conferred the Rendlesham peerage on the Thellussons. William IV. revived the barony of Ashburton in the person of Mr. Alexander Baring, who was many years head of the great commercial house which bears his name; and since the accession of her Majesty, Mr. Poulett-Thompson, of Manchester, and Mr. Jones Loyd, of Lothbury, have been respectively gazetted as Lord Sydenham and Lord Overstone. The case of Lord Belper, however, differs in one respect from that of the above noblemen, inasmuch as it is understood that his elevation to the peerage does not imply that he has withdrawn from his manufacturing engagements.

A RICHMOND HOAX.

One of the best practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever *Gilbert Gurney* is Daly's hoax upon the lady who had never been at Richmond before, or, at least, knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has time out of mind been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, "What do you mean by 'maids of honour'?" "Dear me!" said Daly, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere are here called maids of honour,

a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of cheesecakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter, and desiring him, in a sweet, but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house quite cold!

SCOTTISH SERVANTS.

Dean Ramsay, in his very characteristic *Reminiscences*, illustrating the habits of old Scottish domestic servants, relates several amusing traits of their eccentricity, telling of simpler times than the present.

An instance of *fixedness* is afforded by an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last, the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial."

A gentlewoman's praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy, who had been fifty years domesticated in the family. One day, however, he had a real triumph upon the subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, adding, "That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got." To his delight, this was a leg of English mutton his mistress had expressly chosen. She significantly told a friend, "Sandy never let that down upon me."

Boaty, who long acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, was a first-rate salmon-fisher, and was much sought for by amateurs. One day he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman, who caught salmon after salmon, and between each fish-catching took a pull at his flask, without offering Boaty any participation in the refreshment. Boaty got annoyed, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing-nets, and fishing apparatus, which he had provided, and set off homeward. His companion, keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "No, no; them 'at drink by themselfs may just fish by themselfs."

At a large dinner-party, one of the family noticed that a guest—Mrs. Murray—was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with

salt. The old servant, Thomas, was appealed to; he took no notice, and was appealed to more peremptorily, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon," to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt-spoon."

An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drank wine with every lady at the table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

An old servant was standing at a sideboard and attending to the wants of a pretty large dinner-party; when the calls grew so numerous and frequent, that the attendant got bewildered, lost his temper, and at length, he gave vent to his indignation in this remonstrance, addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither, that's the way to be served."

An aged Forfarshire lady, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open, and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo diuna stop to open it, but jast send it aff."

A nursery-maid was leading a little child up and down a garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" asked the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," said he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Heck, man," said Jess, "did ye no ken there's aye maist sown o' the best crap?"

POWER OF THE EYE.

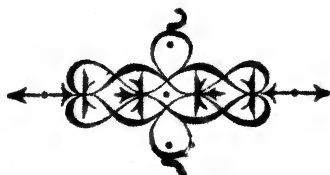
When Thomas Grenville was a young man he one day dined with Lord Spencer at Wimbledon. Among the company was George Pitt (afterwards Lord Rivers), who declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the courtyard here which is the terror of the neighbourhood, will you try your powers on him?" Pitt agreed to do so; and the company descended into the courtyard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down at a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt—then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and, leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours afterwards.

Mr. Rogers, who relates this story, tells us also how he profited by Pitt's experience, as follows:—"During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage, on the road,

not far from Vicenza, I perceived two huge dogs nearly as tall as myself, bounding towards me from out a gateway, though there was no house in sight. I recollected what Pitt had done; and, trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still, and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and then went back again."

RUINOUS EPICURISM.

A gentleman of Gloucestershire had one son, whom he sent abroad, to make the grand tour of the Continent, where he paid more attention to the cookery of nations and luxurious living, than anything else. Before his return, his father died, and left him a large fortune. He now looked over his note-book to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks obtained. Every servant in his house was a cook; his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms—all were cooks. He had also three Italian cooks—one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third from Viterbo—for dressing one Florentine dish! He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring the eggs of a certain sort of plover found in the former country. He was known to eat a single dinner at the expense of 50*l.*, though there were but two dishes. In nine years he found himself getting poor, and this made him melancholy. When totally ruined, having spent 150,000*l.*, a friend one day gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret next day *broiling an ortolan*, for which he had paid a portion of the guinea!





POLITICAL LIFE.

INTEGRITY OF EARL STANHOPE.

THIS eminent soldier, who carried arms under King William III. in Flanders, and under the Duke of Schomberg and Earl of Peterborough, at the close of his military career, became an active Whig leader in Parliament, took office under Sunderland, and was soon after raised to the peerage. His death was very sudden. He was of a constitutionally warm and sensitive temper. In the course of the discussion of the South Sea Company's affairs, which so unhappily involved some of the leading members of the Government, the Duke of Wharton (Feb. 4, 1721) made some severe remarks in the House of Lords, comparing the conduct of ministers to that of Sejanus, who had made the reign of Tiberius hateful to the old Romans. Stanhope, in rising to reply, spoke with such vehemence in vindication of himself and his colleagues, that he burst a blood-vessel, and died the next day. "May it be eternally remembered," says the *British Merchant*, "to the honour of Earl Stanhope, that he died poorer in the King's service than when he came into it. Walsingham, the great Walsingham, died poor; but the great Stanhope lived in the time of the South Sea temptations!"

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

When the independent Philip, 2d Earl of Chesterfield, made one of his occasional visits to the House of Lords (from Geneva), a new doorkeeper, seeing him about to press into the House in a dress of extreme simplicity, impeded his entrance with this remark, "Now, then, honest man, go back! you can have no business in such a place as this, honest man!"

EXECUTION OF LORDS KILMARNOCK AND BALMERINO.

Walpole relates many eccentric traits of these Rebel Lords, on their trial and execution. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At

the bar he played with his fingers upon the axe while he talked to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade, and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. He said that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

At the trial Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, "Never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock! if I was your Grace, I would pardon him, and make him *paymaster*;" alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence.

George Selwyn begged Sir William Saunderson to get him the High Steward's wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettifogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with.

Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into the Rebellion, went to Leicester House, with four of her children, to bespeak the interest of the Princess of Wales for her lord. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children, and placing them by her; "which," says Gray, "if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard." Lord Cromartie was reprieved.

Balmerino kept up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till——, then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler, "Take care, or you'll break my shins with this damned axe."

Lord Kilmarnock was extremely poor: he had been known to dine with a man who sold pamphlets at Storey's-gate, St. James's-park; and the man at the tennis-court said, "he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner." He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued her steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. The Duke of Argyle telling him how sorry he was to see him engaged in such a cause, "My Lord," says he, "for the two kings and their rights I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and, by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat."

At the Tower they stopped up Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace; then he had only one, which looked directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoilt my lady's stomach."

Walpole was not at the execution of the Rebel Lords, but had two persons come to him directly, who were at the next house to the scaffold; and he saw another person who was on it. Just before they came out of the Tower, Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Hone, a young clergyman; his friend, Lord Balmerino, followed alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red (his rebellious regimentals), a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold. Here they parted. Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!"

Kilmarnock remained an hour and a half in the house. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. "When he beheld the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth, the executioner with his axe and his assistants, the sawdust, which was soon to be drenched with his blood, the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life—above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes bent on the sad object of the preparation—his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned, 'Hone, this is terrible!' No sign of indecent timidity, however, affected his behaviour." (*Sir Walter Scott.*) He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and, with a noble manliness, stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and, after some trouble, put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and, after five minutes, dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at

once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men, kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new strewn with saw-dust, the block new covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river, and, pulling out his spectacles, read a speech, which is variously reported. . . . He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a nightcap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges."

EXECUTION OF SIMON LORD LOVAT.

Of this cunning old creature, whose character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villany, Walpole relates some strange extravagances. In his own Highland domain, he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands or houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married each other without his consent; he said "You shall have enough of each other," and stowed them in a dungeon that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger. "Yes,"

said he, "but they were inexperienced : they had not broke so many gaols as I have." At his own house, he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece." One day, that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied, "What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes*?"

The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman, looked into the coach and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you'll have that frightful head cut off?" he replied, "You ugly old —, I believe I shall!" The last two days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh, even at the sentence. When he withdrew, he said "Adieu, my lords, we shall never meet again in the same place." He said he would be hanged; for that his neck was so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. "I did not think it possible," says Walpole, "to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck : Nicolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution."

In the next letter Walpole sends some account of Lovat's death : he was beheaded, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity : his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people about him. He lay down quietly, and gave the sign soon, and was despatched at a blow.

Lord Lovat was not only the last person beheaded on Tower-hill, but was the last person beheaded in this country, April 9, 1747. During the day, a scaffolding built near Barking-alley fell, with nearly 1,000 persons on it, and twelve were killed.

Hogarth painted Lovat's portrait : he met him at St. Albans (Nichols says Barnet), on his road to London. Hogarth says : "I took this likeness when Simon Fraser was relating on his fingers the number of the rebel forces—such a chieftain had so many men, &c. He received me with much cordiality—embraced me when I entered, and kissed me, though he was under the hands of the barber. The muscles of his neck appeared of unusual strength—more so than I had ever seen."

Hogarth also etched Lovat's portrait; when the plate was finished,

a printseller offered its weight in gold for it. The impressions could not be taken off fast enough to meet the demand, which produced about twelve pounds per day for several weeks.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S BRIBERY.

During Sir Robert Walpole's administration, he wanted to carry a question in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be great opposition, and which was disliked by some of his own dependents. As he was passing through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the Opposition, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said, "Such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is a bank-bill of 2,000*l.*," which he put into his hands. The member made him this answer: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at Court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should, therefore, think myself very ungrateful (*putting the bank-bill into his pocket*) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me."

Sir Robert was called the Grand Corrupter in the libels of his time: he is said to have thought all mankind rogues, and to have remarked that every one had his price. Pope refers to this:

"Would he oblige me, let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind."

Or as he at first printed it:

"He thinks one poet of no venal kind."

That Walpole said something very much like the saying attributed to him is what even his son does not deny; but there is reason to believe that he said it with a qualification—"all *those* men have their price," not "all men have their price."

The saying as recorded by Richardson, the painter, who had ample means of being well-informed, was in these words: "There was not one, how patriot soever he might seem, of whom he did not know the price." (*Richardsoniana*, 8vo. 1776, p. 178.) Dr. King, whose means of information were as good as Richardson's, records a remark made during a debate in Parliament by Walpole to Mr. W. Leveson, the brother of the Jacobite Lord Gower. "You see," said Sir Robert, "with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose; and yet I know the price of every man in this house except three, and your brother is one of them." Dr. King adds, that Sir Robert lived long enough to know that my

Lord Gower had his price as well as the rest. (*King's Anecdotes*, p. 44.) His son modifies the saying: "Some are corrupt," Sir Robert Walpole said; "but I will tell you of one who is not: Shippen is not." (*Walpoliana*, i. 38.) And Sir Robert said, that "it was fortunate so few men could be prime ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind. I never heard him say that all men had their prices; and I believe no such expression ever came from his mouth."

Lord Brougham, also, doubts whether the above words were ever used by Walpole; or, if used, whether they are properly interpreted. "His famous saying, that 'all men have their price,' said Lord Brougham, "can prove nothing unless 'price' be defined; and if a large and liberal sense is given to the word, the proposition more resembles a truism than a sneer or an ebullition of official philanthropy. But it has been positively affirmed that the remark was never made; for it is said that an important word is omitted, which wholly changes the sense; and that Walpole only said, in reference to certain actions or profligate adversaries, and their adherents resembling themselves, 'all *these* men have their price.'"—(*Coxe's Life of Walpole*, vol. i. p. 757.) His general tone of sarcasm, when speaking of patriotism and political gratitude, and others of the more fleeting virtues, is well known. "Patriots," he said, "are easily raised; I have myself made many a one. 'Tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up springs a patriot!" So the gratitude of political men he defined to be "a lively sense of favours to come."

"DOWNRIGHT SHIPPEN."

Some notion of the free use made in Shippen's days of the current coin as a political agent, may be gathered from the fact which Shippen himself related to the celebrated Dr. Middleton. The Prince of Wales, to justify his satisfaction with a speech which the sturdy old Jacobite had made, sent him 1000*l.* by General Churchill, Groom to his Bedchamber. Shippen refused it. That Sir Robert Walpole himself had known of similar attempts made on Shippen's virtue by the Hanoverian party, is pretty evident from his well-known saying respecting that honest man, quoted above.

• A VISIT FROM THE PRETENDER.

Dr. King, in his volume of *Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times*, relates some interesting particulars of the short visit of the Pretender to England, in 1750, when he only stayed in London five days. Dr. King had some long conversations with him here, and for some years after held a constant correspondence with him,

not, indeed, by letters, but by messengers, not couriers, but "gentlemen of fortune, honour, and veracity." The Doctor describes the Pretender as tall and well-made, but stooping a little. "He has an handsome face and good eyes; I think his *busts*, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen." Dr. King then relates, in a note, the following corroboration of the striking resemblance of the bust:—"He (the Pretender) came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me; my servant, after he was gone, said to me, that he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles. 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Redlion-street, and are said to be the busts of Prince Charles.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face."

Dr. King relates that as to Prince Charles's religion, "He is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition, and he would readily conform to the religion of the country. With the Catholics he is a Catholic; with the Protestants he is a Protestant; and to convince the latter of his sincerity he often carried an English Common Prayer-book in his pocket." He also once selected a nonjuring minister to christen one of his illegitimate children. The Prince was very avaricious. Dr. King knew him, with 2000 *louis d'ors* in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances.

THE PRETENDER'S HEALTH.

When Lord Mansfield (then Mr. Murray) was examined before the Privy Council, about the year 1747, for drinking the Pretender's health on his knees (which he certainly did), it was urged against him, among other things, to show how strong a well-wisher he was to the cause of the exiled family, that, when he was employed as solicitor-general against the *rebels* who were tried in 1746, he had never used that term, but always called them *unfortunate gentlemen*. When he came to his defence, he said the fact was true; and he should only say that "he pitied that man's loyalty who thought that *epithets* could add to the guilt of treason!"—an admirable instance of a dexterous and subtle evasion.

CONFERRING THE GARTER.

Two of our sovereigns appear to have shown ill manners and temper in conferring the insignia and decorations of this noble order. George the Second, who strongly disliked Lord Temple, "Squire Gawkey," as he was nicknamed, was compelled by political arrange-

ments, very repugnant to his feelings, to invest that nobleman with the Order of the Garter; when the King took so little pains to conceal his aversion both to the individual and to the act, that, instead of placing the riband decorously over the shoulder of the new knight, his Majesty, averting his head, and muttering indistinctly some expressions of dissatisfaction, threw the riband across him, and turned his back at the same instant in the rudest manner. George the Third exerted more restraint over his passions than did his grandfather, yet even he could be ill-tempered. When he invested the Marquis Camden with the Garter, he showed much ill-humour in his countenance and manner. However, as he knew the ceremony must be performed, Mr. Pitt having pertinaciously insisted upon it, the King took the riband in his hand, and turning to the Duke of Dorset, the assistant knight-companion, before the new knight approached, asked him if he knew Lord Camden's Christian name. The Duke, after inquiring, informed him that it was John Jeffreys. "What! what!" said the King, "John Jeffreys! the first Knight of the Garter, I believe, that was ever called John Jeffreys;" the King not considering his descent sufficiently illustrious.

In 1782, at the time of Lord North's resignation, there were on the King's table four Garters unappropriated, which the new ministers naturally considered as lawful plunder. One only of the number fell to the share of the sovereign, which he was allowed, though not without some difficulty, to confer on his third son, Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV. The Duke of Devonshire, as head of the Whig party, was invested with one blue riband, and the Duke of Richmond with another. Lord Shelburne took for himself, as was to be expected, the fourth Garter. At the investment never did three men receive the Order in so dissimilar and characteristic a manner. The Duke of Devonshire advanced up to the sovereign, with his phlegmatic, cold, and awkward air, like a clown. Lord Shelburne came forward, bowing on every side, smiling and fawning like a courtier. The Duke of Richmond presented himself, easy, unembarrassed, and with dignity, like a gentleman.

POLITICAL INFAMY.

There are several degrees of infamy, but none beyond that of one Digges, a political hack, who was so infamous a fellow, that Dr. Franklin said of him, "If Digges was not damned the devil would be useless."

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

In the House of Peers, during the examination of the magistrates of Edinburgh, touching the particulars of the Porteous Mob, in 1736,

the Duke of Newcastle having asked the Provost with what kind of shot the town-guard, commanded by Porteous, had loaded their muskets, received the unexpected reply, "Ou, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools wi!" The answer was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the poor Provost would have suffered from misconception of his patois, had not the Duke of Argyle (who must have been exceedingly amused) explained that the worthy chief magistrate's expression, when rendered into English, meant to describe the shot used for *ducks and waterfowl*.

SCOTTISH CONCEIT.

In the time of the Rebellion of 1745, Duke Hamilton was extolling Scotland to George II. to such a length that the King could no longer bear it. "My Lord," said his Majesty, "I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it."

TIT FOR TAT.

At the stormy Westminster in election, 1750, a chairmaker, having voted for Lord Trentham, the Prince of Wales sent one of his servants to the man to say that the Prince would employ him no more. "I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair." "With all my heart," said the chairmaker; "I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne."

STICKING TOGETHER.

How genially the Scotch stick together in spite of their religious differences in the last century is illustrated in the following incident: Stirling, of Keir, and some other gentlemen, were tried for high treason, in Edinburgh, in 1708. They were charged with drinking the health of the Pretender, plotting a French invasion, and encouraging insurrection. They escaped through the hard swearing of the witnesses brought against them, one of these being Stirling's own servant, who without any direction from his master had managed to swear very neatly in his favour. Riding home from the trial, Stirling turned about in mere curiosity, and asked the servant whether he had really forgotten certain occurrences. "I ken very weel what you mean, laird," was the man's reply, "but my mind was clear to trust my saul to the mercy o' Heaven rather than your honour's body to the mercy o' the Whigs."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Dean Ramsay relates that during the long French war, two old ladies in Stranraer were going to the kirk, when one said to the

other, "Was it no' a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the other old lady, "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gaen into battle?" The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic, "Hoot! jabbering bodies, who could *understan'* them?"

SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE.

The Earl of Buchan (David Stuart Erskine), who died in his eighty-eighth year, in 1829, was, in his early years, taken by the hand by Mr. Pitt—but upon a subsequent occasion, when an election of Scotch Peers took place, his lordship having, like the other Peers, received a Government circular letter, naming the individuals to be elected, he retired from public life, considering this letter an insult to the peerage of Scotland,—and upon that occasion wrote a letter to the minister, in which is this remarkable sentence: "*If the privileges of Scotland are endeavoured to be violated, I shall know how to make my porridge in my helmet, and stir it with my sword!*"

AN ARCHBISHOP ON DUELLING.

The hold on society which the practice of duelling had once attained is illustrated by an anecdote told by Walpole, of the Archbishop of York, who, when a sermon he had recently preached was attacked in the House of Lords as too servile in its advocacy of Divine right, said openly that, "though as a Christian and a Bishop he ought to bear wrongs, there were injuries that would provoke any patience: and that he, if insulted, should know how to chastise any petulance." We must take the story as we find it told by Walpole; but if it were true as he gives it, it shows the curious change society has undergone since—and which it underwent, indeed, during—the time of George III. In 1820 it would have been thought as extraordinary as it would be thought now, if an Archbishop, standing up publicly in ecclesiastical costume, were to declare that he could stand a good deal, but that he must shoot any one who criticised his sermons. Duelling also gives the text for another of Walpole's best stories. Hutchinson, Provost of Dublin, quarreled with Tisdale, the Irish Attorney-General, and after having abused him in the grossest terms, sent him a challenge. Tisdale refused to fight him, urging that he himself was seventy-three, but laying very little stress on that. His principal objection was that they were not on an equality with reference to the pleasure to be derived from the contest. "If I should kill Hutchinson," he said, "I should get nothing but the pleasure of killing him; whereas, if he kills me,

he will get my place of Secretary of State, of which he has the reversion."

LET WELL ALONE.

Walpole was long of opinion that few persons know *when* to die: i.e. when to go out of the world. He thought that when any personage had shone as much as possible, he should be heard of no more. Thus, Voltaire ought to have pretended to die after Alzire, Mahomet, and Semiramis, and not have produced his wretched last pieces: Lord Chatham should have closed his political career with his immortal war: and how weak was Garrick, when he quitted the stage, to limp after the tatters of fame by writing and reading pitiful poems; and even by *sitting* to read plays which he had acted with such fire and energy! We have another example in Mr. Anstey; who, if he had a friend upon earth, would have been obliged to him for being knocked on the head, the moment he had published the first edition of the Bath Guide; for, even in the second, he had exhausted his whole stock of inspiration, and has never written anything tolerable since. When such unequal authors print their works together, one may apply in a new light the old hacknied simile of Mezentius, who tied together the living and the dead.

THE PULTENEY GUINEA.

William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was remarkable alike for his oratorical talents and his long and consistent opposition to the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, the great Whig Minister. On the 11th of February, 1741, a time when party feeling was at its height, Walpole received an intimation in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the Opposition to impeach him. To this menace he replied with his usual composure and self-complacence, merely requesting a fair and candid hearing, and winding up his speech with the quotation—

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ."

With his usual tact, Pulteney immediately rose, and observed, "that the right honourable gentleman's logic and Latin were alike inaccurate, and that Horace, whom he had just misquoted, had written '*nullâ pallescere culpâ*.'" Walpole maintained that his quotation was correct, and a bet was offered. The matter was thereupon referred to Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, an excellent classical scholar, who decided against Walpole. The Minister accordingly took a guinea from his pocket, and flung it across the house to Pulteney. The latter caught it, and holding it up, exclaimed, "It's the only money I have received from the Treasury

for many years, and it shall be the last." This guinea having been carefully preserved, finally came into the hands of Sir John Murray, by whom it was presented, in 1828, to the British Museum. The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Pulteney, is attached to it:—"This guinea I desire may be kept as an heirloom. It was won of Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons; he asserting the verse in Horace to be '*nulli pallescere culpæ*,' whereas I laid the wager of a guinea that it was '*nullâ pallescere culpâ*.' He sent for the book, and, being convinced that he had lost, gave me this guinea. I told him I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not equally to blush. This guinea, I hope, will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

DIVIDED DANGER.

When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning Pitt out of the ministry, and letting Fox remain, he said, it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament House, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder, that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm.

OPENING LETTERS.

We have heard much of this "State necessity" in our day, but little that redounds so much to the honour of an English statesman as the following:—One morning, when Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath) was in office, a man came to him offering his service, that he could open any letter folded in any form, could take a copy of the letter, and make it up again in such a manner, that the writer of the letter himself could not distinguish whether the seal had been touched, or how the letter had been opened. The man withdrew into another room, a short letter was written, was folded up in the most artful manner, was sealed with a finely cut coat of arms, and then sent to the man in the room adjoining. In a quarter of an hour the man returned with the letter and the copy of the letter, and neither Mr. Pulteney, nor a friend who had been sitting with him at the time, could discover the least traces of the letter's having been opened. The man therefore hoped that his honour would employ him, or recommend him to some other person. He replied, that he regretted that there existed such a dangerous enemy to society; so far from employing or recommending him, he would punish him if

he had it in his power. 'Go your ways,' said he, 'and seek your reward elsewhere.' The man was soon after taken into the Secretary of State's office."—*Newton, Life and Anecdotes*, prefixed to his Works.

"TOTTENHAM IN HIS BOOTS."

This *sobriquet* was acquired by Charles Tottenham, Esq., of Tottenham Green, Co. Wexford, and a Member of the Irish Parliament, under the following circumstances: The Members of the House of Commons formerly attended *in full dress*, an arrangement first broken through as follows. A very important constitutional question was debating between Government and the Opposition, namely, as to the application of a sum of 60,000*l.*, then lying unappropriated in the Irish treasury. The numbers seemed to be nearly poised; it had been supposed that the majority would be inclined to give it to the King, while the Opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country; when the sergent-at-arms reported that a Member wanted to force himself into the House *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders. The Speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots. Hearing that the question was likely to come on sooner than he had expected, he had, lest he should not be in time, mounted his horse at Tottenham Green, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the Parliament House direct, and rushed in, without washing or changing himself, to vote for the country. He arrived just at the critical moment, and his *casting-vote* gave a majority of one to the country party.

This incident could not die while the Irish Parliament lived, and "Tottenham in his Boots" remained to a very late period a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables. It should be added, that by an order of the Parliament, all members were to appear in the House in full court dress, under a penalty of 500*l.*; which fine Mr. Tottenham having incurred, had to pay: he was the last who did so, for his bold conduct put an end to its further exaction.

Soon after the affair, a portrait of the hon. member was painted by Stephens, and engraved by A. Millar, in the attitude of ascending the steps of the Parliament House, in Dublin, in his travelling dress—in *his boots*. This picture is in the possession of the head of the house of Tottenham, the Marquis of Ely.

BOYLE ROCHE'S BULLS.

Sir Boyle Roche, the Irish member, excelled in bulls. "I wish," said he, one day, when opposing an anti-ministerial motion, "I

wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of the bottomless pit." At another time, in relation to English connexion, he observed,— "England, it must be allowed, is the mother-country, and therefore I advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together, like sisters as they are and ought to be." A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration, "I would," said Sir Boyle, "have two frigates stationed on the opposite points of the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept everything that should attempt to pass between."

A DROVE OF BULLS.

In a debate on the Leather Tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis, "That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said, "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, that "This could be easily remedied by making the underleathers of wood."

A KING'S SPEECH.

When George the Second, in his Speech, told his Parliament his reason for dissolving it was its being so near dissolution, Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners: one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday se'night; I want extremely to go to London; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday?"

A MINISTERIAL REPROOF.

• On one of the many occasions when the implacable hatred of the House of Brunswick towards that of Brandenburg broke out, Sir Robert Walpole said to George the Second, "Will your Majesty engage in an enterprise which must prove both disgraceful and disadvantageous? Why, Hanover will be no more than a breakfast to the Prussian army."

TALKING POLITICS.

As politics spoil conversation, Walpole once proposed that everybody should forfeit half-a-crown who said anything tending to introduce the idea either of Ministers or Opposition. Upon this Hannah More, who was present, added that whoever mentioned *pit-*

coal, or a *fox-skin* muff, should be considered as guilty; and it was accordingly voted.

INVASION PANIC.

When, in 1756, the Duke of Newcastle expected the French every hour, one night he was terribly alarmed: on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words: "Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day." It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensbury to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord *Charles* Douglas.

NARROW ESCAPE.

When, in 1759, there was a successful debate in the House of Commons on the Bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the Judges, Charles Townshend said, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*.

PERUQUIERS' PETITION.

On the 11th of February, 1765, a petition was presented to King George III., by the master peruke-makers of the metropolis, setting forth the distresses of themselves, and an incredible number of others dependent on them, from the almost universal decline of their trade, in consequence of gentlemen so generally beginning to wear their own hair. What business remained to their profession was, they said, nearly altogether taken from them by French artists. They had a further ground of complaint in their being obliged to work on Sunday, which they would much rather have spent in their religious duties, learning "to fear God and honour the King"—(a bit of flattery). Under these circumstances, the distressed peruke-makers prayed his Majesty for means of relief. The King, though he must have scarcely been able to maintain his gravity, returned a gracious answer. But the public, albeit but little converted from the old views regarding the need of protection to industry, had the sense to see the ludicrous side of the petition, and some one quickly regaled them by publishing a petition from the Body Carpenters, imploring his Majesty to wear a wooden leg, and to enjoin all his servants to appear in the royal presence with the same graceful decoration.

CARLTON-HOUSE INTRIGUE.

Lord Bute is known to have enjoyed a higher place in the Princess Dowager of Wales's favour, if not in her affection, than seemed

compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton House were always performed in the evening, when he commonly made use of the chair and chairmen of Miss Vansittart, a lady of the Princess's household. The curtains of the chair were closely drawn to conceal the arrival, though this may have been done from apprehension of insult from the populace, for Lord Bute was very unpopular. Miss Chudleigh, then maid-of-honour at Carlton House, made a smart repartee upon these visits: when reproached by her royal mistress for the irregularities of her conduct, she replied, "*Votre Altesse Royale sait que chacun a son But.*"

As George III. was accustomed to repair frequently, in the evening, to Carlton House, and there pass a considerable time, the world supposed that the Sovereign, his mother, and the ex-minister met in order to concert and to compare their views; thus forming a sort of interior Cabinet, which controlled and directed the ostensible Administration.

LEVEE HUMOURS.

Lord Bute's first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, "*La chaleur est excessive!*" George Selwyn replied, "*Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle!*" There was another George not quite so tender. George Brudenel was passing by: somebody in the mob said, "What is the matter here?" Brudenel answered, "Why, there is a Scotchman got into the Treasury, and they can't get him out."

POLITICAL CONFIDENCE.

When the Ministry of 1766 sought the confidence of Lord Chatham, he replied, their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but, turning to them with a smile, very courteous, but not very respectful, he said—"Confide in you? oh, no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—youth is the season of credulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom."

LITTLE CAUSE AND GREAT EFFECT.

When, in 1772, negotiations for peace between the Russians and the Turks were in progress, the Empress ordered Count Orloff, her negotiator, confident Minister, and paramount gallant, to accord all that she could with any reason concede, but not to mention the surrender of the Crimea till the last moment, in hopes that, rather than lose all she was willing to give up, they would yield that country. In the meantime she had fallen in love with a lieutenant of her guards, and preferred him rapidly. Orloff, getting intelligence

of this new favourite, was so impatient to get rid of him, that, without opening on the other points, he abruptly made the demand of the Crimea; was refused; broke off the treaty, and getting into a postchaise, disguised like a courier, hurried back to St. Petersburg, announced the rupture of the negotiation, was disgraced, and saw his rival remain in possession. Thus, the Empress and her lover-minister's impetuosity prevented the conclusion of so destructive a war, and was a new instance of what little passions influence the fate of kingdoms.

LORD CHATHAM'S CHARLATANERIE.

Some of Lord Chatham's sallies are examples of an approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, as in the following instance. It is related that in the House of Commons, (when Mr. Pitt,) he began a speech with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker,"—and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes, and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced the word "Sugar!" three times, and having thus quelled the house, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh now?" Lord Brougham has well referred to this incident as an instance of the extraordinary power of Chatham's manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

Lord Chatham (when Mr. Pitt) on some occasion made a very long and able speech in the Privy Council, relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his eloquence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being then at the head of the Admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt, got up, and only said these words,—“My Lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, and all I shall say is, that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking about.” This short reply, together with the confidence the Council had in Lord Anson's professional skill, had such an effect on every one present, that they immediately determined against Mr. Pitt's proposition.

LORD CHATHAM'S WAR PREDICTION.

The probability, indeed certainty, of England being sooner or later engaged in a war with France, consequent on her unfortunate dissensions with her revolted colonies in America, had been insisted upon by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords, as early as in the month of May preceding. “The French Court,” said he, “are too wise to lose the opportunity of separating America from Great

Britain; it would, perhaps, be folly in France to declare it now, while the Americans are giving full employment to our arms, and pouring into her lap their wealth and produce, which France is enjoying in peace. War, however, with France is not the less certain because it has not been declared." War broke out with France in the month of May, 1778, exactly a year after the delivery of Lord Chatham's prophetic speech.

POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

When Lord Chatham died,—which Walpole thought of no great consequence, but to himself,—the House of Commons chose to bury him and father his children. In this fit of gratitude, two men chose not to be involved, but voted against attending his funeral; one was the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cornwallis), who owed the tiara to him; the other, Lord Onslow, who formerly used to wait in the lobby to help him on with his great-coat.

The City wanted to bury Lord Chatham in St. Paul's; which, it was said, would literally be "robbing Peter (Westminster Abbey, St. Peter's) to pay Paul."

The Rev. Mr. Mason writes to Walpole: "Pray give me an account of the funeral, and, if you have time, order your gardener to pluck a bouquet of onions, and send it with my compliments to Lord John, that he may put them in his handkerchief to weep with greater facility."

BRIBING MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

About the year 1767, one Roberts, who had been Secretary to the Treasury, and to Mr. Pelham, divulged some strange details of the mode in which the House of Commons was managed in his time, when a number of members received from him at the end of every Session a stipend in bank notes, the sums varying from 500*l.* to 800*l.* per annum. Roberts, on the day of the Prorogation, took his stand in the Court of Requests, and as the gentlemen passed, in going to or returning from the House, Roberts conveyed the money in a squeeze of the hand. The names of the recipients were entered in a book, which was preserved with the deepest secrecy, it being never inspected by any one except the King and Mr. Pelham. On the decease of that minister, in 1754, his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, and others of the succeeding Cabinet, were anxious to obtain information of the private state of the House, and besought Roberts to give up the book containing the names of the bribed. This Roberts refused to do, except by the king's command, and to his Majesty in person. Of this refusal the ministers acquainted the king, who sent for Roberts to St. James's, where he was introduced

into the closet, more than one of the ministers being present. George II. ordered him to return him the book in question, which injunction was complied with. At the same time, taking the poker in his hand, the king put it into the fire, made it red hot, and thrust the book into the flames, where it was immediately burnt. He considered it too confidential a register to be transferred to the new ministers, and as having become extinct with the administration of Mr. Pelham.

Another official person, who had been private secretary to the Earl of Bute, and seventeen years Treasurer of the Ordnance, testified to the Peace of 1763 having been carried by money: he secured above 120 votes, with 80,000*l.* set apart for the purpose, forty members receiving 1000*l.* and 500*l.* each.

THE RESULT OF THE AMERICAN WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN FORETOLD.

"I prophesied," said Colonel Barré, "on passing the Stamp Act, in 1765, what would happen thereon; and I now, in March 1769, I now fear I can prophecy further troubles; that if the whole people are made desperate, finding no remedy from Parliament, the whole continent will be in arms immediately, and perhaps *these provinces lost to England for ever.*" This was in March 1769, and certainly a very remarkable prediction.—Professor Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History*.

About the time of the breaking out of the war in 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, a whale ascended the Delaware to Philadelphia, ninety miles from the ocean, and was caught. None has since been known to do so until the beginning of the rebellion of the Southern States in 1861, when another whale came up to Philadelphia, and was caught.

AMERICAN WAR.

When, in 1781, George III., in his speech, threatened the continuation of the American war, the Livery of London voted a severe remonstrance to the king, beseeching him to remove both his public and *private* counsellors, and using, Walpole says, "these *stunning* and memorable words, 'Your armies are captured, the wonted superiority of your service is annihilated, your dominions are lost.' Words that could be used to no other king; no king had ever lost so much without losing all. If James II. had lost his crown, yet the crown lost no dominions." The king was, of course, very indignant; and the day before the sheriffs went to know when he would receive the address, he said to a young man who was hunting with

him, "I must go to town to-morrow to receive those *fellows in furs*; they will not be very glad to see me, nor I them."

GEORGE III. AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

In the *Men and Times of the American Revolution*, we find the following picture, by Ukanah Watson, of "How George the Third appeared when he declared the Independence of the United States:"

"After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the King was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the King, and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued:— 'I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of the object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them'—Here he paused, and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion*. In a moment he resumed—'and offer to declare them *free and independent States*. In thus admitting their separation from the Crown of these Kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affections may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries.' It is remarked that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington was remarkably silent and serious, and when he banqueted his prisoner, Lord Cornwallis, spoke little, never smiled, but happening to ask if it was true that Lord Dunmore was returning to resume his government of Virginia, and being answered in the affirmative, the hero burst out into a fit of laughter. This was the Philosopher laughing at the Ass that has left mumbling *thistles* for clover that is out of his reach.—*Walpole's Letters*, 1782.

A KNOWING OLD CRONE.

At the time of the renewal of war, after the peace of Amiens, a gentleman, who was fishing in a sequestered spot not far from London, was accosted by an old woman of the neighbourhood, who entered into conversation with him on various matters. After a little, he asked her if she were not alarmed about Bonaparte's landing on the island. "Oh dear no!" she answered; "I am up to all that. He was expected here when I was a young woman, and he nearly came. At that time they called him the Pretender, and now they call him Bonaparte."

POLITICAL WINDOW BREAKING.

Upon the rejoicings on the acquittal of Admiral Keppel, Feb. 11, 1779, it happened at three in the morning that Charles Fox, Lord Derby, and his brother Major Stanley, and two or three more young men of quality, having been drinking at Almack's till that late hour, suddenly thought of making the tour of the streets, and were joined by the Duke of Ancaster, who was very drunk, and which showed it was no premeditated scheme—the latter was a courtier, and had actually been breaking windows. Finding the mob before Sir Hugh Palliser's house in Pall Mall, some of the young lords said, "Why don't you break Lord George Germaine's windows?" The populace had been so little tutored, that they asked who he was, and being encouraged, broke his windows. The mischief pleasing the juvenile leaders, they marched to the Admiralty, forced the gates, and demolished Palliser's and Lord Lilburne's windows. Lord Sandwich, exceedingly terrified, escaped through the garden, with his mistress, Miss Reay, to the Horse Guards, and there betrayed a most manifest panic.—*Walpole's Last Journals*, vol. ii. p. 343.

THE RIOTS OF 1780.

For Lord George Gordon's share in the riots of London, in 1780, he was brought to trial in the Court of King's Bench, but,

principally through the powerful eloquence of Erskine, was acquitted.

Malone relates that Lord Mansfield told Mr. W. Gerard Hamilton, that what he most regretted to have lost by the burning of his house (at the time of the Riots, set on foot about three years before by that wicked canting hypocrite Lord George Gordon) was a speech that he had made on the question how far the privilege of Parliament extended; that it contained *all the eloquence and all the law* he was master of; that it was fairly written out; and that he had no other copy. Mr. Daines Barrington informed Malone that the book here alluded to contained *eight* speeches made in the House of Lords; all fairly written for the press, and now irreparably lost.

A person begging alms of Lord George Gordon, said, "God bless you, my Lord! you and I have been in all the prisons in London." "What do you mean?" cried Lord George; "I never was in any prison but the Tower." "That is true, my Lord," said the other, "and I have been in all the rest."

Lord George, in 1781, arranged to become a candidate for London in Parliament; but it was said that he dropped his pursuit on finding that *the City did not choose to be burnt once a year for his amusement.*

Lord George asked Mr. Selwyn if he would choose him again for Luggershall? He replied, "His constituents would not." "Oh, yes, if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa!" "That is according to what part of the coast you came from; they would certainly if you came from the *Guinea* coast."

When Walpole was told that the Abbé de Sieyès was busy in forming a new constitution for France, he replied: "We have one monster who is going to create as much anarchy, that he too, I suppose, may form a new constitution! There has been in the papers a pathetic lamentation that Lord George Gordon is still in durance! So are the tigers and hyæna in the Tower, and I hope *his* Lordship will not find bail before they do!"

In 1788, Lord George having been twice convicted of libel, he was compelled to seek safety in flight, but being arrested in Holland, and sent back to England, he was committed to Newgate. It is singular to reflect, that after involving London in all the horrors of insurrection, anarchy, and conflagration, he should have escaped any punishment for these proceedings, which cost the lives of so many individuals, and the destruction of so many edifices; while he expiated, by a rigorous imprisonment to the end of his days in Newgate, the publication of a libel on the Queen of France, who herself perished on the scaffold. Lord George Gordon died in New-

gate, on November 1, 1793: he had been converted to Judaism; but his last moments are said to have been embittered by the consciousness that his body would not be allowed sepulture among the Jews.

A CLOSE QUESTION.

When, in 1782, it was settled that Lord George Germaine should retire from the Ministry, and Lord North notified that necessity to him, Lord G. said, with spirit and good sense, "You say I must go, my Lord;—very well—but pray, *why is your Lordship to stay?*"

"USED TO IT."

In 1782, when we lost Minorca, Walpole said, "It made no more impression than if the King had lost his pocket-handkerchief. We are like the fishwoman, who, being reproached with the cruelty of skinning eels alive, replied, 'Ah, poor things, they be used to it!' She mistook her own habitude for theirs. We are at once so dissipated and so accustomed to misfortunes, that, though flayed to the bone, we forget the amputation of a finger in a moment."

MINISTERIAL METAMORPHOSIS.

Upon the change of Ministry in 1782, great was the change in the aspect of the House of Commons. The Treasury Bench and places behind it were now occupied by the new Ministry, emerged from their obscure lodgings, or from Brookes's, having thrown off their blue and buff uniforms, and being now in court-dresses, decorated with swords, lace, and hairpowder. Some degree of ridicule attached to this extraordinary metamorphosis. It happened that just then Lord Nugent's house, in Great George-street, had been broken open and robbed of a variety of articles; among others, of a number of pairs of laced ruffles. He caused the particulars of the stolen articles to be advertised in the newspapers, where they were minutely specified. Coming down to the House of Commons, a gentleman, who accidentally sat next to him, asked his Lordship, if he had yet discovered any of the articles recently lost. "I can't say that I have," answered he, "but I shrewdly suspect that I have seen some of my lace ruffles on the hands of the gentlemen who now occupy the Treasury Bench." This reply, the effect of which was infinitely increased by the presence of Fox and Burke, occasioned much laughter.

"THE DINNER BELL."

There sat in the Parliament of 1783, David Hartley, member for Hull, the intolerable length and dulness of whose speeches rendered him a nuisance even to his own friends. His rising operated like a

dinner-bell. One day, when he had thus wearied out the patience of his audience, having reduced the House from 300 to about 80 persons, half asleep, just at a time when he was expected to close he unexpectedly moved that the Riot Act should be read, as a document, to prove some assertion he had made. Burke, who sat close by him, and who had been for more than an hour and a half bursting with impatience to speak upon the question, finding himself so cruelly disappointed, bounced up, exclaiming, "The Riot Act, my dear friend, the Riot Act! to what purpose? don't you see that the mob is already quietly dispersed?" This sarcastic wit, increased in effect by the despairing tone of Burke, convulsed every person present except Hartley, who never changed countenance, and insisted on the Riot Act being read by one of the clerks.

Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool, used to relate that Hartley, having risen to speak, at about five o'clock, in the Session of 1779, and it being summer, and generally understood that he would continue a long time on his legs, Mr. Jenkinson profited by the occasion to breathe some country air. He walked, therefore, from the House to his residence in Parliament-street; from whence, mounting his horse, he rode to a place that he rented some miles out of town. There he dined, strolled about, and returned to London. As it was then near nine, he sent his servant to the House to inquire who had spoken in the course of the debate, and when a division might be expected. The footman brought back for answer, that Mr. Hartley continued still speaking, but was expected to close soon, and that no other person had yet risen. In fact, when Mr. Jenkinson entered the House, Hartley remained exactly in the same place and attitude as he was near five hours before, regardless of the general impatience, or of the profound repose into which the majority of his hearers were sunk. However incredible this story appears, Wraxall declares that he has related it without exaggeration.

TREASURY DEPREDACTIONS.

When, in 1783, Mr. Pitt introduced his bill to regulate fees in public offices, he exposed some strange malversations. One of the charges specified a sum of 340*l.* paid to the Secretary of the Treasury for the article of *whipcord*. The annual expenditure of the First Minister for his individual stationery did not fall short of 1300*l.* Lord North, when called on, made, nevertheless, not only a plausible but a very satisfactory defence to most of the alleged items. Robinson undertook to give some sort of explanation of *whipcord*, which Lord North could not master; but it diverted more than satis-

fied its hearers. [Has it not something to do with the Treasury whipper-in?]

Wraxall tells us that he knew a lord of trade who had a borough and a very large fortune, and was in Parliament; on his being sworn in at the Board of Trade, he issued an order to provide a great number of pewter inkstands for his own use, which he after transmuted into one composed of silver. He might be seen at the *levée*, dressed in a suit of green velvet, made out of the materials ordered in his public character for the ostensible purpose of making bags to contain office-papers. His friends and correspondents could recognise the stationery, of which he had made an ample provision, more than ten years after the Board of Trade itself, abolished by Burke's bill, had ceased to have any existence.

Few places of considerable emolument, in any department, were given wholly unfettered to the nominal occupant. Under Lord Rockingham's first administration, in 1765, we find Wilkes *quartered* on the whole of the Treasury and Admiralty Boards, to the annual amount of 1040*l.*, the Marquis paying him 500*l.*, the inferior Lords of the Treasury 60*l.* each, and the members of the Board of Trade each 40*l.* This curious fact is stated in Horne's letter to Junius, 31st July, 1771, and was not denied. Wraxall knew a lady of quality, who, being the daughter of a person high in office, was commonly said to have "rode" sixteen persons at one time, to whom her father had given places under that express condition or reservation: she is said to have outlived them all. Governments, military appointments, offices in the Excise and Customs; in a word, places of every description, at home and abroad, were frequently loaded with *riders*.

▲ WESTMINSTER ELECTION IN 1784.

Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, April 11, 1784, writes:—"Mr. Fox is still struggling to be chosen for Westminster, and maintains so sturdy a fight, that Sir Cecil Wray, his antagonist, is not yet three hundred a head of him, though the Court exerts itself against him in the most violent manner, by mandates, arts, &c.; nay, sent a body of two hundred and eighty of the Guards to give their votes as householders, which *is* legal, but which my father in the most quiet seasons would not have dared to do. At first the contest threatened to be bloody. Lord Hood (the Admiral) being the third candidate, and on the side of the Court, a mob of three hundred sailors undertook to drive away the opponents; but the Irish chairmen, being retained by Mr. Fox's party, drove them back to their element, and cured the tars of their ambition of a naval victory. In truth, Mr. Fox has all the popularity in Westminster; and,

indeed, is so amiable and winning, that, could he have stood in person all over England, I question whether he could not have carried the Parliament. The beldames hate him; but most of the pretty women in London are indefatigable in making interest for him, the Duchess of Devonshire in particular. I am ashamed to say how coarsely she has been received by some worse than tars! But nothing has shocked me so much as what I heard this morning. At Dover they roasted a poor *fox* alive by the most diabolic allegory! a savage meanness that an Iroquois would not have committed. Base, cowardly wretches! how much nobler to have hurried to London, and torn Mr. Fox himself piecemeal! I detest a country inhabited by such stupid barbarians. I will write no more to-night; I am in a passion!"

LORD SANDWICH IN OFFICE, AND IN LOVE.

Lord Sandwich, when First Lord of the Admiralty, used to give notice to the numerous candidates for professional advancement, that he paid no attention to any memorial that extended beyond a single page. "If any man," he said, "will draw up his case, and will put his name to the bottom of the first page, I will give him an immediate reply; where he compels me to turn over the page, he must await my leisure."

When Mr. Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, deserted Fox for Pitt, he sent, in justification of his apostasy, a circular letter to his former political colleague. The reply of Lord Sandwich was:—"Your letter is before me, and will presently be behind. I remain, sir, your most humble servant."

Charles Butler has left this characteristic sketch of the Minister: "Lord Sandwich might serve as a model for a man of business. He rose early, and, till a late dinner, dedicated his whole time to business; he was very methodical; slow, but not wearisome; cautious, not suspicious; rather a man of sense than a man of talent; he had much real good nature; his promises might be relied on. His manners partook of the old Court; and he possessed, in a singular degree, the art of attaching persons of every rank to him. Few homes were more pleasant or instructive than his Lordship's: it was filled with rank, beauty, and talent, and every one was at ease. He professed to be fond of music, and musicians flocked to him; he was the soul of the Catch Club, and one of the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music; but he had not the least ear for music, and was equally insensible of harmony and melody."

This, however, it must be admitted, is but the bright side of the character of Lord Sandwich: he led a gay life, and lived in open

concubinage, notwithstanding his high official position; and his male associates were some of the most unblushing profligates of the lax London society of the last century. He was by no means a handsome man; when seen in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him, one remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" which the other thought to be a mistake. "Nay," said the first gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich, for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." But Lord Sandwich used to tell a better story of himself: "When I was at Paris," he said, "I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on my taking leave of him, I offered my service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I would take it as a particular favour, if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'" There is a line in the *Herode Epistle* :—

"See *Jemmy Twitcher* shambles. Stop, stop thief—"

alluding to his Lordship's shambling gait. *Jemmy Twitcher* was the name given to him by the satirists of the period; and a very scarce volume contains his "life, adventures, and amours, exhibiting many striking proofs to what baseness the human heart is capable of descending."

In the days of his hot youth, Sandwich had for his companions Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Despensers; Thomas Potter, M.P., son of the Archbishop; and John Wilkes, with other men of fashion and loose morals. This precious set kept their orgies at Medmenham Abbey, their amusements being obscenity and mockery of the rites of religion: they dressed themselves up like Franciscan monks, drank wine out of sacramental vessels in honour of Venus, &c.; and over the door of the Abbey, which had once been a Cistercian monastery, they inscribed from Rabelais, "*Fays ce que voudras*" (Do what you will). Churchill thus describes the place, in his *Candidate* :—

"Whilst womanhood in habit of a nun,
At Medmenham lies, by sluggard monks undone;
Whilst Paul the aged chalks behind the door
A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
Compelled to hire a foe to cast it up;
[Sandwich] shall pour from a communion-cup
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob and nob in cyder and excise."

According to Walpole, Lord Sandwich had been expelled the Beef-steak Club for blasphemy; yet he it was who, in the House of

Lords, described Wilkes's "Essay on Woman" as "an indecent and blasphemous publication," and got the thing voted a breach of privilege. Churchill has left a coarse portrait of Sandwich, commencing—

"From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men work for fame."

The Lothario refers to Lord Sandwich's amour with Miss Reay, whom he first saw behind the counter of a milliner's shop, No. 4, at the west-end corner of Tavistock-court, the south side of Covent-garden Market: he had Miss Reay removed from her situation, had her education completed, and made a proficient in music and singing—and then she became his Lordship's mistress. He took her to his country-seat, Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire, and there introduced her to his family circle, to the distress of Lady Sandwich. At this time, Captain Hackman, 68th Foot, was recruiting at Huntingdon: he appeared at a ball, was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke, was introduced to Miss Reay, became violently enamoured of her, made proposals, and was sent into Ireland, where his regiment was. He sold out; came back on purpose to be near the object of his affection; took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair, in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He now resolved to kill himself, and that in her presence; for this purpose he followed her to London, and went to Covent-garden Theatre, where, seeing her coquet with Macnamara, a young Irish Templar, Hackman determined suddenly to despatch her too. He rushed out of the theatre, and provided himself with a pair of pistols, with which he returned to the Piazza, and at the close of the performance, as Miss Reay was being handed into her carriage, Hackman shot her dead. He was secured, tried at the Old Bailey for the murder, and hanged at Tyburn, April 19, 1779. In a Grub-street ballad of the time, we are told

"A Sandwich favourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear,
This story fatal proved.

A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;
No time to cry upon her God,
It's hoped he's not forgot her."

After the death of Miss Reay, Lord Sandwich lived in complete retirement; he survived her twelve years. She had borne him nine children, five of whom were alive at the time of her death. One of these attained to distinction, namely, Mr. Basil Montagu, a lawyer of eminence, who died in 1851, in his 82nd year: he was an honest, liberal-minded, and benevolent man.

A curious book sprung out of the above assassination: it was published in 1780, entitled *Love and Madness*, and professed to comprise the correspondence between Hackman and Miss Reay. The author was Dr. Herbert Croft: the basis of the work is fact, and some of the letters may be genuine; but most of them are apocryphal, though cleverly fictitious.

LORD NORTH'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Among his political adversaries, Lord North had not a single enemy. With an unwieldy figure and a dull eye, the quickness of his mind seemed intuition. Lord Sandwich once said: "I must have pen and ink, and write down, and ruminate: give Lord North a bundle of papers, and he'll turn them over,—perhaps while his hair is dressing; and he instantly knows their contents and bearings." His wit was never surpassed (says Charles Butler), and it was attended with this singular quality, that it never gave offence, and the object of it was sure to join with pleasure in the laugh. One night, the House of Commons was in ill-humour, and Lord North deprecated the too great readiness to take offence which then seemed to possess the House. "One member," he said, "who spoke of me, called me 'that thing of a minister;' to be sure," he said, patting his large form, "I am a thing; the member, therefore, when he called me a thing, said what was true, and I could not be angry with him; but, when he added, that thing called a minister, he called me that thing, which, of all things, he himself wished to be, and therefore," said Lord North, "I took it as a compliment." Such good-natured sallies dropped from him incessantly.

A few only of Lord North's sayings have reached us, and these, as might be expected, are rather things which he had chanced to coat over with some sarcasm or epigram that tended to preserve them; they consequently are far from giving an idea of his habitual pleasantry and the gaiety of thought which generally pervaded his speeches. Thus, when a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his

head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in a soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the Minister as capable of sleeping while he ruined his country, the latter only complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed, that of having a night's rest before their fate. When surprised in a like indulgence during the performance of a very inferior artist, who, however, showed equal indignation at so ill-timed a recreation, he contented himself with observing how hard it was that he should be grudged so very natural a release from considerable suffering; but, as if recollecting himself, added, that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to complain of him for taking the remedy which he had himself been considerate enough to administer. The same good humour and drollery quitted him not when in opposition. On Mr. Martin's proposal to have a starling placed near the chair, and taught to repeat the cry of "Infamous coalition!" Lord North coolly suggested, that, as long as the worthy member was preserved to them, it would be a needless waste of the public money, since the starling might well perform his office by deputy.

Gibbon well described Lord North as "the Palinurus of the State," who might safely indulge in his slumbers, with his Attorney and Solicitor-General on either hand remaining at their posts to watch out the long debate.

Lord North's habits of somnolency led to many a *contretemps*. It was constitutional somnolency, which attacked him alike on the treasury-bench and in private society. One evening, he called on a lady of condition, and charming mind and person, whom he found in a violent altercation with her sister-in-law. Lord North attempted to interpose as a mediator; but they were not to be pacified without legal assistance. He consented, therefore, to wait until the lady of the house should return from her solicitor's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Seating himself in an arm-chair before the fire, he soon fell into a profound sleep, from which he was not awakened by the entrance of one of the maid-servants; who, seeing a corpulent man, with a blue riband across his breast, asleep in her mistress's drawing-room, and being unacquainted with the First Minister's person, ran down into the kitchen to give the alarm.

One evening, in a full House of Commons, Lord North took off, on the point of his sword, the *mig* of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and carried it a considerable way across the floor, without ever suspecting or perceiving it. It happened thus: Mr. Ellis, the Treasurer of the Navy, always sat at the lowest corner of the Treasury Bench, a few feet removed from Lord North. The latter having occasion to go

down the House, previously laid his hand upon his sword, holding the chafe of the scabbard forward, nearly in a horizontal direction! Mr. Ellis stooping at the same instant that Lord North rose, the point of the scabbard came in contact with the Treasurer's wig, which it completely took off, and bore away. The accident was wholly unseen by Lord North, who received the first intimation of it from the involuntary bursts of laughter that it occasioned in every quarter of the House. Mr. Ellis, however, without altering a muscle of his countenance, and preserving the most perfect gravity in the midst of the general convulsion, having received back his wig, readjusted it to his head, and waited patiently until the House had recovered from the effect of so droll an occurrence.

About this time Lord North was elected Knight of the Garter; and he practised the charity enjoined by the rules of chivalry, by a distribution every Sunday morning, at the door of his residence in Downing-street, of broken victuals and five shillings and threepence to each of twenty poor persons there assembled by order.

When the Rioters, in 1780, had nearly filled the little square at the end of Downing-street, and Lord North and his friends in the Minister's residence were debating how the noisy mob should be treated, Mr. St. John held a pistol in his hand, and was much excited; Lord North, who never lost an occasion of jesting, exclaimed, "I am not half so much afraid of the mob as of Jack St. John's pistol."

When Lord North had resigned the premiership, somebody at White's missing two of his principal confidants, asked where they were? "Sitting up with the corpse, I suppose," said Selwyn. This was quite in character for him, who loved to see executions and dead bodies.

After his going out of office, one night, in the House of Commons, Lord North sat opposite to the Treasury-bench; somebody said, "I see, my Lord, you have taken your place;" he replied, "Yes, a place for life." It was better what he said on the first gazette of the new Administration, "I was abused for lying gazettes, but there are more lies in this one than in all mine—yesterday his Majesty *was pleased* to appoint the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Charles Fox, &c. &c. &c." The new Administration was called the *Regency*, as they governed in the place of the King. Lord Effingham, from his strange figure and dress, and his two staffs, as Deputy Earl Marshal and Treasurer of the Household, was called *the Devil on two sticks*.

Lord North bore his political elevation with modesty, and showed equanimity in his fall. On the evening when he announced his

resignation in the House of Commons, [March 20, 1782,] snow was falling, and the weather was bitterly cold. Lord North's carriage was waiting. As he was passing through the great-coat room of the House of Commons, many members (chiefly his opponents) crowded the passage. When his carriage was announced, he put one or two of his friends into it, and then making a bow to his opponents, said, "Good night, gentlemen; it is the first time I have known the advantage of being in the secret."

Lady Charlotte Lindsay tells of her father, Lord North, that "His manners were those of a high-bred gentleman, particularly easy and natural; indeed, good breeding was so marked a part of his character that it would have been affectation in him to have been otherwise than well-bred. With such good taste and good breeding, his railery could not fail to be of the best sort—always amusing and never wounding. He was the least fastidious of men, possessing the happy art of extracting any good that was to be extracted out of anybody. He never would let his children call people *bored*; and I remember the triumphant joy of his family, when, after a tedious visit from a very prosy and empty man, he exclaimed, 'Well, that man *is* an insufferable bore!' He used frequently to have large parties of foreigners and distinguished persons to dine with him at Bushy Park. He was himself the life and soul of these parties. To have seen him then you would have said that he was there in his true element. Yet, I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country on a Saturday and a Sunday, with only his own family, or one or two intimate friends: he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his children, was the companion and intimate friend of his elder sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl, who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master: if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty, impatient words might escape him; but I never saw him *really out of humour*. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him; and who, from this circumstance, was called by the children, 'the man that puts papa in a passion;' and I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service."

UNWELCOME WISH.

Mr. Elliot, a lord of trade, in Lord North's Administration, was descended from Sir John Elliot, who was imprisoned in the Tower by Charles I. A country gentleman dining with Mr. Elliot, at his

house in Cornwall, and intending to compliment him on his ancestry, said, "I hope soon to see you in the same situation."

A PLURALIST IN OFFICE.

Hutchinson's rapacity for office was insatiate. He was in possession of many posts, some sinecures, and all lucrative, when he applied to the Lord Lieutenant Townshend for more. Townshend laughed, and said he had nothing but a Majorship of Dragoons, which Hely is reported to have accepted, employing a deputy to fulfil the duty for a small emolument. When Hutchinson first appeared at the English Court, George III. asked Lord North who he was; a query to which his lordship gave a well-known reply. "He is the Secretary of State for Ireland; a man on whom if your Majesty was pleased to bestow the United Kingdom, he would ask for the Isle of Man as a potato-garden."

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

Thurlow was the son of a Norfolk clergyman, from whom he received the rudiments of his education. He was then sent to the Grammar-school at Canterbury, at the suggestion of Dr. Donne (according to Sir Egerton Brydges) to gratify a malignant feeling towards the head-master, by placing under his care "a daring, refractory, clever boy, who would be sure to torment him." The motive ascribed to Donne seems improbable; and Thurlow remained at the Canterbury school several years, until he removed to Caius College, Cambridge, where he gained no academical honours, and was compelled to leave Cambridge abruptly, in consequence of turbulent and indecorous behaviour towards the dean of his college. Soon after he was entered a member of the Society of the Inner Temple.

To Nando's, a coffee-house in Fleet-street, at the east corner of Inner-Temple-lane, Thurlow used to resort at this early period of his life. It was here, when only a young man, that his skill in argument obtained for him, from a stranger, the appointment of a junior counsel in the great cause of *Douglas v. the Duke of Hamilton*, which had the effect of bringing his talents, industry, and legal acquirements under the immediate notice of persons of power and influence, and of thus opening the way to subsequent elevation.

Yet, in 1782, when Lord North was removed from power, and the Rockingham Ministry was formed, Thurlow remained in possession of the great seal, by express command of the King; thus furnishing an instance without a parallel in the history of English party of a

Lord Chancellor retaining office under an Administration to the leading features of whose policy he was resolutely opposed.

Lord Thurlow over-estimated his personal influence with the king, in treating Mr. Pitt with *hauteur*; and Lord North foretold that whenever Pitt said to the king, "Sire, the Great Seal must be in other hands," the king would take the seal from Lord Thurlow, and never think any more about him. It turned out exactly as Lord North had said: the king took the Great Seal from Lord Thurlow, and never concerned himself about him afterwards. This mortified Thurlow severely, and he is known to have said, "No man has a right to treat another in the way in which the king has treated me: we cannot meet again in the same room." He now became so incensed with Mr. Pitt and his Ministry as to accuse them of having imposed upon the king in advising a measure for the encouragement of the growth of timber in the New Forest.

About the year 1790, when Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the Minister (Mr. Pitt), a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," said the Premier, "how he draws, but he has not refused his oats yet."

After the Cabinet to which he belonged was broken up, and he was made a baron, and laid on the shelf, in the hope of regaining his ascendancy, he took an uncomfortable villa, which had only the recommendation of being in the vicinity of Windsor Castle; and here, for three years, he was to be seen dancing attendance upon royalty, unnoticed and neglected by the king, who, when he heard of his late chancellor's death after an illness of a few hours, having cautiously inquired of the messenger if he were really dead, coldly observed, "Then he has not left a worse man behind him;" though the phrase which the king actually used was, says Lord Brougham, less decorous and more unfeeling than the above.

LORD THURLOW'S THUNDER.

The celebrated reply of Lord Thurlow to the Duke of Grafton, who had reproached him with his plebeian extraction, and his recent elevation to the peerage, is described as superlatively great. He rose from the woollack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addressed the House: then, fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder;—"I am amazed," he said, in a civil tone of voice, "at the attack which the noble Duke has made upon me. Yes, my lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to

his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident?—To all these noble lords, the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do,—but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me—not I the peerage. Nay more,—I can say and will say, that, as a peer of parliament,—as Speaker of this right honourable House,—as Keeper of the Great Seal,—as guardian of his Majesty's conscience,—as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered,—but which character none can deny me;—as A MAN, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon." The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, although he was ever on the unpopular side of politics, made him always popular with the people.—*Charles Butler*

LORD THURLOW AND LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

Lord Thurlow disliked and made light of Lord Loughborough, as attested in some good stories. Once, when the latter Lord was making a considerable impression in the House of Lords, on a subject which Lord Thurlow had not studied in detail, the latter was heard to mutter, "If I was not as lazy as a toad at the bottom of a well, I could kick that fellow Loughborough heels over head any day in the week." It was this ceaseless antagonism between Thurlow and Loughborough which led George III. to say, in a letter to Lord Eldon, just after he had been raised to the woolsack, "The King felt some pleasure at hearing that the Lord Chancellor sat the other day on the woolsack between Rosslyn (formerly Loughborough) and Thurlow, who ever used to require an intermediate power to keep them from quarrelling."

Lord Thurlow told the Prince of Wales (who repeated it to Lord Eldon) that "the fellow (Lord L.) had *the gift of the gab* in a marvellous degree, but that he was no lawyer"—adding, "In the House of Lords I get Kenyon, or somebody, to start some law doctrine, in such a manner that that fellow must get up to answer it, and then I leave the woolsack, and give him such a thump in his bread-basket, that he cannot recover himself." Dr. Johnson, in

comparing the two, says: "I never heard anything from him (Loughborough) that was at all striking; and depend upon it, sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are. To make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now, I honour Thurlow, sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."

The struggle between the two law lords was kept up throughout the arrangements for the Regency. Sheridan entered actively into a negotiation with Lord Thurlow, to secure his co-operation in consideration of his being allowed to retain the office of Chancellor; while Fox had promised to bestow the Great Seal, in the event of a change, upon Lord Loughborough, who, on the other hand, kept a watch upon the mysterious movements of Thurlow. Suddenly, he broke off his negotiation with the Prince's party, and declared for the King and Mr. Pitt; it is thought from his having speculated upon the King's recovery.

Thurlow's intrigues were masterpieces of slyness. On one occasion, during the Regency communications at Windsor, he let his colleagues go to Salt-hill, while he contrived to dine at the Castle. On another occasion, during these manœuvres of the Chancellor at Windsor, he betrayed, to the no small amusement of his colleagues, the secret of an interview which he had just had with the Prince, by coming to the Council with His Royal Highness's hat in his hand, instead of his own!

A manœuvre of another description is related of Lord Thurlow, during the debate on the Regency. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, in a speech supporting the claims of the Prince of Wales, incidentally cited a passage from Grotius, with regard to the definition of the word *right*. "The Chancellor, in his reply," says the Bishop in his *Memoirs*, "boldly asserted that he perfectly well remembered the passage I had quoted from Grotius, and that it solely respected natural, but was inapplicable to civil, rights. Lord Loughborough, the first time I saw him after the debate, assured me that before he went to sleep that night, he looked into Grotius, and was astonished to find that the Chancellor, in contradicting me, had presumed on the ignorance of the House, and that my quotation was perfectly correct. What miserable shifts do great men submit to in supporting their parties! The Chancellor Thurlow," continues the Bishop, "was an able and upright judge, but as the Speaker of the House of Lords, he was domineering and insincere. It is said of him, that in the Cabinet he opposed everything, proposed nothing, and was ready to support anything. I remember Lord Camden saying to me one night, when the Chancellor was speaking, contrary, as he thought, to his own

conviction, 'There, now, I could not do that: he is supporting what he does not believe a word of.'

LORD THURLOW AT WARREN HASTINGS' TRIAL.

On one occasion, during the progress of the trial of Warren Hastings, Mr. Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance, said to the Speaker, "I wonder whether any one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks." Lord Brougham describes Fox's remark with a difference: "it was more solemn and imposing than almost any other person's in public life; so much so, that it proved dishonest, since no man could *be* so wise as he *looked*." "Nor," says Lord Brougham, "did Thurlow neglect any of the external circumstances, how trifling soever, by which attention and deference could be secured on the part of his audience. Not only were his periods well rounded, and the connecting matter or continuing phrases well flung in, but the tongue was so hung as to make the sonorous voice peal through the hall, and appear to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question. Nay, to the more trivial circumstances of his place, when addressing the House of Lords, he scrupulously attended. He rose slowly from his seat; he left the woollack with deliberation; but he went not to the nearest place, like ordinary chancellors, the sons of mortal men; he drew back by a pace or two, and, standing, as it were, askance, and partly behind the huge bale he had quitted for a season, he began to pour out, first in a growl, and then in a clearer and louder roll, the matter which he had to deliver; and which, for the most part, consisted in some positive assertions, some personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced upon individuals, as if they were standing before him for judgment; some vague mysterious threats of things purposely not expressed, and abundant protestations of conscience and duty, in which they who keep the consciences of kings are apt to indulge."

Lord Campbell has described from recollection the appearance of the great Chancellor "bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned grey coat, with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff, a brown scratch wig, tremendous white bushy eyebrows, eyes still sparkling with intelligence, dreadful crowsfeet round them, very deep lines in his countenance, and shrivelled complexion of a shallow hue."

They who had never seen Lord Thurlow might well imagine they heard him, if they had access to such excellent imitators as George the Fourth and Lord Holland.

JOHN WILKES—HIS PLACE-HUNTING, AND HIS WIT.

Wilkes was, at his entrance into public life, "a friend of the elder Pitt's;" and the *Chatham Correspondence* shows that he continued to profess to be so, and was a candidate for office under him. In 1761 he addressed to him a letter, a model of its class, avowing his pride "to have Mr. Pitt his patron and friend," and his desire for a scene of business. "I wish," he writes, "the Board of Trade might be thought a place in which I could be of any service;" adding, "among all the chances and changes of a political world, I will never have an obligation in a parliamentary way but to Mr. Pitt and his friends." Wilkes did not succeed; but, contriving to mix himself up with the constitutional questions of "general warrants" and "parliamentary privilege," such men as Mr. Pitt, though they disapproved of the violence and despised the calumnies of Wilkes, they used him as the tool of their ambition. Wilkes, encouraged by such support, grew so violent, that in 1763, Mr. Pitt denounced, in Parliament, the *North Briton*, and its author, as "the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King," and repudiated all connexion with Wilkes.

Mr. Malone relates, in his *Memoirs*, that Wilkes, about the time when his *North Briton* began to be much noticed, dined one day with Mr. Rigby, and after dinner honestly confessed that he was a ruined man, not worth a shilling; that his principal object in writing was to procure himself some place, and that he should be particularly pleased with one that should remove him from the clamour and importunity of his creditors. He mentioned the office of Governor of Canada, and requested Mr. Rigby's good offices with the Duke of Bedford, so as to prevail on that nobleman to apply to Lord Bute for that place. Mr. Rigby said the Duke had not much intercourse with Lord Bute; neither could it be supposed that his lordship would purchase Mr. Wilkes's silence by giving him a good employment. Besides, he could have no security that the same hostile attacks would not be still made against him by Mr. Wilkes's coadjutors, Lloyd and Churchill, after he had left England. Wilkes solemnly assured him there need not be the least apprehension of that, for that he would make Churchill his chaplain, and Lloyd his secretary; and take them both with him to Canada. The Duke, at Rigby's request, made the application. Lord Bute would not listen to it, and even treated the affair with contempt. When this was told to Mr. Wilkes, he observed to Mr. Rigby that Lord B. had acted very foolishly, and that he might live to lament that he and his colleagues had not quitted England, as much as King Charles

did that Hampden and Cromwell had not gone to America, after the famous representation of the state of the nation in 1641; for now he should never cease his attacks till he had made him the most unpopular man in England. He kept his word. Malone relates this information from Mr. Rigby.

Wilkes well understood this cunning, which was the secret of his popularity; he was compelled to follow, that he might seem to lead, or, at least, to go two steps with his followers, that he might get them to go three with him.

Of Wilkes's convivial wit no doubt can remain. Gibbon, who passed an evening with him in 1762, when both were militia officers, says, "I scarcely ever met with a better companion: he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humour, and a great deal of knowledge." He adds, "A thorough profligate in principle as in practice; his life stained with every vice, and his conversation full of blasphemy and indecency. These morals he glories in, for shame is a weakness he has long since surmounted." This, no doubt, is greatly exaggerated, and the historian, believing him really to confess his political profligacy, is perhaps in error also: "he told us that in this time of public dissension he was resolved to make his fortune." Possibly this was little more than a variety of his well-known saying to some one who was fawning on him with extreme doctrines, "I hope you don't take me for a Wilkite?" His examination, powerfully humorous certainly, on Lord Thurlow's solemn hypocrisy in the House of Lords, is well known. When that consummate piece of cant was performed with all the solemnity which the actor's incredible air, eyebrows, voice, could lend the imprecation, "If I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me!" Wilkes, seated on the steps of the throne, eyeing him askance with his inhuman squint and demoniac grin, muttered, "Forget you! He'll see you d—d first."

Wilkes's notoriety led to his head being often painted as a public-house sign, which, however, did not invariably raise the original estimation. An old lady, in passing a public-house, distinguished as above, to which her companion had called her attention, "Ah!" replied she, Wilkes swings everywhere but where he ought."

Wilkes's ugliness was proverbial: his squint has been immortalized by Hogarth. Yet, even this natural obliquity he turned to humorous account. When Wilkes challenged Lord Townshend, he said, "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest. Yet, give but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of

your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper is said to have offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

Wilkes, in an ironical speech on Lord George Germaine, said the noble lord might conquer America, but he believed it would not be in Germany. This rhodomontade of Lord Chatham had been so often applied, that it seemed difficult to allude to it with novelty any more. Lord George, whose insolence bore him up against all his disgraces, repeated this sarcasm himself in council, and commended it. Complaining to the King of the neglects and dilatoriness of the Admiralty and Ministry, and of the badness of the transports, he said, "But I must say, sir, that the two heaviest and worst sailors are King George and the Lord North;" and he bragged of having said it.

The following epigram on Mr. Wilkes, in consequence of becoming a favourite at Court in April, 1784, and having once more come into Parliament for Middlesex, in conjunction with the *Court Candidate*, Mr. Mainwaring, appeared in a newspaper of the time:—

POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

What! Liberty Wilkes, of oppression the hater,
Call'd a turncoat, a Judas, a rogue, and a traitor!
What has made all our patriots so angry and sore!
Has Wilkes done that now which he ne'er did before!

Consistent was John all the days of his life;
For he loved his best friends as he loved his own wife;
In his actions he always kept self in his view,
Though false to the world, to John Wilkes he was true.

Luttrell and Wilkes were standing on the Brentford hustings, when Wilkes asked his adversary, privately, whether he thought there were more fools or rogues among the multitude of Wilkites spread out before them. "I'll tell them what you say, and put an end to you," said the Colonel; but, perceiving the threat gave Wilkes no alarm, he added, "Surely you don't mean to say you could stand here one hour after I did so?" "Why (the answer was), you would not be alive one instant after." "How so?" "I should merely say it was a fabrication, and they would destroy you in the twinkling of an eye!"

Horne Tooke, having challenged Wilkes, who was then *Sheriff* of London and Middlesex, received the following laconic reply:—"Sir, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado

that may be tired of his life; but, as I am at present High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity, in which case I will answer for it that *you shall have no ground to complain of my endeavours to serve you.*"

Walpole is more tender towards Wilkes than might have been expected. When the Lord of Strawberry was ill in Paris, in 1765, Wilkes called twice to see him. "He was very civil," says Walpole, "but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour."

Boswell, dining with the sheriffs and judges at the Old Bailey, complained that he had had his pocket picked of his handkerchief. "Pooh, pooh!" said Alderman Wilkes, "it is nothing but the ostentation of a Scotchman, to let the world know that he had possessed a pocket-handkerchief."

Wilkes's wit was so constantly at his command, that wagers were laid that, from the time he quitted his home, near Storey's-gate, till he reached Guildhall, no one would address him who would leave him without a smile or a hearty laugh. Notwithstanding their feuds, Lord Sandwich and Wilkes were partial to each other. Charles Butler once was not punctual in an appointment with Lord Sandwich, when it was mentioned to his lordship that the delinquent had dined with Mr. Wilkes. "Well, then," said Lord Sandwich, "Wilkes has so often made me break appointments with others, that it is but fair he should once make a person break his appointment with me."

Wilkes frequently noticed the multitude of peers created during Mr. Pitt's administration, as a circumstance likely to be attended with an important consequence not generally foreseen. "While the relation between the minister and the newly-made peers shall subsist, their subserviency," he used to say, "to his measures will continue; but when this relation ceases, the probability is that, as the succeeding ministers will not have the means of attaching them, they will form a silent, sulky opposition—a dead weight on every administration. Will it not then be found that the descendants of Mr. Pitt's peers will be *mutes to strangle his successors?*" •

Wilkes had written the history of his life, and earnestly requested Charles Butler to be his executor, under a condition of printing it entire and unaltered. Butler read the manuscript, but declined the charge. It is said that, on the death of Wilkes, the cover of the book of manuscript was found without any of the leaves.

Dr. Franklin has left this plain-spoken estimate of Wilkes and '45 : " 'Tis really an extraordinary event, to see an outlaw and exile of bad personal character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street, requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks, as they passed in their carriages, to shout for 'Wilkes and liberty!' marking the same words on all their coaches with chalk, and No. 45 on every door, which extends a vast way along the roads into the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter next the road unmarked; and this continued, here and there, quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles."

Wilkes, of course, in his constant tilts, did not escape retaliation. The following is attributed to Sheridan :—

" Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,
Thou greatest of bilks,
How changed are the notes you now sing ;
Your famed forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, ' God save the King.' "

Mr. Rogers thus relates his first impression of Wilkes :—" One morning, when I was a lad, Wilkes came into our banking-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as his representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting Wilkes shook hands with me; and I felt proud of it for a week after. He was quite as ugly, and squinted as much as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment walking through the crowded streets of the city, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, ' A coach, your honour.' "

Wilkes resided occasionally at Hamilton Lodge, in Kensington Gore. Sometimes he had high visitors here. A memorandum of his refers to a dinner given here to Counts Woronzow and Nesselrode; and if we are to set down Sir Philip Francis as "Junius," here Junius visited, as Mrs. Rough, Wilkes's daughter, said frequently; and he once cut off a lock of her hair when a child. Wilkes, to the last, kept up a certain fashionable status. He died in No. 30, Grosvenor-square, and was buried in Grosvenor Chapel, South

Audley-street, where is a tablet with this inscription from his own pen, "The remains of John Wilkes, a Friend to Liberty."

BURKE AT THE "ROBIN HOOD."

The debating club, called "The Robin Hood Society," met in Essex-street, in the Strand, in the reign of George the Second. It became famous as the scene of Burke's earliest eloquence. To discipline themselves in public speaking at its meetings was then the custom among law-students and others intended for public life; and it is said that at the Robin Hood Burke had commonly to encounter an opponent whom nobody else could overcome, or at least silence. This person was the president, who sat in a large gilt chair. Goldsmith, who was of the club, was so struck with his eloquence and imposing aspect, that he thought Nature had meant him for a Lord Chancellor. "No, no," whispered Derrick (another member), who knew him to be a wealthy baker from the City, "only for a Master of the Rolls."

A DAY WITH EDMUND BURKE.

Mr. Hardy, in his *Memoirs of Lord Charlemont*, relates: "One of the most satisfactory days, perhaps, that I ever passed in my life was going with him, *tête-à-tête*, from London to Beaconsfield. He stopped at Uxbridge whilst the horses were feeding, and happening to meet some gentlemen of I know not what militia, who appeared to be perfect strangers to him, he entered into discourse with them at the gateway of the inn. His conversation at that moment completely exemplified what Johnson said of him: 'That you could not meet Burke for half an hour under a shed, without saying he was an extraordinary man.' He was on that day altogether uncommonly instructive and agreeable. Every object of the slightest notoriety as we passed along, whether of natural or local history, furnished him with abundant materials for conversation. The house at Uxbridge, where the Treaty was held during Charles the First's time; the beautiful and undulating grounds of Bulstrode, formerly the residence of Chancellor Jeffries; and Waller's tomb, in Beaconsfield churchyard, which before we went home we visited, and whose character—as a gentleman, a poet, and an orator—he shortly delineated, but with exquisite felicity of genius, altogether gave an uncommon interest to his eloquence; and although one-and-twenty years have now passed since that day, I entertain the most vivid and pleasing recollection of it."

BURKE'S TABLE-TALK.

In 1863 there were printed, for private circulation, some extracts from Mr. Burke's table-talk at Crewe Hall, written down by Mrs. Crewe. Here are a few specimens :*—

When Langton, with reference to a conversation in which Johnson, as usual, had taken the lead, remarked that he should have been glad to hear more from another person (meaning Burke), Burke exclaimed, "Oh, no; it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him."

Johnson one day said :—

"What I most envy Burke for is his being constantly the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off. . . . Burke, sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street when you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.' Now, you may be long enough with me without finding anything extraordinary."

At the same time he denied him wit :—

"No, sir; he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say Burke never once made a good joke."

Boswell vehemently maintains the contrary; and Reynolds declared that he had often heard Burke say, in the course of an evening, ten good things which would have served a noted wit to live upon for a twelvemonth.

Burke's happiest flights of fancy are those by which he points arguments and illustrates reflections too grave and deep to suggest humorous associations. Thus, in defending the trappings of royalty—"The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth;" or when he accused Pitt of contemplating a commercial treaty with France as an affair of two firms, and not of two great nations, as "a contention between the sign of the *Fleur de Lis* and the sign of the *Old Red Lion*, which should obtain most custom."

Mrs. Piozzi describes Burke as a reckless, haphazard talker, troubling himself little about the consequences of what he said. One evening, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, he spoke so strongly in praise of some island in the West Indies, that Mrs. Horneck, a widow with two beautiful daughters, resolved to lose no time in purchasing land there. She did so, and lost a large part of her slender

* From a paper in the *Saturday Review*.

income. "Dear sir," said I (Mrs. Piozzi), when we met next, "how fatal has your eloquence proved to poor Mrs. Horneck!" "How fatal her own folly!" replied he: "Ods, my life! must one swear to the truth of a song?"

When some one mentioned Fox's attachment to France and French manners, Burke answered, "Yes, his attachment has been great and long; for, like a cat, he has continued faithful to the house after the family has left it." On its being remarked that no persons held together for any long continuance who called themselves democrats, taking the fact at once for granted, he replied, "Birds of prey are not gregarious." He said that Mr. Windham "often reminded him of Eddystone Lighthouse, dashed at by waves, but continuing steadily to give light to surrounding objects."

Mr. Burke thought that lounging rides on horseback had been of late one of the great checks to economy in all families among the gentry. Very few younger brothers, said he, are able to keep two horses, and two horses must be kept when they are in the habit of riding every day; and if they are neat and elegant in their ideas (as all gentlemen ought to be), this expense incurs that of an additional servant, besides necessary accoutrements, such as saddles, bridles, boots, &c., which create endless bills, and will run a man very fast into debt. Few besides elder brothers, he said, ever thought of riding in the middle of the day, except on particular occasions, till within the last thirty years. Men, indeed, who possessed parks, farms, or other objects to look after out of doors, kept horses in their stalls also for pleasure; but men who could have no other object but that of sauntering made more use of their own limbs, and found fitter employment for both their time and money.

Mrs. Piozzi confirms Wraxall's remark, that Burke's Irish accent was as strong as if he had never quitted the banks of the Shannon.

Burke frequently introduced coarse and low expressions even in his most splendid passages. The "pigging together in a truckle-bed," and "the sow of imperial augury," will probably occur to the reader. The effect of such expressions was sometimes great, and then redeemed them; but they sometimes deformed and disgusted. "The Venus of Phidias," Wilkes used to say, "was so lovely, that the Athenians called her the Venus of roses: lovely, too, generally speaking, is the Venus of Burke; but she sometimes is the Venus of whisky."

BURKE AND BARRY AT A STEAK-DINNER.

Many a middle-aged reader may recollect the dilapidated house of James Barry, the painter, in Castle-street, Oxford-market: he

was extremely negligent of his person and dress, and not less so of his house, in which he had resided nearly twenty years; and until the time of his death it remained almost proverbial for its dirty and ruinous state. Here Barry gave a dinner to Burke—the statesman watched the steak while the painter ran to a neighbouring public-house for a pot of porter. Allan Cunningham has thus pleasantly described the visit: “Sir,” said Barry, “you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford.” The day and the hour came, and Burke, arriving at No. 36, Castle-street, found Barry ready to receive him. The fire was burning brightly, the steak was put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, “Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steak till I fetch the porter.” Burke did as he was desired; the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, “What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield-street.” They sat down together; the steak was tender, and done to a moment. The artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared that he never spent a happier evening in his life.

BURKE AND CHATHAM REPUTED MAD.

Perhaps if there is one man to whom a reader of English history would point as having seen more than what lay immediately under his nose, as being that rare animal in political life, one who entertained wide and philosophical views instead of having faith in the expediency-doctrine of the moment—that man is Edmund Burke. “He possessed,” says Coleridge, “and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles: he was a scientific statesman.”

When the far-seeing sagacity of Burke, in foretelling the unhappy results of the French Revolution, first struck into the minds of his party, from which he had been separated, it was reported that he was in a state of mind bordering on insanity; especially after he had, in the House of Commons, addressed to the Chair, with much vehemence of manner, the words of St. Paul, “I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak the words of truth and soberness.” Burke’s niece ventured to name to him the above absurd rumour, when he very sensibly replied, “Some part of the world, my dear—I mean the Jacobins, or unwise part of it—think, or affect to think, that I am mad; but, believe me, the world, twenty years

hence, will, and with reason too, think from their conduct that they must have been mad." These rumours, however gained strength, particularly after the death of Burke's son: he was said to wander about his grounds kissing his cows and horses; but his affection for domestic animals had been remarkable from his early manhood, and Reinagle painted him patting a favourite cow. This picture brought from London to Beaconsfield an old friend, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the story—when Burke, without knowing the object of his visit, unsuspectingly showed him portions of the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, which he was then writing. The circumstance of his being seen to throw his arms round the neck of his son's favourite horse, to weep and sob convulsively, as he kissed the animal, had, moreover, a greater share in substantiating the rumour than had Reinagle's picture.

Lord Chatham, contemporary with Burke, was also alleged to have been insane. Horace Walpole fosters this scandal, and the fact of the Earl placing himself under Dr. Addington, originally a "mad doctor," strengthened the rumour; but Addington had been the village doctor at Hayes, where Lord Chatham resided. His ill-managed expenditure and his freaks of extravagance backed the report, which, after all, was little better than an invention of political enemies.

MR. FOX'S GAMING.

Fox's love of play was desperate. A few evenings before he voted the repeal of the Marriage Act, in February, 1772, he had been to Brompton, on two errands: one to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; the other to borrow 10,000*l.*, which he brought to town at the hazard of being robbed. Fox was a member of Almack's Club, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of 50*l.* each rouleau; and generally, there was 10,000*l.* of specie on the table. The gamesters' dresses for play were remarkable: they began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats; or turned their coats inside outward, for luck. They put on pieces of leather, (such as are worn by footmen, when they clean their knives,) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, they wore high-crowned straw hats, with broad brims, adorned with flowers and ribbons; and masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him, with a large rim, to hold his tea; and a wooden bowl, with an edge of ormolu to hold rouleaus.

Fox played admirably at whist and at picquet: with such skill, in-

deed, that at Brookes's Club it was calculated that he might have made 4000*l.* a-year, had he confined himself to those games. But his misfortune arose from playing games at chance, particularly at Faro, when he almost inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and once only, he won about eight thousand pounds in the course of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost almost immediately. Before he attained his thirtieth year, he had completely dissipated everything that he could either command, or could procure by the most ruinous expedients, in order to raise money, after losing his last guinea at the Faro table. He was reduced for successive days to such distress, as to borrow money from the waiters of Brookes's Club. The very chairmen, whom he was unable to pay, used to dun him for their arrears. Great sums were borrowed of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Fox called his outward room, where the Jews waited till he rose, the *Jerusalem Chamber*. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh.

Walpole remarks, that in the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, Feb. 6, 1772, Fox did not shine, "nor could it be wondered at. He had sat up playing at hazard, at Almack's, from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing 11,000*l.* On the Thursday, he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won 6,000*l.*; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.* two nights after, and Charles 10,000*l.* more on the 13th: so that, in three nights, the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost 32,000*l.*

Towards the close of this year, Fox was publicly spoken of as having been more successful at Newmarket than had been the lot of many adventurers there for years. The newspapers calculated his winnings at 28,000*l.* Fox was said to have the finest stud in the kingdom; he refused 3,000*l.* for his favourite horse Pantaloon.

It is, however, remarkable that amidst the wildest excesses of youth—even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play—Fox eagerly cultivated at intervals his taste for letters. One morning, after he had passed the whole night in company with Topham Beauclerc at the Faro-table, the two friends were about to separate. Fox had lost throughout the night, and was in a frame of mind approaching desperation. Beauclerc's anxiety for the consequences

led him to be early at Fox's lodgings, and on arriving there he inquired, not without anxiety, whether he had risen. The servant replied that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, when Beauclerc walked up-stairs and cautiously opened the door, expecting to behold a frantic gamester stretched upon the floor bemoaning his losses, or plunged in moody despair; but he was astonished to find him reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would you have me do?" said Fox, "I have lost my last shilling."

MR. FOX AND THE "SENSIBLE WOMAN."

In the summer of 1773 a cunning woman, who had been transported a few years before, advertised herself in London as a *sensible woman*, who gave advice on all emergencies for half-a-guinea. She pretended to be related to Ministers, and called herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve. Among the dupes whom she caught in her snares was Charles Fox. According to Walpole, this woman undoubtedly had uncommon talents, and a knowledge of the world. She persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure for him, as a wife, a Miss Phipps, with a fortune of 80,000*l.*, who was just arrived from the West Indies. There was such a person coming over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs. Grieve. With this bait she amused Mr. Fox for many months, appointing meetings; and once persuaded him that, as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and as he was remarkably black, he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady's falling ill of what was afterwards pretended to be the small-pox. After he had waited some time, Mrs. Grieve affected to go to see if Miss Phipps was a little better, and able to receive her swain; but on opening the door, a servant-maid, who had been posted to wait on the stairs, as coming down with the remains of a basin of broth, told Mrs. Grieve that Miss Phipps was not well enough to receive the visit. Had a novice been the prey of these artifices, it would not have been extraordinary; but Charles Fox had been in the world from his childhood, and been treated as a man long before the season. He must have known there could not have been an Hon. Mrs. Grieve, nor such a being as she pretended to be. In one respect she had singular *finesse*: instead of asking him for money, which would have detected her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him 300*l.*, or thereabouts; and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.

MR. FOX DISMISSED FROM THE MINISTRY.

In 1774, Fox was dismissed from the ministry for his flippant behaviour to Lord North. Edmund Burke had great weight with

him ; and Burke, tired of a hopeless opposition, of desperate fortune, and apt to deal in monied projects, had, in concert with Garrick the actor, engaged Fox in soliciting Lord North for a grant of land in America. If it succeeded, Burke and Fox would have sold their shares ; if it miscarried, Fox would be a great acquisition to the discontented. Lord North refused the grant—Fox attacked him, and was turned out. Upon this George Selwyn said to Fox, “Charles, for the future, I will fast, and eat salt-fish on the day you were turned out. You shall be my Charles the Martyr now I am tired of the old one, your great-grandfather : his head can never be sewed on again : but as yours can be, I’ll stick to you.” Fox was infinitely hurt at his disgrace, and had reasons enough. When Lord North complained of his flippancies to the King, his Majesty, who hated him, said, “Why don’t you turn him out ? you may if you will.” Fox knew not where to turn : at first, he said he would study the law : his character was so decried, that the scandalous mob believed he was turned out for robbing the treasury.

The immediate cause and manner of Fox’s dismissal was his forcing Lord North to vote with him ; he had previously given offence by his motion on the Royal Marriage Bill. On the 24th of February he was dismissed from the Board of Treasury, on which occasion Lord North wrote him the following laconic note :—“His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.”

FOX IN DIFFICULTIES.

Walpole gives, in one of his letters, the following lamentable picture of Fox’s fallen fortune. “As I came up St. James’s-street, I saw a cart and porters at Charles’s (Fox) door, coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened a host of creditors ; but unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sop apiece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious ; and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles ! He came up and talked to me at the coach-window on the Marriage Bill, with as much *sang froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened. I have no admiration of insensibility to one’s own faults, especially when committed out of vanity. Perhaps the whole philosophy consisted in the commission. If *you* could have been as much to blame, the last thing you would bear well would be your own reflections. The more marvellous Fox’s parts are, the more one is provoked at his

follies, which comfort so many rascals and blockheads, and make all that is admirable and amiable in him only matter of regret to those who like him as I do."

Fox was sitting one evening at Brookes's, in a deep reverie, with his knife in his hand. "There," said Fitzpatrick, "I might describe Charles meditating on the ruin of his country, ingeminating the words 'peace, peace!' and ready to plunge the knife in his own bosom." "Yes," rejoined Hare, in the same ironic, dolorous tone, "and he would have done so, but happening to look on the handle of the knife, he saw it was silver, and put it into his pocket."

FOX'S HUMOUR.

Charles Butler, when spending the day with Mr. Fox, at St. Ann's-hill, mentioned that he had "never read Adam Smith's celebrated work on the 'Wealth of Nations.'" "To tell you the truth," said Mr. Fox, "nor I either. There is something in all these subjects which passes my comprehension—something so wide, that I could never embrace them myself, nor find any one who did."

The stamp-duty on receipts was first introduced during the short reign of the Administration composed of "All the Talents." Fox was at the time in pecuniary difficulties, which led Sheridan to write—

"'I would,' says Fox, 'a tax devise,
That should not fall on me.'
'Then tax receipts,' Lord North replies,
'For these you never see.'"

During the Westminster election of 1789, one of the mob called out to Mr. Fox, a candidate, "Well, Charley, are not you sick of your *coalition*?" "Poor gentleman," cried an old woman in the crowd, "why should not he like a *collation*?"

FOX AND GIBBON.

Of the sale of Fox's library we find the following memorandum in Walpole's manuscript Notes, quoted in Earl Russell's *Life of Fox* :—

"1781, June 20. Sold by auction, the library of Charles Fox, which had been taken in execution. Amongst the books was Mr. Gibbon's first volume of 'Roman History,' which appeared, by the title-page, to have been given by the author to Mr. Fox, who had written in it the following anecdote :—'The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table; eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade

under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since ! Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest production of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas."

Gibbon said that "Charley's black collier would soon sink Billy's painted galley;" but Mr. Fox said more truly—"Pitt will do for us, if he should not do for himself."

MR. ROGERS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. FOX.

"It is quite true, as stated in several accounts of him, that Fox, when a very young man, was a prodigious dandy, wearing a little odd French hat, shoes with red heels, &c. He and Lord Carlisle once travelled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying waistcoats; and during the whole journey they talked about nothing else. Fox (in his earlier days, I mean), Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, &c. led *such* a life! Lord Tankerville assured me that he has played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them 'whose deal it was,' they being too sleepy to know. After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but—to sit down quietly, and read Greek. He once won about eight thousand pounds; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. 'Impossible, Sir,' replied Fox; 'I must first discharge my debts of honour.' The bond-creditor remonstrated. 'Well, Sir, give me your bond.' It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces, and threw them into the fire. 'Now, Sir,' said Fox, 'my debt to you is a debt of honour;' and immediately paid him.

"I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery-ground. Fox was there with his brother, General F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. 'My friend,' said he to the owner of the strange hand, 'you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last.' 'O, Mr. Fox,' was the reply, 'forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home.' Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was. 'Good God,' cried he, 'my watch is gone!'—'Yes,' answered General F., 'I know it is; I saw your friend take it.' 'Saw him take it! and you made no attempt to stop him?' 'Really, you

and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other that I did not choose to interfere.'

"Very shortly before Fox died he complained of great uneasiness in his stomach; and Cline advised him to try the effect of a cup of coffee. It was accordingly ordered; but not being brought so soon as was expected, Mrs. Fox expressed some impatience; upon which Fox said, with his usual sweet smile, 'Remember, my dear, that good coffee cannot be made in a moment.' Lady Holland announced the death of Fox in her own odd manner to those relatives and intimate friends of his who were sitting in a room near his bed-chamber, and waiting to hear that he had breathed his last;—she walked through the room with her apron thrown over her head. Trotter's *Memoirs of Fox*, though incorrect in some particulars, is a very pleasing book. Trotter died in Ireland: he was reduced to great straits; and Mrs. Fox sent him, at different times, as much as several hundred pounds, though she could ill spare the money. How fondly the surviving friends of Fox cherished his memory! Many years after his death I was at a fête given by the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick House. Sir Robert Adair and I wandered about the apartments, up and down stairs. 'In which room did Fox expire?' asked Adair. I replied 'In this very room.' Immediately Adair burst into tears with a vehemence of grief such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man."

WILLIAM PITT'S EARLY LIFE.

One morning, some law lord (thought to have been Lord Mansfield), paid a visit to Lord Chatham, at his country residence at Hayes. Whilst they were conversing, his son William came through the library. Lord ——— asked who is that youth? Lord Chatham said, "That is my second son—call him back and talk to him." They did so, and Lord ——— was struck by a forwardness of knowledge, a readiness of expression, and unyieldingness of opinion, which even then was remarkable in the future minister. When he had left them, Lord Chatham said: "That is the most extraordinary youth I ever knew. All my life I have been aiming at the possession of political power, and have found the greatest difficulty in getting or keeping it. It is not on the cards of fortune to prevent that young man's gaining it, and if ever he does so, he will be the ruin of his country."

Mr. Pitt, member for Sir James Lowther's close borough of Appleby, delivered his maiden speech in February, 1781, in support of Mr. Burke's motion for Reforming the Civil List. His speech, early in June, on the American War, elicited praise even from his

opponents. "He promises to be the first speaker ever heard in the House," said a member to Fox. "He is that already," was the chivalrous, or rather the manly, reply of Charles Fox.

The story told of Mr. Pitt's refusing to marry Mademoiselle Neckar, (afterwards Madame de Staël,) when the match was proposed by the father, rests upon a true foundation; not so, however, the form of the answer, that "he was already married to his country"—thought to have been a jest.

A CASTING VOTE.

Lord Malmesbury has given this sketch of the Prime Minister Pitt, on the night when the vote first went against Dundas. "I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night we were 216 to 216; and the Speaker, Abbot (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes) gave the casting vote against us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. We had overheard one or two such as Colonel Wardle say they would see 'how Billy looked after it.' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle in which he moved, I believe unconsciously, out of the House; and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the autumn of 1784, Mr. Pitt had nearly fallen a victim to the frolic of a festive meeting. Returning late at night, on horseback, from Wimbledon to Addiscombe, the seat of Mr. Huskisson, near Croydon, where the party had dined; Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor, Pitt, and Dundas, found the turnpike-gate between Tooting and Streatham thrown open. Being in elevated spirits, and having no servant near them, they passed through the gate at a brisk pace, without stopping to pay the toll; regardless of the remonstrance or threats of the turnpike-man, who, running after them, and believing them to belong to some highwaymen, who had recently committed depredations on that road, discharged the contents of his blunderbuss at their backs. Happily, he did no injury. To this narrow escape of the Prime Minister, which furnished matter of pleasantry though perhaps not of rejoicing, to the Opposition, allusion is made in the *Rollad*:

"How as he wander'd darkling o'er the plain,
His reason lost in Jenkinson's champagne,
A peasant's hand, but that just Fate withstood
Had shed a Premier's, for a robber's blood."

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

During the co-operation of all parties against Mr. Addington's Government in the spring of 1804, Mr. Pitt and Mr. C. Long were one night passing the door of Brookes's Club-house, on their way from the House of Commons, when Mr. Pitt, who had not been there since the Coalition of 1784, said he had a great mind to go in and sup. His wary friend said, "I think you had better not," and turned aside the well-conceived intention. "When," says Lord Brougham, "we reflect on the high favour Mr. Pitt was then in with the Whigs, and consider the nature of Mr. Fox, as well as his own, we can have little doubt of the cordial friendship which such a night would have cemented, and that the union of the two parties would have been complete."

DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

In 1805, Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen, chiefly militia colonels, to consider his "Additional Force Bill." One of the meeting objected to a clause for calling out the Force, which he insisted should not be done, "except in case of actual invasion." Pitt replied, "That would be too late;" but the speaker still insisted on the case of actual invasion. By-and-by they came to another clause, to render the Force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he would never consent to its being sent out of England. "Except, I suppose," rejoined Pitt, "in case of actual invasion."

PITT'S LAST MOMENTS.

The news of Austerlitz was the last blow which killed Pitt. The gout, which had hitherto confined its attacks to his extremities, assailed some vital organ. He was not without hopes of getting better. Lord Wellesley found him in high spirits, though before the interview was over, Pitt fainted in his presence. His last moments are described by the Hon. James Stanhope, who was present in the room when he died; so that at length we seem to have authentic information of a scene which has hitherto been very imperfectly described. "I remained the whole of Wednesday night with Mr. Pitt," says Mr. Stanhope, in a paper drawn up by him, and of which Earl Stanhope has availed himself in his *Life of Pitt*. "His mind seemed fixed on the affairs of the country, and he expressed his thoughts aloud, though sometimes incoherently. He spoke a good deal concerning a private letter from Lord Harrowby, and frequently inquired the direction of the wind; then said, answering himself, 'East; ah! that will do; that will bring him quick.' At other times he seemed

to be in conversation with a messenger, and sometimes cried out 'Hear, hear,' as if in the House of Commons. During the time he did not speak he moaned considerably, crying, 'Oh, dear! Oh, Lord!' Towards twelve the rattles came in his throat, and proclaimed approaching dissolution. At about half-past two he ceased moaning. I feared he was dying; but shortly afterwards, with a much clearer voice than he spoke in before, and in a tone I shall never forget, 'Oh, my country! how I leave my country!' [referring, as it was natural for him to do, to the disastrous state of the continental war produced by the battle of Austerlitz.] From that time he never spoke or moved, and at half-past four expired without a groan or struggle," 23rd January, 1806. He received the Sacrament from the Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Pitt gave his watch to his servant, who handed it over to Mr. Dundas, M.P., more than twenty years after Mr. Pitt's death. That watch, a mourning ring, and box containing the hair, were bequeathed to the Rt. Hon. R. N. Hamilton; and the watch is now preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge.

"Pitt is the most forgiving and easy-tempered of men," says Lord Malmesbury. "He is the most upright political character I ever knew or heard of," says Wilberforce. "I never once saw him out of temper," says George Rose. One day, when the conversation turned upon the quality most needed in a Prime Minister, and one said "Eloquence," another "Knowledge," and a third "Toil," Pitt said "No; Patience." It was an answer worthy of the great statesman, and recalls that of Newton, who said that he owed his splendid discoveries to the power of fixed attention. Pitt was wonderfully patient, and this, which is commonly regarded as a slow virtue, he combined with uncommon readiness and rapidity of thought. "What an extraordinary man Pitt is!" said Adam Smith; "he makes me understand my own ideas better than before."

PITT'S HABITS OF WORK.

His extraordinary and systematic exertions told seriously against Mr. Pitt when his health began to give way. The labour which he had to endure as a mere youth in sustaining the Government against overwhelming odds tended to undermine his constitution. One of his greatest speeches was delivered under much physical suffering. Now and then he took a holiday, and in imagination we may see him and Wilberforce at Holwood sallying forth with billhooks, cutting new walks from one large tree to another through the thickets of the Holwood copses. But continually it happened that he worked through nearly the whole of a recess, seldom allowing him-

self a single holiday. When the House of Commons met, his work was of course doubled, and he had to adapt himself to hours that ill-suited his feeble frame. Frequently the debates did not come to an end till six, seven, or even eight o'clock on the following morning. He wound up one of his most celebrated speeches—that on the Slave Trade, delivered in 1792, by welcoming as of good omen the morning beam that then shot across the House. As a usual thing, he had eight or ten hours of sleep, and he slept well. He had often to be woken up in the night to receive important news, and if his attendants went in upon him ten minutes afterwards they were sure to find him sleeping sound again. This was his salvation. When he received the news of Trafalgar he could not sleep after it, and rose to work at three in the morning. He mentioned this as something extraordinary, and as showing the tremendous importance of the tidings. But it showed also that his health was giving way, and that his nervous system was not so calm as it used to be. How could it be calm, considering the work which he had to go through? Even in his first Cabinet, when he had Dundas and Grenville at his side, he was overtoiled. He transacted the business of all departments except theirs, and when he transacted business we should understand what that means. He did nothing by deputy. He would not suffer any one to arrange his papers and extract the important points for him. Imagine this system of work carried on in a Government where he had no Grenville and no Dundas to assist him, where he stood almost alone, and when he had to bear up against health which was fast failing.—*Times review.*

Pitt could dilate or compress at pleasure: even in one member of a sentence, he could inflict a wound that was never healed. Mr. Fox having made an able speech, Mr. Erskine followed him with one of the very same import. Mr. Pitt rose to answer them: he announced his intention to reply to both; “but,” said he, “I shall make no mention of the honourable gentleman who spoke last: he did no more than regularly repeat what was said by the member who preceded him, and regularly weaken all he repeated.”

GEORGE III. AND HIS MINISTER, PITT.

George III. had a sincere liking and regard for Pitt, though it is evident that much of that partiality was the merest selfishness. He was grateful to a Minister who saved him from the dictation of the great Whig families, and so long as it cost him nothing he was profuse in his expressions of attachment to Pitt. When Pitt proposed to resign in 1801, the King replied, “I hope Mr. Pitt's sense of duty will prevent his retiring from his present situation to the end

of my life." So in the kindest way he forced Pitt to accept the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, and afterwards, fearing for the safety of his Minister, he, without Pitt's knowledge, sent orders to Lord Amherst to stockade the ditch of Walmer Castle, and station in it a picket of soldiers. When Pitt left office the King proposed to pay his debts, and for this purpose was anxious to put into the hands of Mr. Rose a sum of 30,000*l.* from the Privy Purse. When Pitt resumed office in 1804, he congratulated the King on looking much better than he did when Pitt last saw him in the spring of 1801. "That is not to be wondered at," said the King. "I was then on the point of parting with an old friend; I am now about to regain one." This was gracefully said; Pitt felt all the King's kindness, and it was not till afterwards that he learnt the full force of the King's selfish obstinacy. If the King could say that he owed his illness in 1801 to his Minister's persistence, that Minister could say that he owed his death to the King's unreasoning stubbornness. In forming his Cabinet Pitt was anxious to strengthen it with the names of Grenville and Fox, but the King would not hear of Fox, and without him Grenville would not join. Pitt, therefore, with enfeebled health, was obliged to form a Cabinet so weak that on himself was imposed a load far beyond his strength. He knew this—he knew that he was risking his life, but it was against Lord Grenville that his resentment was directed. "I will teach that proud man that I can do without him, though it cost me my life," he said. But before long his weak Cabinet was rendered still weaker by the loss of his ablest lieutenant, Lord Melville. This was a terrible blow to Pitt, already overloaded with work. He again tried to induce the King to accept the services of Fox and Grenville. The King was inexorable. "I wish the King may not live to repent, and sooner than he thinks, the rejection of the advice which I pressed on him at Weymouth." In a few months Pitt sunk under his load of care, and the King had to be content with a Ministry of which Lord Grenville was the nominal head, and Fox was the presiding genius. He refused Fox, when by accepting him he might have saved Pitt's life, and in the end he only crushed Pitt and put Fox in his place.—*Times review.*

ELOQUENCE AND HUMOUR OF SHERIDAN.

One of the greatest tributes ever paid to eloquence, Mr. Sheridan received from Mr. Pitt, when, after Sheridan had, in opposition to him, advocated the prosecution of Warren Hastings, Pitt moved an adjournment, that "the House might have time to recover from the overpowering effect of Mr. Sheridan's oratory."

How little Sheridan's wit was the inspiration of the moment all men were aware who knew his habits; but a singular proof of this was presented by Mr. Moore, when he came to write his life; for we there find given to the world, with a frankness which must almost have made their author shake in his grave, the secret note-books of this famous wit; and we are thus enabled to trace the jokes in embryo, with which he so often made the walls of St. Stephen's ring, in a merriment excited by the happy appearance of sudden unpremeditated effusion.

Take an instance from Moore, giving extracts from the commonplace-book of the wit: "He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit." Again, the same idea is expanded into—"When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." But the thought was too good to be thus wasted on the desert air of a commonplace-book. So, forth it came at the expense of Michael Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine-merchant. "You will," said the ready wit, "import your music and compose your wine." Nor was this service exacted from the old idea thought sufficient—so in the House of Commons, an easy and apparently off-hand parenthesis was thus filled with it at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge, "(who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts.)"

Pitt, in answer to an attack, in a debate on the Irish Union, said Sheridan seemed determined to have the last word; on which Sheridan replied that he was satisfied with having the last argument. When Dundas brought the sealed bag, containing the proofs which were to be examined, to show the necessity of a union, Sheridan, seeing there was not much in it, jocularly said to Dundas: "Confess the truth; is there anything in that bag, except the report the committee are to bring up?"

During the debate on the India Bill, at which period John Robinson was secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes." Upon this there was a great outcry made by almost everybody in the House. "Who is it? Name him? name him!" "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so, and therefore I shall not name him. But don't suppose, Sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say Jack Robinson."

Again, during this memorable debate, the Apocalypse of St. John furnished images, which, by a slight effort of imagination, or by an immaterial deviation from the original text, were made to typify Fox, under the form of "the Beast that rose up out of the Sea, having *seven heads*." Their application to the Seven Commissioners appointed by the Bill was at once so happy, and so natural, that it could not be mistaken: it was the suggestion of Mr. Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. But Sheridan, though he could not possibly anticipate an attack of such a nature, yet having contrived in the course of the debate to procure some leaves of the Book of Revelations, with admirable ability, found materials in it equally suited for Fox's defence or justification; transforming him from "the Dragon and the Beast," under both which types he had been designated, to an angelic being, by producing other quotations from St. John, fully applicable to the Secretary of State.

Mr. Charles Butler once read to Sheridan the finest specimen of his poetry, his *Epistle to Semiramis*. "Oh! why did I not," he exclaimed, "uniformly addict myself to poetry; for *that* I was designed!" "But then," said Mr. Butler, "would you have been the admiration of the senate? Would London have emptied itself to hear your philippic on Mr. Hastings! Would you have been the intimate of Mr. Fox? Would you have been received, as doing honour to it, at Devonshire House?"—"What," he replied, "has all this done for me? What am I the better for the admiration of the senate, for Mr. Fox, for Devonshire House? I have thrown myself away. But you shall see to-morrow."

It was a general subject of wonder, that as Sheridan had shown how well he could write for the stage, he should write so little. "The reason is," said Michael Kelly, with exquisite felicity, "Mr. Sheridan is afraid of the author of the *School for Scandal*."

Occasionally Sheridan had brilliant sallies. On one occasion he and Mr. Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, supped with Mr. Butler. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sat in two Parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him he was quite disgusted at the pitiful, lowly manner in which the Catholics brought forward their case: Why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into our House, and say,—“Here am I, Sheldon, of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you; but, because I am a Catholic, you shut the door against me.” “I beg your pardon,” said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, “I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country; and therefore——” “You quitted,”

officer threatening to arrest the dying man in his bed: "he would have carried him (Sheridan) off in his blankets, had not Dr. Bain assured him it was too probable his prisoner would expire on his way to the lock-up house."

At Holland House, where Sheridan often was, in his latter days, Lady Holland told Moore he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy in his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and, pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house, in the Kensington-road, for a dram, where he ran up a long score, which Lord Holland had to pay. This was the old roadside inn, nearly opposite the wall of the park: it has long since been taken down.

Sheridan one day said to Lord Holland: "They talk of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant." Sheridan's strong wish to make his power felt in politics grew still stronger in his latter days from vanity and disappointment.

Francis Horner says, in a letter to Jeffrey, that Fox was ready to consent to Sheridan being a cabinet minister in 1806, but that the Duke of Bedford opposed him; and it is in the same place affirmed that Sheridan's "blabbing" propensities disqualified him. We have had some "blabbing" cabinet ministers since Sheridan's time.*

HYDER ALLY'S PHYSIOGNOMY.

Governor Du Pré, in one of his interviews with Hyder Ally, was astonished to see that Hyder had no eyebrows; nor, indeed, a single hair left on any part of his face. A man constantly attended him, purposely to pull out, with a pair of nippers, any hair that made its appearance on the Sultan's face. Hyder, perceiving that Du Pré was surprised at this fact, said to him, "I observe that you wonder at my having no eyebrows, as well as my attention to cause every hair that appears on my face to be immediately eradicated. The reason I will explain to you. I am the Nabob of Mysore, and it is an object of policy with me that my subjects shall see no face

* See "Lives of Wits and Humourists," vol. ii., for several Anecdotes of Sheridan, hitherto unpublished.

in my dominions resembling the countenance of their sovereign." Du Pré, in relating this, added: "The impression which the Nabob's physiognomy made upon myself was not a little increased by this singularity." Hyder was generally of pleasing manners; but in his anger he was terrible, and often ferocious.

APOTHEOSIS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

At the time of the trial of Warren Hastings, it was said that at Benares, the very place in which the acts set forth in the first article of impeachment had been committed, the natives had erected a temple to Hastings; and this story excited a strong sensation in England. Burke's observations on the apotheosis were admirable. He saw no reason for astonishment, he said, in the incident which had been represented as so striking. He knew something of the mythology of the Brahmins. He knew that as they worshipped some gods from love, so they worshipped others from fear. He knew that they erected shrines, not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder; nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a pantheon. "This reply," says Lord Macaulay, "has always struck us as one of the finest that ever was made in Parliament. It is a grave and forcible argument, decorated by the most brilliant wit and fancy."

In the course of this protracted trial, Sheridan took occasion to refer to the "luminous page of Gibbon." Upon leaving Westminster Hall, at the close of the day's proceedings, the orator was joined by a friend, who asked him how he could pay such a compliment to a Tory, and infidel? "My dear fellow," replied Sheridan, "I said *voluminous*."

GROSVENOR-PLACE.

One of the pleasantest rows of houses in the metropolis is Grosvenor-place, Hyde Park Corner. It looks over the gardens of Buckingham Palace, which, if not the elysium intended by George IV., is a delightful specimen of landscape gardening. The tenants of Grosvenor-place owe this *rus in urbe* prospect to a strong-willed minister overruling his sovereign. When George III. took up his residence at Buckingham House, and was adding a part of the Green Park to the new garden, the fields on the opposite side of the road were to be sold, and the King wished to purchase them, in order to prevent buildings being erected so as to look over his garden. The Lock Hospital then stood here alone; but it was apparent that the ground would soon be occupied, the King having

fixed his abode so near. He, therefore, entered into a negotiation for its purchase : the price was 20,000*l*. This sum George Grenville, then minister, refused to issue from the Treasury : the ground was, consequently, sold to builders, and Grosvenor-place was commenced building in 1767—the new row of houses looking over the King in his private walks, to his great annoyance.

A SMUGGLING AMBASSADRESS.

Not very many years since a package, directed to a French ambassadress in this country, was accidentally opened at the Custom-house, and found to contain French gloves, at that time liable to an exceedingly heavy duty. The authorities did not proceed against the ambassadress for smuggling, but sent the package through the Post-office. It was charged by weight, as a letter, and the postage, amounting to a formidable sum, was paid without observation.

Lady Holderness, in Mr. Grenville's administration, occasioned the putting of the laws against contraband goods into rigorous execution, having, at one journey from Paris, imported one hundred and fourteen gowns, which were seized. Her lord becoming afterwards Governor of the Cinque Ports, she carried on a smuggling intercourse at Walmer Castle, on the coast of Kent, for importing French clothes and furniture for herself.—*Dr. Doran's Notes to the Last Journals of Horace Walpole*, vol. i.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND MRS. CLARKE.

The story of Mary Ann Clarke, whose detection in trafficking with the Duke of York led to great improvement in our army administration, is a very extraordinary one, though told in various ways. Captain Gronow, in his *Reminiscences*, describes her first introduction to the Duke of York to have taken place when she was a sweet, pretty, lively girl of sixteen, residing at Blackheath ; that she was first noticed by a cavalier as she was walking across the heath, that she returned his salute, and was by him introduced to a friend, and the acquaintance ripened into an amour. Captain Gronow tells us that not the slightest idea had the young lady of the position in society of her lover, until she accompanied him, on his invitation to the theatre, where she occupied a private box, and attracted much notice, which she accepted as a tribute to her beauty ; on a second visit, she was addressed as Her Royal Highness ; when she discovered that her lover was the son of the King, the Duke of York, who had not long before united himself to a lady, for whom she had been mistaken.

Another version of Mrs. Clarke's antecedents is, that she was the

daughter of a journeyman printer, named Farquhar, living in a court leading from Fetter-lane to Cursitor-street, where she was born about 1777. Ere she was thirteen, she engaged the love of James Day, a young compositor, one of the earliest literary acquaintances of Mr. John Britton, who relates this story. Day addressed sonnets to the charmer; but she soon eloped with Joseph Clarke, the son of a builder, on Snow-hill, and after living with him three years, they were married, and had children. Mr. Britton does not state *how* she became introduced to the Duke of York, but that the cohabitation began in 1802, and lasted for several years; while Captain Gronow dates its commencement shortly after the Duke's marriage—in 1791. Mr. Britton describes her as living openly with the Duke of York, at No. 31, Tavistock-place; thence she removed to Gloucester-place, Portman-square, where her establishment consisted of two carriages, eight horses, nine men-servants, &c., to support which the Duke allowed her 2,000*l.* a-year, which she considered barely sufficient to pay her servants' wages, and for their liveries. She soon found herself courted by persons of rank, and more especially by military men. The Duke was pleased with these attentions, and indulged her extravagance; she became embarrassed, and to raise money, persuaded the Duke to give her commissions in the army, which she could easily dispose of at a good price; and the traffic was extended from the army to the Church.

Among Mrs. Clarke's visitors was Colonel Wardle, the Radical M.P., who got intimately acquainted with her, and obtained from her the names of some of the parties who had purchased commissions of her. He was paying a clandestine visit to Mrs. Clarke, when a carriage with the royal livery drove up to the door, and the Colonel was compelled to take refuge under the sofa; but, instead of the royal Duke, the caller was one of his aides-de-camp, who talked mysteriously to Mrs. Clarke, but led Wardle to believe that the sale of a commission was authorized by the Duke, though it afterwards appeared it was a private arrangement. At the Horse Guards, says Captain Gronow, there was an unfathomable mystery connected with commissions, the list of promotions agreed on having new names added to it by Mrs. Clarke, whom the Duke had employed as his amanuensis; and he signed her autograph lists without examination. These scandalous transactions were inquired into in Parliament, in 1809, at the instigation of Colonel Wardle. Mrs. Clarke, whom the Duke had then abandoned, was called as a witness; and "the examination of this woman, and her various profligate intimates," occupied nearly three months, and that with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was

acquitted from the motion made against him by a majority of 80; but so strong was the outcry against him out of doors, and so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs. Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that His Royal Highness resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief.

It appears that Mrs. Clarke had strong inducements to furnish the information, Colonel Wardle having, in 1808, undertaken to furnish for her a house in Westbourne-place, Sloane-square, in part payment for her services in prosecution of the Duke of York at the bar of the House of Commons. This personal promise led to an action against Wardle for the recovery of 1914*l.*, the amount of the upholsterer's bill for articles of furniture supplied.

It is said that the whole exposure originated in the resentment of one M'Cullum against Picton (afterwards Sir Thomas Picton) for his oppressive conduct as Governor of Trinidad. M'Cullum, on reaching England, sought justice, but was baffled, as he suspected, by royal influence. He then exposed Picton in his "Travels in Trinidad," and next ferreted out charges against the War Office, and through Colonel Wardle, exposed a suspicious contract for great-coats. This being negatived, M'Cullum then traced Mrs. Clarke, and arranged the whole of that exposure for Wardle and others. M'Cullum worked night and day, for months, in getting up this case: he lodged in a garret in Hungerford Market, and often did not taste food for twenty-four hours. He lived to see the Duke dismissed from office, and to publish a Narrative of his exertions; and then died of exhaustion and want.

To return to Mrs. Clarke. In 1814, she was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, for a libel on the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer. She concocted a Memoir of her own Life and Adventures, upon the publication of which she consulted Mr. Galt. "I told her," he says, "point-blank, she was in want of money, and that this was an expedient to raise the wind. She confessed the truth, and also that her debts had been paid to the amount of 7000*l.*, and an annuity of 400*l.* granted to her on condition that she should not molest the Duke of York." The papers were unfit for publication, and by Mr. Galt's advice she suppressed the book.

The announcement of the Memoir had excited such expectation that the printer had worked off 10,000 copies, two volumes each, requiring 640 reams of paper, at 35*s.* per ream. The above settlement was made upon the condition that the whole should be *burnt*, and the manuscript delivered up to an agent under seven seals, being the number of the parties concerned. The work was accordingly

burnt in the printing-office, in the presence of witnesses, and the conflagration was continued for three successive days, during which the smell of burnt paper excited repeated alarms near Salisbury-square, where this extraordinary transaction took place.

Meanwhile, incensed at the Duke's desertion of her, she threatened to publish his love-letters, which were likely to expose the whole of the Royal Family to ridicule, as they were often mentioned. Sir Herbert Taylor then bought the letters of Mrs. Clarke at an enormous price, on her signing an undertaking not to implicate the honour of any of the Royal Family. A pension was secured to her, on condition of her leaving England. She first went to Brussels, and then settled comfortably in Paris, where she died not long since.

Mrs. Clarke was of very agreeable manners, lively and rattling, and full of anecdotes, especially of the Royal Family; these she had received from the Duke of York, whom she used to prime with stories for the dinner-table: next morning she used to say, "Well, Dukey, how did the story go off?" She was a pretty little fascinating woman: Galt, however, says, she had no pretensions to beauty; she dressed remarkably neat and plain; her hair was almost black, and her eyes sparkling; she possessed great powers of conversation, and was often witty, with flashes of shrewdness seldom seen in women; her mind was decidedly masculine. "The fact is," says Galt, "that she did not possess that extraordinary fascination which posterity may suppose from the incidents in which she was engaged; but she was undoubtedly clever, with a degree of tact, that, either in man or woman, would have been singularly 'acute.'"

One of Mrs. Clarke's most noted rejoinders was, when under examination in the Court of King's Bench, and being asked under whose protection she then was—she replied, with a bow to Lord Ellenborough, who presided in the court—"Your Lordship's."

Mr. Cyrus Redding gives altogether a different version of Mrs. Clarke's antecedents to either yet related, which goes far to disprove the character fixed on her by Mr. Wilberforce as "a low, vulgar woman." Mr. Redding says:—

"The lady, while pronounced one of the *canaille* by the ministerial papers, was found at the bar of the House of Commons to be 'full of grace in her bearing,' and accomplished. Not free from feeling at the mode in which certain persons treated her, and replying to them in their own coin; this and perfect self-possession gave the contradiction at once to her mean origin and education. Not one paper stated the truth about her. I accidentally had twenty or thirty of her letters before me at one time. I read them, and they fully proved she was a woman who had been well educated. Time has removed the passions and prejudices of that period, neither reflecting honour on any of the actors in the scene, nor any advantage, except that the affair pushed up the fortunes of John Wilson Croker, whose acting in the comedy was not

that of the worst performer. Again, let it not be supposed I knew the lady; I never coveted the honour or disgrace, whichever it might be. Mrs. Clarke was the daughter of Colonel Frederick, and grand-daughter of Theodore, King of Corsica, whose melancholy fate, as well as that of his son, need not be repeated here. She had a son, and, I believe, two daughters. Twice or thrice I well recollect seeing her, and one of her daughters. What business Mr. Clarke carried on when he married, I never heard, but that he had very scanty means of support was clear, for he accepted at one time a situation in the Excise at Dartmouth. As the daughter of Colonel Frederick, Mrs. Clarke had been noticed by the Prince of Wales, Lady Jersey, and several persons of distinction, before the Duke of York knew her, and she had received money from them in consideration of her misfortunes; perhaps his knowledge of her arose that way. One lady who died left her a hundred guineas in her will, in addition to former gifts."

WINDHAM'S ORATORY.

Of the mixed tenderness and figure in which Mr. Windham sometimes indulged, a specimen is afforded by his fine speech, in which, after comparing two plans of recruiting our army to a dead stick thrust into the ground, and a living sapling planted to take root in the soil, he spoke of carving his name upon the tree as lovers do when they would perpetuate the remembrance of their passions or their misfortunes. Of his happy allusions to the writings of kindred spirits an example is afforded in his speech about the peace of Amiens, when he answered the remarks upon the uselessness of the Royal title, then given up, of King of France, by citing the bill of costs brought in by Dean Swift against Marlborough, and the comparative amount of the charges of a Roman triumph, where the crown of laurel is set down at twopence. But sometimes he would convulse the House by a happy, startling, and most unexpected allusion, as when, on the Walcheren question, speaking of a *coup-de-main* on Antwerp, which had been its professed object, he suddenly said, "A *coup-de-main* in the Scheldt! You might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery." Sir William Grant having just entered and taken his seat, probably suggested this excellent jest, and assuredly no man enjoyed it more. His habitual gravity was overpowered in an instant, and he was seen absolutely to roll about on the bench which he had just occupied. So a word or two artistically introduced would often serve him to cover the adverse argument with ridicule. When arguing that they who would protect animals from cruelty have more on their hands than they are aware of, and that they cannot stop at preventing cruelty, but must also prohibit killing, he was met by the old answer, that we kill them to prevent them overrunning the earth, and then he said in passing, and, as it were, parenthetically—"An indifferent reason, by the way, for destroying fish." He happily caricatured Mr. Pitt's diction as a state-paper style, and that he believed he could speak a King's speech off-hand.—*Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*

Of Mr. Windham's gaiety of spirits we have a trait in his halting to see "Punch and Judy:" he was then one of the Secretaries of State, and was on his way from Downing-street to the House of Commons, on a night of important debate; he paused before the street-show like a truant boy, until the whole performance was concluded, to enjoy a hearty laugh at the whimsicalities of the motley hero.

It was Mr. Windham who described the Parks as "the lungs of London;" for they were essential to the healthful respiration of its inhabitants.

He was an accomplished scholar and mathematician. Dr. Johnson, writing of a visit which Windham paid him, says: "Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Windham is 'inter stellas luna minores.'" In a word, Mr. Windham has been described, and the description has been generally adopted as appropriate, as a model of the true English gentleman.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

This extraordinary man, the son of a poulterer named Horne, in Newport-street, a "turkey merchant," as he told his schoolfellows, was educated for the Church, according to his father's wish, and took orders, but soon quitted the Church for the Bar. He had a quarrel with Frederick, Prince of Wales, his father's neighbour, at Leicester House, respecting a right of way, and defeated the Prince, which success seems to have had something to do with his turbulent after-life. Mr. Massey, M.P., in his recently published *History of England*, tells us:—

"For many years he had been the terror of judges, ministers of State, and all constituted authorities. He was that famous Parson Horne who attacked the terrible Junius, after statesmen, judges, and generals had fled before him, and drove him back defeated and howling with his wounds. He it was who silenced Wilkes. Some years afterwards he fastened a quarrel on the House of Commons, which he bullied and baffled with his usual coolness and address."

When put on trial for his life (for treason), "so far from being moved by his dangerous position, he was never in more buoyant spirits. His wit and humour had often before been exhibited in Courts of Justice; but never had they been so brilliant as on this occasion. Erskine had been at his request assigned to him as counsel; but he himself undertook some of the most important duties of his advocate, cross-examining the witnesses for the Crown, objecting to evidence, and even arguing points of law. If his life

had really been in jeopardy, such a course would have been perilous and rash in the highest degree; but nobody in Court, except, perhaps, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, thought there was the slightest chance of an adverse verdict. The prisoner led off the proceedings by a series of preliminary jokes, which were highly successful. When placed in the dock, he cast a glance up at the ventilators of the hall, shivered, and expressed a wish that their lordships would be so good as to get the business over quickly as he was afraid of catching cold. When arraigned, and asked by the officer of the court, in the usual form, how he would be tried? he answered, 'I *would* be tried by God and my country—but—' and looked sarcastically round the court. Presently he made an application to be allowed a seat by his counsel; and entered upon an amusing altercation with the Judge, as to whether his request should be granted as an indulgence or as a right. The result was that he consented to take his place by the side of Erskine as a matter of favour. In the midst of the merriment occasioned by these sallies, the Solicitor-General opened the case for the Crown."

Tooke took some delight in praising his daughters, which he sometimes did by those equivocal falsehoods which were one of his principal pleasures. Of the eldest he said, "All the beer brewed in this house is that young lady's brewing." It would have been equally true to say, all the hogs killed in this house were of that young lady's killing, for they brewed no beer. When a member of the Constitutional Society, he would frequently utter sentences, the first part of which would have subjected him to death by the law, but for the salvo that followed; and the more violent they were, thus contrasted and equivocal, the greater was his triumph.

When Tooke was justifying to the Commissioners his return of income under 60*l.* a-year, one of those gentlemen, dissatisfied with the explanation, hastily said, "Mr. Tooke, I do not understand you." "Very possibly," replied the sarcastic citizen; "but as you have not *half* the *understanding* of other men, you should have *double* the *patience*."

Tooke told Mr. Rogers that in his early days a friend kindly gave him a letter of introduction to D'Alembert, at Paris. Dressed *à-la-mode*, he presented the letter, and was very courteously received by D'Alembert, who talked to him about operas, comedies, suppers, &c. Tooke had expected conversation on very different topics, and was greatly disappointed. When he took leave, he was followed by a gentleman in a plain suit, who had been in the room during his interview with D'Alembert, and who had perceived his chagrin. "D'Alembert," said the gentleman, "supposed from your gay

apparel that you were merely a *petit maître*." The gentleman was David Hume. On his next visit to D'Alembert, Tooke's dress was altogether different, and so was the conversation.

Tooke's *change of name* originated as follows. When he was rising into celebrity, the estate of Purley, near Croydon, belonged to Mr. William Tooke, one of four friends who joined in supplying him with an income, when, after quitting the Church, he studied for the Law. One of Tooke's richer neighbours, in wresting from him his manorial rights by a lawsuit, had applied to Parliament, and nearly succeeded in effecting his purpose by means of an inclosure bill, which would have greatly depreciated the Purley estate. Tooke despondingly confided his apprehensions to Horne, who resolved at once to avert the blow, which he did in a very bold and very singular manner. The third reading of the Bill was to take place the next day, and Horne immediately wrote a violent libel on the Speaker of the House of Commons, in reference to it, and obtained its insertion in the *Public Advertiser*. As might be expected, the first Parliamentary proceeding the next day was the appearance of the adventurous libeller in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. When called upon for his defence, he delivered a most remarkable speech, in which he pointed out the injustice of the Bill in question with so much success, that it was reconsidered, and the clauses which affected his friend's property expunged. In gratitude for this important service, Mr. Tooke, who had no family, made Horne his heir; and on his death in 1803, the latter became proprietor of Purley: as one of the conditions of inheritance, he added the name of Tooke to his own, and from this time was known as John Horne Tooke.

His residence at Purley has been commemorated in the celebrated philological work which he wrote here, entitled the *Diversions of Purley*, which has exercised considerable influence upon almost all works in the English language published since its appearance. It is in two large volumes, and the title is said to have so misled an indulgent father as to induce him to order of a bookseller the "*Diversions of Purley*" as a toy-book for his son, then a boy. The great fault of Tooke's work is the love of hypothesis, and the absence, to a great extent, of that historical mode of investigation without which etymological studies are worse than useless. Its influence has considerably declined of late years: in *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 514, will be found a searching paper upon the over-rated merits of Tooke's *Diversions*.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.

It is remarkable, (says Bulwer,) that most of the principal actors of the French Revolution were singularly hideous in appearance—

from the colossal ugliness of Mirabeau and Danton to the villainous ferocity in the countenances of David and Simon, to the filthy squalor of Marat, the sinister and bilious meanness of the Dictator's features. But Robespierre, who was said to resemble a cat, had also a cat's cleanliness: he was prim and dainty in dress, shaven smoothness, and the womanly whiteness of his lean hands. René Dumas, born of reputable parents, and well educated, despite his ferocity, was not without a certain refinement, which perhaps rendered him more acceptable to the precise Robespierre. Dumas was a beau in his way: his gala-dress was a *blood-red coat*, with the finest ruffles. But Henriot had been a lacquey, a thief, a spy of the police: he had drank the blood of Madame de Lamballe, and rose to his rank for no quality but his ruffianism; and Fouquier Tinville, the son of a provincial agriculturist, and afterwards a clerk at the Bureau of the Police, was little less base in his manners, yet more, from a certain loathsome buffoonery, revolting in his speech; bull-head, with black, sleek hair, with a narrow and livid forehead, and small eyes that twinkled with a sinister malice; strongly and coarsely built, he looked what he was, the audacious bully of a lawless and relentless Bar.

Robespierre was, perhaps, the coolest hand of the set: in making out the list of his victims for the guillotine, he wrote down the name of Jean Lambert Tallien, with a slow hand, that shaped each letter with a stern distinctness, saying—"That one head is *my necessity*!"

One of the most extraordinary signs of these revolutionary times was the avidity with which the French people rushed to the theatres at night, as a relief to the bloody excesses of the day. "Night after night to the eighty theatres flocked the children of the Revolution, to laugh at the quips of comedy, and weep gentle tears over imaginary woes!"

However, the above strange taste is not exclusively characteristic of France. George Colman the elder relates that during the Riots in London, in 1780, on the 7th of June, when, day and night, désolation had attained its climax, and the metropolis was seen blazing in thirty-six different places, the receipts of the Haymarket Theatre exceeded twenty pounds! How, instead of twenty pounds' worth of spectators, twenty persons, or one person, could have calmly paid money to witness, in the midst of this general dismay, a theatrical entertainment, appears astonishing.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

During the French Revolution, Jean Bon St. André, the Vendean leader, said to a peasant, "I will have all your steeples pulled down,

that you may no longer have any objects by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions." "You cannot help leaving us the stars," replied the peasant; "and we can see them further off than our steeples."

LAST MOMENTS OF THE CONDEMNED.

Strange things have been said and done by the condemned in their last moments. During the Reign of Terror, at Paris, in the same prison with Josephine Beauharnais was one of the daughters of Madame Coquet. When she too well surmised that her last hour was approaching, she borrowed a pair of scissors to cut off her hair, saying "the scoundrel executioner, at all events, shall not have that honour."

The executioner generally cut the hair of the condemned close off, it being his perquisite. Samson, one of this class, possessed a cupboard at one time filled with the hair of the individuals, male and female, whom he had cropped before their execution—treasured, no doubt, for sale to hairdressers! The object of this operation was to prevent the edge of the axe, as it fell, from meeting with any resistance at the nape of the neck. The hair coming between the knife and the integument might deaden the edge. What an idea of ladies wearing false hair, supplied from the scissors of the executioner! Yet the fact cannot be doubted.

M. Brogle, only two hours before the fatal knife fell upon him, expecting the cart to take him to execution every moment, listened while M. Vigée, an author and fellow-prisoner, read to him one of his works, during which he took out his watch, and said, "My hour approaches; I do not know whether I shall have time enough left me to hear you out. No matter; go on till they send for me."

WAS BONAPARTE EVER IN LONDON?

This has been denied; but a letter appeared in the *Birmingham Journal* of April 21, 1855, affirming the fact, on the authority of one James Colman, then in his 106th year, and was living, in 1850, in the back parlour of No 58, Castle-street, Leicester-square. Colman stated that he perfectly well knew N. Bonaparte, who resided in London for five weeks, in 1791 or 1792; he lodged at a house in George-street, Adelphi, and he passed much of his time in walking through the streets of the metropolis. Hence his marvellous knowledge of London, which used to astonish many Englishmen. The writer of the letter adds: "I have also heard Mr. Mathews, the grandfather of the celebrated comedian, and a bookseller at No. —, Strand; Mr. Graves, Mr. Drury, and my father, all of whom were

tradesmen in the Strand, in the immediate vicinity of George-street, speak of Bonaparte's visit. He occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the Northumberland Coffee-house (opposite Northumberland House), occupying himself in reading, and preserving a provoking taciturnity to the gentlemen in the room; though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman." [This is a very circumstantial story; but we must add, that, in two or three conversations we had with old Mr. Colman, in 1850, he did not mention his knowledge of Bonaparte, though he related several recollections of his long life: as his birth, in Church-court, Strand; his witnessing the funeral procession of George the Second; his partaking of the Sacrament at the age of 100.]

BONAPARTE AN ANTI-REVOLUTIONIST.

It has repeatedly been observed from what little causes have sprung great tumults and revolutions which proper energy, at the right moment, might have nipped in the bud. A remarkable instance was noted by Bonaparte, in 1792, when he was at Paris, and there met his old friend, Bourrienne, with whom he renewed his intimacy. He appears to have been then unemployed, probably unattached, while the army was undergoing a new organization. Napoleon and Bourrienne happened to be, on the 20th of June, 1792, at a *café* in the Rue St. Honoré, when the mob from the Faubourg (a motley crowd, armed with pikes, sticks, axes, &c) were proceeding to the Tuileries. "Let us follow this *canaille*," whispered Napoleon to his friend. They went accordingly, and saw the mob break into the palace without any opposition, and the King afterwards appeared at one of the windows with the *red cap* on his head. "It is all over henceforth with that man," exclaimed Napoleon: and returning with his friend to the *café* to dinner, he explained to Bourrienne all the consequences he foresaw from the degradation of the monarchy on that fatal day, now and then exclaiming indignantly, "How could they allow those despicable wretches to enter the palace? why, a few discharges of grape-shot amongst them would have made them all take to their heels; they would be running yet at this moment!" He was collected and extremely grave all the remainder of the day: the sight had made a deep impression on him.

It will be remembered, that a trifling disturbance by a few *gamins* of Paris, in February, 1848, was aggravated into a popular riot through the audacity of a few ultra-republicans. Louis Philippe felt that he stood alone and unsupported as a constitutional king, both at home and abroad, and that the soldiery were his only means

of defence. He shrunk from employing their bayonets against his people: he fell in consequence, and his house fell with him.

TOM PAINE.

When Paine's *Rights of Man* reached Lewes, where he married a Miss Olive, the women, as with one voice, said, "Od rot im, let im come ear if he dast, an we'll tell im what the Rights of Women is; we'll toss im in a blanket, and ring im out of Lewes wi our frying-pans."

THE BIRMINGHAM RIOTS, 1793.

Mr. Croker, in a MS. note to a Letter of Walpole, of the above date, states that he has read a communication from George III. to one of his ministers on the subject of the Riots, in which Dr. Priestley's house was burned. His Majesty says, in his short emphatic way, that the Riots must be stopped *immediately*; that no man's house must be left in peril; and then he orders the march of certain troops, &c., to restore peace; and concludes with saying, that as the mischief did occur, it was impossible not to be pleased at its having fallen on Priestley rather than another, that he might *feel* the wickedness of the doctrines of democracy which he was propagating. —Walpole's *Letters*, Cunningham's edit.

THE MUTINY AT THE NORE.

In 1797, when Capt. William Linder had the *Thetis*, and was returning to England, having on board the "Prussian subsidy," amounting to nearly half a million sterling, he was taken prisoner by the mutineer William Parker, and detained, with his vessel and valuable cargo, for a week at the Nore. The rebel, little suspecting the prize he had within his grasp, credited the assertion of Capt. Linder that the aid would shortly arrive, and that he was to be the medium of its transmission to this country. By this *ruse*, and a promise of assistance by which Parker decided that he would take the grand fleet into Brest, he obtained a pass (it is believed the only one given) from William Parker, and arrived safely with his immense treasure at the Tower, where he immediately landed his golden cargo, and forthwith proceeded to the Admiralty,—also giving information to the minister, Mr. Pitt, of his fortunate escape, which, had it been otherwise, would certainly have turned the tide of success of Old England at that time. Mr. Pitt generously offered him a commission; but Capt. Linder, having a fine vessel of his own, and a noble and independent spirit, which he retained to the last, respectfully declined; nor could he be induced in after years to solicit for any recompense or popularity. He died in 1862, May 21, at the age of eighty-seven.—*Athenæum*.

ASSASSINATION OF GUSTAVUS III. KING OF SWEDEN.

This accomplished but versatile prince fell a victim to a conspiracy of the nobility of Sweden, who, apprehending the loss of all their privileges through the arbitrary measures of Gustavus, resolved to murder him. A nobleman, named Ankastroem, whom he had personally offended, undertook the foul deed at a masked ball, which was given on the 16th of March, 1792, at Stockholm. The King was warned by some anonymous friend, but he went to the ball, and was pointed out to the assassin by Count Horn, who tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Good evening, pretty mask." Upon this Ankastroem shot the King through the body from behind, and mingled with the crowd of masks. The striking scene which ensued is thus given from a Swedish manuscript, which is considered authentic.

The King's surgeons having examined the wound, and the direction in which the pistol had been fired, saw at once how small was the chance of their royal patient's recovery. During this operation, which was excruciatingly painful, the King displayed that intense fortitude which few mortals ever possessed in a higher degree. As the surgeon applied his probe, the King thought his hand shook; suppressing the sense of pain, he said, with a firm voice, "Do not suffer your sorrow to affect your hand! Remember, sir, it is not possible that I can survive if the balls are not extracted." The surgeon paused a moment, as if to collect all his courage, and extracted a ball and some slugs.

On his way from his palace to the opera-house, a few hours before, Gustavus stepped lightly down the broad flights of granite stairs to the vestibule below. He was now carried slowly back, stretched on a litter, borne on the shoulders of grenadiers, whose slightest motion gave him inexpressible pain. Although the doors were closed as soon as the King had entered, and none but courtiers and soldiers admitted, and even those not without selection, the whole of the colossal stairs were crowded to excess. Not a few of the ministers were clad in state dresses, and most of the courtiers and household officers still had on the fanciful robes worn at the fatal masquerade. The great diversity of splendid costume—the melancholy state of the King, stretched on the bier, lying on his side, his pale face resting on his right hand, his features expressive of pain subdued by fortitude, the various countenances of the surrounding throng, wherein grief, consternation, and dismay were forcibly depicted; the blaze of the numerous torches and flambeaux borne aloft by the military; the glitter of burnished helmets, embroidered and spangled robes,

mixed with the flashes of drawn sabres and fixed bayonets; the strong and condensed light thrown on the King's figure, countenance, litter, and surrounding group; the deep dark masses of shade that seemed to flitter high above and far below the principal group, and the occasional illumination of the vast and magnificent outline of the structure, formed, on the whole, a spectacle more grand, impressive, and picturesque than any state or theatrical procession, in the arrangement of which the tasteful Gustavus had ever been engaged.

In the midst of excruciating agonies his eyes lost not their brilliancy, and his finely expressive features displayed the triumph of fortitude over pain. Terrible and sudden as was this disaster, it did not deprive him of self-possession; he seemed more affected by the tears that trickled down the hard yet softened features of the veterans who had fought by his side, than by the wound which too probably would soon end his life. As the bearers of the royal litter ascended from flight to flight, he raised his head, evidently to obtain a better view of the grand spectacle of which he formed the principal and central object. When he arrived at the grand gallery, level with the state apartments, he made a sign with his hand that the bearers should halt, and looking wistfully round him, he said to Baron Armfelt (who wept and sobbed aloud), "How strange it is I should rush upon my fate after the recent warnings I had received; my mind foreboded evil; I went reluctantly, impelled, as it were, by some invisible hand. I am fully persuaded, when a man's hour is come it is in vain he strives to elude it!" After a short pause, he continued, "Perhaps my hour is not yet arrived. I would willingly live, but am not afraid to die. If I survive, I may yet trip down those flights of steps again, and if I die—why, then, enclosed in my coffin, my next descent will be on my road to the mausoleum in the Ridderholm church." The King died on the 29th of March.

The assassin, Ankastroem, was discovered, and executed; and many of the conspirators were banished out of the country. In the character of Ankastroem, and in his conduct during his last moments, a striking similarity may be traced to the wretched Bellingham, the assassin of Percival; the same fanatical satisfaction at the perpetration of the crime, the same presumptuous confidence of pardon from the Almighty.

It was the opinion of several officers of long standing and great experience in the Swedish service, that if the King had not been cut off by Ankastroem, the very army he was assembling with the view of invading France, in Normandy, and marching direct on Paris, would have hoisted the standard of revolt, and destroyed the monarch whom once they adored.

Two chests containing papers were not to be opened, according to the injunctions of Gustavus, until fifty years after his death. Accordingly, on April 29, 1842, these chests were opened; there was nothing found among the papers of any importance; but they proved that Gustavus enjoyed the reputation of being a great author without even knowing how to spell.

The fate of Gustavus has furnished the incidents of a very charming opera, composed by M. Auber: it is worthy of remark that this musical piece, terminating with the *murder of a king*, was produced *for the French*, who shudder at the death scenes of our tragic drama!

THE O'CONNORS OF CONNORVILLE.

Of the eccentricities of this Cork family some amusing instances are related.

Roger Connor had high notions of his own dignity. At a Cork assize he walked across the table in the courthouse, in presence of the judge, conceiving that his personal importance gave him this privilege. The judge, who did not know him, gave him a sharp reprimand. Shortly after the judge received, to his great surprise, a note from Mr. Connor, requiring either an apology or "satisfaction at twelve paces." The judge was a man of peace, and as no hostile meeting occurred it is not improbable that he apologised. A pun of this fiery gentleman's is recorded. Being asked by a guest at his table what description of wine they were drinking, Roger replied that it was Pontick ('pon tick) wine—that is, it had not been paid for.

Robert O'Connor, although not in the army, had military tastes, and commanded a corps, or, as he called it, a *corpse* of yeomanry cavalry, with which formidable body he sometimes frightened his wife by threatening to invade France at their head, seize Bonaparte, bring him to Ireland captive, and suspend him in an iron cage in his family hall! He was in constant communication with the Government at Dublin Castle, and with one of his political epistles he sent a map of the barony in which he resided, his own domain occupying so large a space as to leave but little room for the estates of all the other proprietors; on the map was written, in front of his mansion, "The finest station in the Barony for cannon." He once addressed to Sir Francis Burdett, then of Radical politics, an epistle, concluding with, "Well, Sir Francis, what d'ye think of that?" "Excuse me, Connor," answered the Baronet, "I am not a judge of music," for the blotched and clumsy manuscript, with its underscored lines, bore a comical resemblance to an awkward attempt at musical notation.

Roger O'Connor, brother of Robert, when at Dublin College, "was allowed to be the best scholar in his division, and the most idle lad in his class." He grew up a strong insurgent, aiming to wield the Irish sceptre. He claimed to be descended from the royal O'Connors; and in the *Chronicles of Eri*, published by him, he is portrayed with his hand upon the Irish crown, and the legend, "Chief of a prostrate nation." His son Feargus records him to have exclaimed, in what we must suppose to have been a fit of patriotic frenzy, "My arm is yet young enough to wield the sword to recover my country's crown." His hatred to British domination naturally extended itself to taxes. During the continuance of the dog-tax the collector called on him one day for payment. Roger returned as meagre a list of taxable articles as possible. "Have you got no dogs?" inquired the collector. "Not one," answered the representative of Irish royalty. Just at this moment a favourite dog came running into the court-yard in which the collector and Roger were standing. The peril of detection was imminent, but Roger suddenly exclaimed, with well-feigned alarm, "A mad dog! A mad dog!" and forthwith he took refuge in the house, as if to escape from the rabid animal—the collector followed in terror of a bite—the dog was properly disposed of, and Roger, no doubt, kept the tax in his pocket.—*Abridged from Sir Bernard Burke's Vicissitudes of Families.* Second Series.

ADVENTURES OF ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN.

Those who remember the streets of Dublin some forty years since, can scarcely have forgotten the above gigantic old man in his old-fashioned dress; and following him two last of a race of dogs of a Danish breed, though called by him, and supposed to be Irish wolf-dogs. Five-and-twenty years earlier Rowan made a pedestrian tour of England with Lord Cloncurry; when Rowan's practice at starting from the inn of a wet morning, was to roll himself in the first pool he met, in order that he might be beforehand with the rain. The laurels were then fresh which he had won by the performance of a grand feat, under the eyes of Marie Antoinette, and of which he was not a little proud. He had run a foot-race in the presence of the whole French court, in jack-boots, against an officer of the Gardes de Corps, dressed in light shoes and silk stockings, and had won with ease, to the great admiration of the Queen, who honoured him with special marks of her regard.

Rowan was once master of a fortune of full 5000*l.* a year. He had always some adventure upon hand; and two or three of these, in which he rescued distressed damsels from the snares of rakes of

rank, made a good deal of noise at the time; the particulars being made known by means of a private printing-press, which he kept in his house ready for such occasions. When he was obliged to take refuge in America, he was frequently in pecuniary distress; and was, for a good part of the time, indebted for a livelihood to his mechanical knowledge, which enabled him to take charge of a cotton-factory in New York.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL SNUBBED.

Lord Cloncurry, Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and Sir Thomas Frankland, once took a pedestrian tour together, and a pleasant party they made. Frankland was a man of considerable ability; but, what he chiefly valued himself upon, was his lineal descent from Oliver Cromwell, a fact with which he acquainted Sir Richard Arkwright, much to the astonishment of that ingenious knight. In passing through Derbyshire, the tourists were desirous of visiting Sir Richard's factory, and accordingly presented themselves at his door, and sent in their names. They were kept waiting in the hall a considerable time; and when, at length, Sir Richard made his appearance, in his morning gown and nightcap, he gave a very gruff and unwilling permission for the party to enter. They, nevertheless, made use of it; but not before Frankland had read Sir Richard a lecture upon his discourtesy, and failure in the respect that was proper to be shown by a person in his position to a gentleman who, like himself, was a descendant of the great Protector. The *ci-devant* barber treated the House of Cromwell with great contempt, but did not withdraw the leave he had granted for the tourists to see his looms.

THE IRISH UNION.

At a dinner party, in the year 1795, at the house of John Macnamara, in Baker-street, at which Mr. Pitt was present, Lord Cloncurry, for the first time, heard of the contemplated project of a Union between Great Britain and Ireland. The news naturally acted as a ferment upon his Lordship's notions of patriotism and nationality; and he forthwith wrote a pamphlet of "Thoughts on the Projected Union." This brochure, published in Dublin, was the first blow at the ministerial scheme; it cost the author a heavy price, including his arrest as a "United Irishman," and subsequently to imprisonment for nearly two years in the Tower of London.

SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.

Some twenty years ago, one of the great organs of the Council of Edinburgh was James Laing; he was one of the clerks, and managed

such police as Edinburgh then had; and though not an officer in the old Town Guard could, as representative of the magistrates, employ it as he chose. It is incredible how much power this man had, and how much he was feared. He had more sense than to meddle with the rich, but over the people he tyrannized to his heart's content. For example, about the year 1795, six or eight baker-lads of good character, being a little jolly one night, were making a noise in the street. This displeased Mr. Laing, who had a notion that nobody could be drunk with safety to the public except himself. So he had the lads apprehended; and as they did not appear in the morning, their friends became alarmed, and applied to Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Jardine, who next morning inquired about them, when Laing said that he need not give himself the trouble, because, "*they are all beyond Inchkeith by this time.*" And so they were. He had them sent on board a tender lying in Leith Roads, which he knew was to sail that morning. This was done by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence. They had been troublesome, and this was the very way to deal with such people. Such proceedings were far from uncommon; and legal redress was very seldom resorted to.

Laing had an incomprehensible reverence for Dugald Stewart. Stewart used to tell how he was walking in the meadows very early one morning, when he saw a number of people within the inclosure seemingly turning up the turf; and that, upon going up to them he found his friend, Jamie Laing, who explained that in these short light nights, there was nothing going on with the blackguards, "and so ye see, Mr. Professor, I've just brought oot the constables to try our hands at the mondieworts."—*Cockburn's Memorials.*

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

At the time of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's arrest, his wife (the well-known Pamela), had taken refuge in the house of the father of Lord Cloncurry, in Merrion-street, Dublin, though without his knowledge. She was pursued there by the police in search of papers; and some which she had concealed in her bedroom were discovered and seized. Among other prizes taken, upon this occasion, was a seal, pronounced by the *quidnuncs* of the Castle to be the intended Great Seal of the Irish Republic. In Appendix No. 23 of the Report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, printed in 1799, there is an engraving of the impression of this seal, "found in the custody of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when he was apprehended," together with the following description:—"In a circle, Hibernia holding in her right hand an imperial crown over a shield. On her

left hand is an Irish harp, over it a dagger, and at its foot lie two hogs."

Now, the Seal which the Committee of Secrecy looked upon with so much horror, was a cast from an original cut for Lord Cloncurry, by Strongitharm, during one of his Lordship's earliest visits to London. The device is a harp, from which Britannia (not Hibernia,) has removed with the right hand, not an imperial but an Irish crown, and planted a dagger in its stead. Her left hand is represented breaking the strings of the harp; at the foot of which lie, not two hogs, but two Irish wolf-dogs sleeping at their post. All this is very plain to be seen. Britannia is arrayed in her ordinary helmet; and her child, bearing the cross of St. George, lies beside her; the crown in her hand is as unlike the imperial crown as can well be imagined: it is manifestly the old Irish pointed-diadem. The seal itself was not designed for the broad seal of the Irish, or any other republic; but was simply a fancy emblem which Lord Cloncurry chose to illustrate his patriotic enthusiasm. There were subsequently a few casts from the original made in glass by Tassie, of Leicester-square: one of these casts given to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, became renowned in story under the *imprimatur* of the Committee of Secrecy. In Lord Cloncurry's *Personal Recollections* are engraved the two seals.

REBELLION WINDFALLS.

When Lord Edward Fitzgerald became obnoxious to the law, Leinster House, the residence of his brother, the Duke of Leinster, was ransacked in the most insulting manner, in a search for criminatory documents; and when the Rebellion broke out, a number of the houses in the Duke's town of Kildare were wantonly burned, and several of his tenants hung upon the elm trees in the avenue leading to his house at Carton. It is a curious fact, that both these brutal outrages involved incidents productive of very considerable advantages to the subject of them. By the burning of the houses in Kildare, a wholesale clearance of an idle and mischievous tenantry was effected, much to the benefit of the property, but which his Grace's kindness of heart prevented him from accomplishing. Among the tenants hanged, to annoy the landlord rather than to punish the immediate sufferers, was a man, upon the fall of whose life a number of leases expired, and a considerable addition to the Duke's income immediately accrued; so shortsighted do men often show themselves in doing the bidding of their evil passions, no less than in their attempts to accomplish good.

LORD CLONMEL AND JOHN MAGEE.

Lord Clonmel one day said to Lord Cloncurry: "My dear Val, I have been a fortunate man in life. I am a chief justice and an earl; but, believe me, I would rather be beginning the world as a young sweep." A fortunate man, [observes Lord C.] he certainly was, and in nothing more than in the period of his death, which took place the day before the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1798.

Lord Clonmel had a villa named Temple Hill, close to Seapoint, which was made the scene of an ingenious stroke of vengeance by John Magee, then printer of the *Dublin Evening Post* newspaper. Mr. Magee had been tried before his lordship for a seditious libel, and, as he thought, had been treated with undue severity by the Bench. He was subjected to very rigorous imprisonment, on the expiry of which he announced his intention of clearing off old scores. Accordingly, he had advertisements posted about the town, stating that he found himself the owner of a certain sum [14,000*l.*] 10,000*l.* of which he had settled upon his family, and the balance, it was his intention, "with the blessing of God, to spend upon Lord Clonmel." Accordingly, he invited all his fellow-citizens to a "*bra pleasura*," to be held upon a certain day in the fields adjoining Temple Hill demense. The fête was a strange one. Several thousand persons, including the entire disposable mob of Dublin, of both sexes, assembled early in the morning, and proceeded to enjoy themselves in tents and booths erected for the occasion. There were also various sports—such as climbing poles for prizes, running races in sacks, grinning through horse-collars, and so forth; and when the crowd had attained its maximum density, a number of active pigs, with their tails shaved and soaped, were let loose, and it was announced that each pig would become the property of any one who could catch and hold it by the tail. The pigs frightened and hemmed in by the crowd in all other directions, rushed through the hedges which then separated the grounds of Temple Hill from the open fields; forthwith all their pursuers followed in a body, and chasing over the shrubberies and parterres, soon revenged John Magee upon the noble owner.

FATE OF COLONEL DESPARD.

This gallant but unfortunate officer appears to have fallen into a sea of troubles through his devoted loyalty. In the course of his service he was the companion and friend of Lord Nelson, during his co-operation with whom, at the siege of Honduras, in his zeal for the public cause, he advanced large sums of money from his own

resources, for the promotion of the operations of the war. For this, as well as for his gallantry and ability, he was thanked by Parliament, but *not repaid*. On his arrival in England, he pressed his claims for repayment upon the ministry; and irritated by the delays and difficulties thrown in his way by officials, he became passionate beyond control. He appealed to the House of Commons, but in vain. He then fell into pecuniary difficulties, became excited to desperation, wrote violent letters to Ministers, and having joined the London Corresponding Society, was taken up under the Act for suspending the writ of Habeas Corpus, and confined in Coldbath Fields prison. Here Lord Cloncurry found Despard, who had served many years in tropical climates, imprisoned in a stone cell, 6 feet by 8, furnished with a truckle-bed, and a small table; there was no chair, fireplace, or window, light being only admitted through a barred but unglazed aperture over the door, opening into a paved yard, at the time covered with snow. Despard was confined, we believe, from the winter of 1797 until the spring of 1804, by which time he had grown worn and wan, and of unsound mind. In talking over the condition of Ireland with Lord Cloncurry, the Colonel said, that though "he had not seen his country for thirty years, he had never ceased thinking of it and of its misfortunes, and the main object of his visit [to Lord C.] was to disclose his discovery of an infallible remedy for the latter—viz., a voluntary separation of the sexes, so as to leave no future generation obnoxious to oppression." This plan of cure would, he said, defy the machinations of the enemies of Ireland to interrupt its complete success.

A year after this conversation, this poor madman, at the Oakley Arms public-house, in Lambeth, was apprehended, with thirty-two other persons, on a charge of treasonable conspiracy, tending to destroy the King and subvert the Government—one feature of the plot being to take the Tower. In February following (1802) the Colonel, with nine associates, were tried by a Special Commission, and being all found guilty, seven of them, including Despard, were executed February 21, on the top of Horsemonger-lane gaol.

BONAPARTE FIRST CONSUL

Lord Cloncurry relates some interesting *Recollections* of the First Consul in 1802. His lordship was, through Marshal Berthier, presented at the Tuileries, attended a grand review, and dined with the Emperor on the day of presentation. "The occasion," says Lord Cloncurry, "at which Lord Holland was also present, was a remarkable one. We were received in the magnificent rooms of the Tuileries, in great state; the stairs and ante-rooms being lined by men of the *corps*

d'élite, in their splendid uniforms, and baldricks of buff leather, edged with silver. Upon our introduction, refreshments were offered, and a circle was formed, as at a private *entrée*. Napoleon entered freely into conversation with Lord Holland and myself, inquiring, among other matters, respecting the meaning of an Irish peerage, the peculiar characters of which, and its difference from an English peerage, I had some difficulty in making him comprehend. While we were conversing, three knocks were heard at the door, and a deputation from the Conservative Senate presented itself, as if unexpectedly, and was admitted. The leader of the deputation addressed the First Consul in a set oration, tendering him the Consulate for life, to which he responded in an *extempore* speech, which, nevertheless, he read from a paper concealed in the crown of his hat.

"Bonaparte was at that time very slight and thin in person, and, as far as I could judge, not possessed of much more information upon general subjects than of confidence in his own oratorical powers. Upon my expressing some surprise afterwards at the character of his remarks, I recollect General Lawless telling me that he and some other Irishmen (I believe Wolfe Tone was among them), had a short time before been engaged in a discussion with him respecting a project for the invasion of Ireland, when, after making many inquiries, and hearing their answers, he remarked that it was a pity so fine a country should be so horribly infested with wolves! Lawless and his companions assured him that such was not the case, to which he deigned no reply, but a contemptuous *bah!*"

One of the Abbé Sièyes's constitutions proposed to have a grand functionary, with no power except to give away offices; upon which Napoleon, then First Consul, to whom the proposition was tendered, asked if it well became him to be made a "*Cochon à l'engrais à la somme de trois milles par an*?" (a hog to be fatted at the rate of 120,000*l.* a-year).

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

When Lord Cloncurry was at Rome, in 1803, he became somewhat of a favourite with the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal York, whom Lord C. always addressed as "*Majesty*," thus going a step further than the Duke of Sussex, who was on familiar terms with him, and always applied to him the style of Royal Highness.

The Cardinal was in the receipt of an income of eight or nine thousand pounds a-year, of which he received 4000*l.* from his royal rival, George III., and the remainder from his ecclesiastical benefices. This revenue was then in Italy equivalent to at least 20,000*l.*; and it enabled his Eminence to assume somewhat of royal state. He received visitors very hospitably at Frascati, where Lord Cloncurry

was a frequent visitor, and was often amused by a reproduction of the scenes between Sancho Panza and his physician, during the reign of the squire, in the island of Barataria. His Eminence was an invalid, and under a strict regimen; but as he still retained his taste for savoury meats, a contest usually took place between him and his servants for the possession of each rich dish which they formally set before him, and then endeavoured to snatch away, while he, with greater eagerness, strove to seize it in its transit. Among the Cardinal's most favourite attendants was a miserable cur dog, which one day attached itself to his Eminence at the gate of St. Peter's, an occurrence to which he constantly referred, as a proof of his true royal blood—the cur being, as he supposed, a King Charles spaniel, and therefore endowed with an instinctive hereditary acquaintance with the House of Stuart.

Lord Cloncurry presented the Cardinal with a telescope, which he seemed to fancy, and received from him in return, the large medal struck in honour of his accession to his unsubstantial throne. Upon one side of this medal was the royal bust, with the Cardinal's hat, and the words, *Henricus nonus Dei gratia Rex*, and upon the other, the arms of England, with the motto:—*Haud desideris Nominum, sed voluntate Dei*. The Cardinal was greatly delighted with the present, especially from its being of English manufacture.

INVASION PANIC OF 1803.

When the country was alarmed by the expected invasion of England by Bonaparte, George III. wrote, November 30, 1803, to Bishop Hurd, who was highly esteemed by the King:—

“We are here in daily expectation that Bonaparte will attempt his threatened invasion. The chances against his success seem so many, that it is wonderful he persists in it. I own I place that thorough dependence on the protection of Divine Providence that I cannot help thinking the usurper is encouraged to make the trial that the ill-success may put an end to his wicked purposes. Should his troops effect a landing, I shall certainly put myself at the head of mine, and mine other armed subjects, to repel them. But as it is impossible to foresee the events of such a conflict, should the enemy approach too near to Windsor, I shall think it right the Queen and my daughters should cross the Severn, and shall send them to your episcopal palace at Worcester. By this hint I do not in the least mean that they shall be any inconvenience to you, and shall send a proper servant and furniture for their accommodation. Should this event arise, I certainly would rather have what I value most in life remain, during the conflict, in your diocese, and under your roof, than in any other place in the island.”

FATE OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

While the First Consul was meditating his descent upon England, in 1804, his life and government had been imperilled by the conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru. The Duc d'Enghien, as is well known, was the innocent victim of this affair, having been arrested on neutral territory, and shot in a ditch, without a trial, in order to strike the Bourbons with terror. While the printed account shows that the plot was a formidable one, that the death of Napoleon and a counter-revolution were really not remote contingencies, and that there were some slight grounds to suspect an intrigue between Dumouriez and the Duke, it also impliedly acquits the Prince of any share in the main conspiracy, and throws the guilt of his cruel fate exclusively on the First Consul. From the list of charges against the Duke, entirely in Napoleon's writing, it is plain that he did not possess any proofs sufficient even for the tribunal of Vincennes to convict the prisoner of a design against his life.

These monstrous charges speak for themselves, and accord well with the midnight dungeon, the irresponsible conclave, the undefended prisoner, and the grave dug before the trial for the victim! Moreover, the volume of Napoleon's *Correspondence*, in which these details are given, has not a trace of the alleged over-rapidity of Savory, of the suppression of the Prince's letter by Talleyrand, of the order said to have been given to Real to suspend the execution after the sentence, and to await the result of a regular examination—of the hundred and one excuses, in short, which have been urged for Napoleon by his apologists. On the contrary, from the following letter we infer that he wished to avoid discussion about a purpose already determined, and that he feared lest public opinion should condemn his design on the Duc d'Enghien. It is addressed to the Commandant of Vincennes:—

"A person, whose name is to remain unknown, will be brought to the fortress confided to your care; you are to put him in a vacant cell, and to take every precaution for his safe keeping. The intention of the Government is to *keep all proceedings concerning him most secret*. No question is to be put to him as to who he is, or why he is detained. Even you are not to know who the prisoner is. No one is to communicate with him but yourself; no one else is to see him until fresh orders. He will probably arrive this night."

Napoleon's Government, though very despotic, was not, however, usually cruel; and this great crime which, perhaps, was caused by the haunting dread of an assassin's arm, was an exception to its general tenor.

NAPOLEON AND FOUCHÉ.

Napoleon one day summoned Fouché, then Minister of Police, and told him that he was astonished that a person of his noted dexterity did not do his business better; and that things were going on of which he knew nothing. "Yes," said the minister, "there are things which I was ignorant of, but which I know now: for example, a little man, in a three-cornered hat, wearing a blue frock-coat, leaves the palace every second day; returns between eight and nine in the evening, by the small door of the pavilion Marsan, above the kitchens, and, accompanied by a single person, taller than himself, but habited in the same manner, gets into a hackney-coach, and goes straight to rue Chanteraine, No. 38, to the house of La Grazzini; the little man is yourself, to whom this singular opera-singer is unfaithful in favour of Rode, the violin-player, who lodges in rue du Mont Blanc, *Hôtel de l'Empire*." As soon as Fouché had done, Napoleon, turning his back upon the minister, began to walk up and down, with his hands behind him, whistling an Italian air; and Fouché retired without adding another word.

FRENCH DISTINCTION.

When, in 1805, Patrick Lattin, an officer of the Irish Brigade, was residing in Paris, a M. de Montmorency, whose Christian name was Anne, made his appearance, announcing that he was enabled to return to France, in consequence of the First Consul having scratched his name on the list of *émigrés*. "*A present donc,*" observed Lattin, "*mon cher Anne, tues un zebre—un âne rayée.*"

AN IRISH ANTI-UNIONIST.

Wogan Browne, a virulent opponent of the Irish Union, was a magistrate of Kildare, Meath, and Dublin, and was highly popular, and irreproachable as a magistrate of these three counties. Nevertheless, some time in 1797, he was one Sunday riding past a field where the country-people were about to hold a football-match. The whole assembly paid their respects to him; and at their request, he got off his horse, and opened the sports by giving the ball the first kick—a sort of friendly sanctioning of the amusements of their neighbours, which was then not unusual among the gentry in Ireland. The custom, however, was not approved of by the Government; and Lord Chancellor Clare, upon being informed of what Wogan Browne had done, at once suspended him in the commission of the peace. He was soon afterwards restored by Chancellor Ponsonby, upon the accession of the ministry of All the Talents;

but was again, without further cause, deprived of his commission for two of the counties, by Lord Chancellor Manners. This stupid insult, both to the individual and to the body of magistrates—for, if Mr. Browne was unfit to be a justice of the peace for two counties, it was an insult to associate him with the magistrates of a third—was warmly resented by the gentry of Kildare.

Another occurrence in Browne's history shows more forcibly how precarious was the hold which, in those days, such a man enjoyed of his life. He was in the year 1798 seized as a rebel in the street of Naas, his county town, by some hostile soldiers, and a rope placed about his neck, for the purpose of hanging him, when the accidental arrival of a dragoon, with a letter addressed to him by the Lord Lieutenant, on public business, interrupted his captors in the work of murder.

Wogan Browne died at Castle Browne about five-and-thirty years ago; and the final scene was another illustration of a miserable phase of Irish society. He had been himself a Protestant; but his brother, and his sister, who, indeed, was a nun, were Roman Catholics. Upon these respective grounds, the two parties among his neighbours claimed the right of interring his body according to their particular customs; and they fought out the quarrel in the churchyard over his coffin: which party prevailed is not stated; but Lord Cloncurry, who relates the above, adds, that "no man ever was buried, who, during life, exhibited or entertained less of sectarian rancour, or whose living feelings were less in unison with the passions which signalized his funeral."

NAPOLEON I. AND THE SENTINEL.

In the printshops may still be seen occasionally a representation of the Emperor Napoleon brought to a standstill by one of his own sentinels, in consequence of his inability to give the password. The veteran who, in obedience to his orders, was so near running his bayonet into his Majesty, was Coluche, who gives the following account of the affair: "It was in 1809, after the victory of Ebersberg, that I was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow anybody to pass unless accompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening a person wearing a grey overcoat came towards my post and wanted to pass. I lowered my bayonet, and called out, 'Nobody passes here.' Those were the words I used, and I never added 'even if you were the little corporal himself,' as has been wrongfully imputed to me since, because I did not know I had the Emperor before me. The person came on without seeming

to notice what I said; and I then brought my bayonet to the charge, and called out, 'If thou takest another step, I will run my bayonet into thy stomach.' The noise brought out the whole of the staff, the Emperor returned to his quarters, and I was carried off to the guard-house. 'You are lost, my boy,' said my comrades; 'you have committed an assault on the Emperor!' 'Stop a bit,' I said; 'what of my orders? I shall explain all that to the court-martial.' The Emperor sent to fetch me, and when I came into his presence, he said, 'Grenadier, thou mayest put a red riband in thy button-hole; I give thee the cross!' 'Thanks, my Emperor,' I answered; 'but there is no shop in this country where I can buy the riband.' 'Well,' replied the Emperor, with a smile, 'take a piece from a woman's red petticoat; that will answer the purpose just as well!' Coluche continued to serve through all the campaigns, when he was not confined to the hospital by his wounds, till the concluding battle of Waterloo, after which he was discharged, returned to his village, and resumed his occupation as an agricultural labourer. The old soldier has been received at Fontainebleau by the late Emperor, who, according to the French journals, conversed with him a considerable time, and, among other questions, asked him, "Though you did not know it was the Emperor, would you really have shot him?" To which the veteran replied, "No, Sire, I would only have wounded him with my bayonet."

PREDICTIONS OF THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON.

Brialmont and Gleig, in their *Memoirs of Wellington*, relate:—Mr. Pitt received, during dinner, when Sir Arthur Wellesley and other eminent persons were present, intelligence of the capitulation of Mack, at Ulm, and the march of the Emperor upon Vienna. One of the friends of the Prime Minister, on hearing of the reverse, exclaimed, "All is lost! there are no other means of opposing Napoleon." "You are mistaken," said Pitt, "there is yet hope, if I can succeed in stirring up a national war in Europe—a war which ought to begin in Spain."—"Yes, gentlemen, Spain will be the first nation in which that war of patriotism shall be lighted up which can alone deliver Europe."

At a moment when the prestige of the Empire was accepted everywhere, Wellington not only expressed doubts as to the stability of that edifice, which seemed as if it must endure for ages, but pointed out distinctly the causes which must operate to throw it down, and the means by which its fall might be hastened.

In December, 1811, Wellington wrote to Lord William Bentinck, 'I have long considered it probable that we shall see a general

resistance throughout Europe to the horrible and base tyranny of Bonaparte, and that we shall be called upon to play a leading part in the drama, as counsellors as well as actors."

In a letter to Lord Liverpool, in 1811, Wellington wrote: "I am convinced, that if we can only hold out a little longer, we shall see the world emancipated." And to Dumouriez, July, 1811: "It is impossible that Europe can much longer submit to the debasing tyranny which oppresses it."

Brialmont and Gleig summarily observe: "It may truly be said that the Duke foretold in succession, the final success of the war in Spain—the influence which that war would exercise over public opinion in other nations—the *general rising of Europe against Bonaparte*—the fall of the Empire—the disastrous campaign in Russia—and the awakening of the public spirit in Germany."

ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL.

On the evening of May 11, 1812, Mr. Spencer Perceval, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his friend Mr. Stephen, was on his way to the House of Commons, sitting in Committee upon an important question. Mr. Perceval was later than the appointed time; and the first witness was being examined, when a messenger deputed to bring the minister, met him walking towards the House with Mr. Stephen, arm-in-arm. He instantly, with his accustomed activity, darted forward to obey the summons, but for which Mr. Stephen, who happened to be on his left side, would have been the victim of the assassin's pistol, which prostrated Mr. Perceval as he entered the lobby. He staggered forward with a slight exclamation, and fell expiring. The incident was so sudden, that the assassin was at first disregarded by the bystanders. He was at length seized, and examined, when another loaded pistol was found upon him. The wretched man, by name John Bellingham, had no kind of quarrel with Mr. Perceval, but complained of a suit at St. Petersburg having been neglected by our ambassador there, Lord Granville, whom he intended to have destroyed had not Mr. Perceval fallen first in his way. He never attempted to escape; but was taken, committed, tried, condemned, executed, dissected, all within one week after he fired the shot. Lord Brougham says of this indecent haste, "so great an outrage upon justice was never witnessed in modern times; for the application to delay the trial, until evidence of Bellingham's insanity could be brought from Liverpool, was refused; and the trial proceeded, while the court, the witnesses, the jury, and the people, were under the influence of the feelings

naturally excited by the deplorable slaughter of one of the most eminent and virtuous men in any rank of the community."

It appears that Mr. John Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redwith, in Cornwall, had a dream representing the assassination of Mr. Perceval on the night after its occurrence, when the fact could not be known to him by any ordinary means, and he mentioned the fact to many persons during the interval between the dream and his receiving notice of its fulfilment. According to the account furnished to Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Williams dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately after, he saw a man dressed in a brown coat with yellow basket-buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who fell instantly, the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast. Mr. Williams saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, and observed his countenance; and on asking who the gentleman was who had been shot, he was told it was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He then awoke, and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it; but the dream was repeated a second and a third time. At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation; and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all the acquaintance that he met. Next day Mr. Williams's daughter and son-in-law came to Scorrier House, when Mr. Williams described to the latter Mr. Perceval, although he, Mr. W., had never seen him, had any business with him, or been in the lobby of the House of Commons. Meanwhile, another of Mr. Williams's sons arrived from Truro, where he had seen a gentleman who had come by that evening's mail from London, and who, on the previous evening, had seen Bellingham shoot Mr. Perceval in the House of Commons lobby; and next Mr. Williams described particularly the appearance and dress of the assassin whom he had seen, in his dream, fire the pistol. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, (where he had never been before,) and there, at the steps at the entrance said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection in my dream as any in my house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and when and how he fell. The dress, both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham, also agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particulars. Mr. Williams died in April, 1841, after the publication of the account of

his dream, the narrative of which, or any particulars of it, has never been contradicted; he is described as a man of strict integrity, proof against all temptation, and above all reproach.

Among the persons in the lobby of the House of Commons at the moment of the assassination, was Samuel Crompton, who was looking out for the reward promised him by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his invention of the spinning mule. Crompton was in conversation with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Blackburn, upon the subject of his claim, which was about to be brought forward, when one of these gentlemen remarked, "Here comes Mr. Perceval." The group was immediately joined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who addressed them with the remark, "You will be glad to know that we mean to propose twenty thousand pounds for Crompton; do you think that will be satisfactory?" Mr. Crompton did not hear the reply, as he had left the party, and walked down a short stair leading out of the lobby; but before he left it he heard a great rush of people, and exclamations that Mr. Perceval had been shot—which was indeed the fact. The assassin, Bellingham, in an instant, had deprived the country of a valuable minister, and Crompton lost a friend and patron of the most critical importance to his fortune. Crompton did not, however, hear the shot, though so near the scene of the tragedy, nor did he see Mr. Perceval fall. The foundation on which his reasonable hopes were built was thus swept away.—*French's Life and Times of Crompton*, 2nd edit.

Mr Perceval, when he was shot, had in his hand a memorandum, as follows :

"Crompton—20,000l.
10,000l.
5,000l.,"

which was understood to signify not less than 5,000l., but 20,000l. if possible. After having haunted the lobby of the House of Commons for five wearisome months, the paltry sum of 5,000l. was voted to Crompton for what he had done to extend the principal manufacture of the country.

GRAMMAR AND VIRTUE.

When Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before. "Ah! you must at least have heard of him; that's the celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on *Grammar*, and another on *Virtue*."—"What the devil, then, brings him here? I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in

the House of Commons."—Malone, however, states that Townshend knew Harris well, and the above was merely a trap for saying a good thing.

PAIRING OFF.

Soame Jenyns, seeing at the House of Commons some members pairing off in the Speaker's Chamber, said, "I think there are no happy pairs now in England but those who pair here."

WATCHING AND SLEEPING.

When a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons for better watching the Metropolis, in order to contribute towards effecting which object one of the clauses went to propose that watchmen should be *compelled* to sleep during the daytime, Lord Nugent, with admirable humour, got up, and desired that "he might be personally included in the provisions of the Bill, being frequently so tormented with gout as to be unable to sleep either by day or by by night."

ELECTION REPARTEE.

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new dress to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry of "*Miss Wilberforce for ever!*" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for really I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce* for ever."

PARLIAMENTARY PERSONALITIES.

Lord Colchester relates, that during his Speakership of the Commons, in the course of debate, Sir Joseph Yorke angrily called Whitbread "a brewer of bad porter." There was a violent uproar in the House. Whitbread instantly took the thing with good humour, and the Speaker refused to let anybody else speak till the uproar subsided. He then rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I rise as a tradesman to complain of the gallant officer for abusing the commodity which I sell;" upon which the whole House burst into laughter and approbation at the self-command and good humour with which Whitbread put an end to the fury of his friends.

Sir Joseph Yorke was addicted to personalities. One night, when speaking to a motion by Alderman Waithman, who was a linen-draper, Sir Joseph illustrated his argument by assuming "a share or a *share*! it mattered not which."

RATIONALE OF RATTING—WRITTEN SPEECHES.

When the late Lord Dudley began life as Mr. Ward, he embraced, like most youthful politicians, the captivating theories of Whigism; but when he grew older, and came to his title, he became (like most men when they acquire "a stake in the country") a Tory. Some time after the change, Lord Byron was asked what it would take to re-*whig* Dudley? The Poet replied, "he must first be re-Ward-ed."

Lord Dudley and Ward openly avowed and defended the practice of pre-writing speeches, learning them by heart, and reciting them in Parliament. For this notion, and his severe treatment of Fox, in the *Quarterly Review* he was much assailed by the epigrammatists of the day, and among the results was Rogers's *jeu-d'esprit*:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

A TUMBLE-DOWN.

It is curious to observe how, in some instances, great names and historical reputations are forfeited by some paltry means. Thus, Jörgen Jörgenson, the Dane, who deserves to be remembered for his singular career, and who, with an army of eight persons, established himself as Protector of Iceland, late in life was transported at the Old Bailey for pilfering from his lodgings in Warren-street, Fitzroy-square!

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Charles Townshend and his brother George were at supper at the King's Arms, with some other young men. The conversation, somehow or other, rambled into politics, and it was started that the National Debt was a benefit. "I am sure it is not," said Mr. Townshend; "I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments." Charles was at supper at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message that he literally called for pen, ink, and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that when his company broke up he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning.

THE CIVIL LIST.

One of the candidates for the Dublin University, at an election, said of his opponent, that his speech proved but "the vulgarity of his own nature, which not even a University education could refine." To this the gentleman assailed replied, that "it was a great pity, when his opponent had secured a retiring pension of three thousand per annum on the consolidated fund, that he had not managed to put his tongue upon the civil list."

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT ARRESTED, AND COMMITTED TO THE TOWER.

The great event of the political career of Sir Francis Burdett was his committal by the House of Commons, in 1810, for a letter addressed to his constituents denying the power of the House to imprison delinquents, which he published in Cobbett's *Political Register*, and which the House voted to be libellous and scandalous. Burdett was taken from the house, No. 80, Piccadilly, on the 6th of April. The arrest had been made by forcing open the area windows and doors of the house, after a fruitless attempt to get by a ladder in at the drawing-room window. Sir Francis was then found in his drawing-room with his family, viz. his brother and son, with some ladies, and a tall, stout Irish gentleman [this was Roger O'Connor, the brother of Arthur O'Connor, the Irish traitor]. About twenty or thirty persons, constables and magistrates, with the serjeant and deputy-serjeant at their head, went into the room. Sir Francis Burdett desired the serjeant to produce his authority and read his warrant, which he did. Sir Francis said it was illegal, and he should not go, unless forced. Then the serjeant touched him by the arm, and Sir Francis Burdett, with his brother and a servant, went downstairs to the coach, which was ready at the door. The deputy-serjeant and a messenger went with Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Jones Burdett, his brother, in the coach; Sir Francis's servant behind it: the serjeant went on horseback before. The military force present at the arrest were the Guards and a large body of cavalry. The Life Guards attended the coach on each side, and before and behind. The 15th Light Dragoons led the way. They went round by Portland-street and the City-road, through Finsbury-square and the Minories, to the Tower. Tower-hill was covered by the mob. Lord Moira received Sir Francis Burdett in the Governor's apartments in the Tower, and the Lieutenant gave Mr. Colman a receipt, and Sir Francis gave Mr. Colman a letter to convey to Lady Burdett. The carriage stopped at the palisade of the Tower, near the lions; and Sir Francis Burdett, with the serjeant, went on foot over the bridge, and under the gateway, to the Governor's apartments. Lord Moira gave him his hand upon his entrance, and offered him the whole range of the Tower if he would give his word and honour not to pass the gates; which Sir Francis undertook—and he kept his word.

While the news of the committal was the subject of conversation, a sentimental young lady inquired what Sir Francis had done? "Alas!" said her lover, "he is the victim of an unfortunate attach-

ment." Tears of commiseration came into the lady's eyes, and when her informant left her, she indited some dozen stanzas on Constancy, and sent them to Sir Francis in prison. Having communicated this to her lover, he lost her favour for ever by explaining that Sir Francis, "so far from being a victim of the tender passion," had been only *attached* for high treason."

Sir Francis Burdett died January 23, 1844, in his 74th year. After reading the above account of his being besieged in his house in Piccadilly, his committal to the Tower, and his withstanding many subsequent years of strong political excitement, the story of his death reads strangely. He had been married to Lady Burdett fifty years; when, towards the close of 1843, her health gave way, and she died on Jan. 10 following. Her death sounded her husband's knell. Such was his grief that life became to him an insupportable burthen. Resolutely refusing food or nourishment of any kind, [as we learn from Sir Bernard Burke,] he died on the 23rd of the same month; and husband and wife were buried side by side in the same vault, at the same hour, on the same day, in the church of Ramsbury, Wilts.

FIRE AND SMOKE.

When Curran visited France in 1814, he wrote in pencil on the column erected about a mile to the west of Boulogne, by Napoleon, to commemorate his attempt to invade England :

"When Ambition achieves its desire,
How Fortune must laugh at the joke;
He rose in a pillar of fire,
To set in a pillar of smoke."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Capt. Gronow, who, in his own words, "took but a humble part in this great contest, yet had opportunities of seeing and hearing much, both during and after the battle," has related these stirring episodes.

"The whole of the British infantry not actually engaged, were, on the morning of the 18th, formed into squares; and, as you looked along our lines, it seemed as if we formed a continuous wall of human beings. "I recollect," says the Captain, "distinctly being able to see Bonaparte and his staff; and some of my brother officers, using the glass, exclaimed, 'There he is on his white horse.'"

"About 4 P.M. the enemy's artillery in front of us ceased firing all of a sudden, and we saw large masses of cavalry advance; not a man present who survived could have forgotten, in after life, the awful grandeur of that charge. You perceived at a distance what

appeared to be an overwhelming, long moving line, which, ever advancing, glittered, like a stormy wave of the sea, when it catches the sunlight. On came the mounted host until they got near enough, whilst the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath their thundering tramp. One might suppose that nothing could have resisted the shock of this terrible moving mass. They were the famous cuirassiers. In an almost incredibly short period, they were within twenty yards of us, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur!*' The word of command, 'Prepare to receive cavalry,' had been given, every man in the front ranks knelt, and a wall bristling with steel, held together by steady hands, presented itself to the infuriated cuirassiers.

"Just before this charge, the Duke entered by one of the angles of the square, accompanied only by one *aide-de-camp*; all the rest of the staff being either killed or wounded. Our Commander-in-Chief, as far as I could judge, appeared perfectly composed; but looked very thoughtful and pale. He was dressed in a grey great-coat with a cape, white cravat, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a large cocked-hat *à la Russe*.

"The charge of the French cavalry was gallantly executed; but our long well-directed fire brought men and horses down, and ere long the utmost confusion arose in their ranks. The officers were exceedingly brave, and by their gestures and fearless bearing did all in their power to encourage their men to form again and renew the attack. The Duke sat unmoved, mounted on his favourite charger. I recollect his asking Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, upon which Stanhope took out his watch, and said it was twenty minutes past four; the Duke replied, 'The battle is mine; and if the Prussians arrive soon, there will be an end of the war.'

"During the terrible fire of artillery which preceded the repeated charges of the cuirassiers against our squares, many shells fell amongst us. We were lying down, when a shell fell between Captain (after Colonel) Colquitt and another officer. In an instant Colquitt jumped up, caught the shell as if had been a cricket-ball, and flung it over the heads of both officers and men, thus saving the lives of many brave fellows."

Then comes the soldierly narrative of *the last Charge*:—"It was about five o'clock, that we suddenly received orders to retire behind an elevation in our rear. The enemy's artillery had come up *en masse* within a hundred yards of us. By the time they began to discharge their guns, however, we were lying down behind the rising ground, and protected by a ridge. The enemy's cavalry was in the rear of their artillery, in order to be ready to protect it if attacked; but no attempt was made on our part to do so. After they had pounded

away at us for about half-an-hour, they deployed, and up came the whole mass of the Imperial infantry of the Guard, led on by the Emperor in person. We had now before us, probably, about 20,000 of the best soldiers in France, the heroes of many memorable victories; we saw the bear-skin rise higher and higher, as they ascended the ridge of ground which separated us, and advanced nearer and nearer to our lines.

"It was at this moment that the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line; these are the precise words he made use of—'Guards, get up and charge.' We were instantly on our legs, and after ten weary hours of inaction and irritation at maintaining a purely defensive attitude—all the time suffering the loss of comrades and friends—the spirit which animated officers and men may easily be imagined. After firing a volley, as soon as the enemy were within shot, we rushed on with fixed bayonets, and that hearty hurrah peculiar to British soldiers.

"It appeared that our men, deliberately and with calculation, singled out their victims; for as they came upon the Imperial Guard, our line broke, and the fighting became irregular, the impetuosity of our men seemed almost to paralyze their enemy; I witnessed several of the Imperial Guard who were run through the body apparently without any resistance on their parts. I observed a big Welshman of the name of Hughes, who was 6 feet 7 inches in height, run through with his bayonet and knock down with the butt end of his firelock, I should think, a dozen, at least, of his opponents. This terrible contest did not last more than ten minutes, for the Imperial Guard was seen in full retreat, leaving all their guns and many prisoners in our hands."

WELLINGTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

As might be expected, the Duke was applied to by several persons for details of this great battle. His replies are very characteristic; the first is dated from Cambrai, April 10th, 1816:—

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir John Sinclair, and is much obliged to him for the account of the defence of Hougoumont. The battle of Waterloo is, undoubtedly, one of the most interesting events of modern times; but the Duke entertains no hopes of ever seeing an account of all its details which shall be true. The detail, even, of the defence of Hougoumont is not exactly true; and the Duke begs leave to suggest to Sir John Sinclair, that the publication of details of this kind which are not exact cannot be attended with any utility."

But the persevering Scotchman was not to be so easily got rid of; he writes again, to which the Duke replies:—

“I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called ‘Relations,’ ‘Impartial Accounts,’ &c. &c., of that transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers, &c. &c., and have published to the world as the truth. Hougoumont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for want of fortifications, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt. I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to suppose that the British army had never fought a battle before, and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea, of the transaction; and this is because the writers have referred as above quoted, instead of to the official sources and reports. It is not true that the British army was unprepared. The story of the Greek is equally unfounded as that of Vandamme having 46,000 men; upon which last point I refer you to Marshal Ney’s report, who upon that point must be the best authority.”

Mr. Mudford was then getting up a big book about the battle; he pressed the Duke for information, and held out the inducement that the work should be dedicated to His Grace, who very rarely permitted this empty sort of compliment, and in this instance he felt the necessity of a refusal more than in any other. However, the Duke, after warning Mudford against the published accounts, gave him these details:—

“You now desire that I should point out to you where you could receive information on this event, on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own despatches, published in the *London Gazette*. General Alava’s report is the nearest to the truth of the other *official* reports published; but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others that I have seen cannot be relied upon. To some of these may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blucher and me at La Belle Alliance; and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. *It happens that the meeting*

took place, after ten at night, at the village of Genappe; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies, will see that it *could not be otherwise*. The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo, between eleven and twelve at night."

To Lady Frances Webster the Duke wrote from Brussels, June 19, 1815, half-past eight, on the morning after the battle:—

"Lord Mountnorris may remain in Bruxelles in perfect security. I yesterday, after a most severe and bloody contest, gained a complete victory, and pursued the French till after dark. They are in complete confusion, and I have, I believe, 150 pieces of cannon; and Blucher, who continued the pursuit all night, my soldiers being tired to death, sent me word this morning that he had got 60 more. My loss is immense. Lord Uxbridge, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, General Cook, General Barnes, and Colonel Berkeley are wounded. Colonel De Lancy, Canning, Gordon, General Picton, killed. *The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt.*"

What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words just quoted from his letter. Again, he feelingly wrote: "My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune but for the result to the public."

Wellington would never have fought at Waterloo unless certain of the aid of Blucher: it is idle, therefore, to speculate on the chance of what the event of the day might have been had this support been unexpectedly wanting. French writers assert that he must have been crushed; but from the following interesting passage we see that the Duke held a different opinion. The Rev. Mr. Gleig tells us that—

"After dinner the conversation turned on the Waterloo campaign, when Croker alluded to the criticisms of the French military writers, some of whom contended that the Duke had fought the battle in a position full of difficulty, because he had no practicable retreat. The

Duke said, 'At all events they failed in putting it to the test. The road to Brussels was practicable every yard for such a purpose. I knew every foot of the ground beyond the forest and through it. The forest on each side of the chaussée was open enough for infantry, cavalry, and even for artillery, and very defensible. Had I retreated through it, could they have followed me? The Prussians were on their flank, and would have been on their rear. *The co-operation of the Prussians in the operations I undertook was part of my plan, and I was not deceived. But I never contemplated a retreat on Brussels. Had I been forced from my position, I should have retreated to my right towards the coast, the shipping, and my resources. I had placed Hill where he could have lent me important assistance in many contingencies, and that might have been one.* And, again, I ask, if I had retreated on my right, would Napoleon have ventured to have followed me? The Prussians, already on his flank, would have been on his rear. *But my plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position, and I executed my plan.'*"

It matters little whether it be a pleasing tradition or an historical fact, but it was commonly said that after the Peace, which crowned the immortal services of the Duke of Wellington, that great general, on seeing the playing-fields at Eton, said, there had been won the crowning victory of Waterloo.

THE SPA-FIELDS RIOTS.

When, in 1816, a monster meeting was held in Spa-fields, to petition the Prince Regent on the Corn Laws, Captain Gronow was sent, with a company of Guards, to occupy the adjoining prison. The leaders of the mob, including Major Cartwright, Henry Hunt, and Gale Jones, got information that the soldiers had orders, above all, to pick off the ringleaders, when the leaders left, and the meeting soon dispersed. Several years after this, at the time of the Reform Bill, Hunt was elected member of Parliament for Preston, and Captain Gronow was elected for Stafford. One evening, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, the Captain told Hunt that if any attack had been made upon the prison at Spa-fields, he (Gronow), had given his men orders to pick off Major Cartwright, himself (Hunt), and one or two more. Hunt was perfectly astonished; he became very red, and his eyes seemed to flash fire. "What, sir! do you mean to say that you would have been capable of such an act of barbarity?" "Yes, sir," said Captain Gronow, "and I almost regret you did not give us the opportunity, for your aim that day was to create a revolution, and you would have richly

deserved the fate which you so marvellously escaped by the cowardice or lukewarmness of your followers."

In the riot which followed the Spa-fields Meeting, one Cashman, a sailor, who had joined the mob in plundering the shop of Beckwith, the gunsmith, in Skinner-street, was taken with a gun in his hand: he was tried, found guilty, and hung before Beckwith's shop-door, being the last instance of executing the criminal on the site of his guilt.

POLITICAL PREDICTIONS.

Twenty weeks before the Chinese were compelled to take our opium, Mr. Weekes, of Tichborne-street, indulged in a curious prediction to Mr. Rush, the American resident in this country. "One of these days," said Weekes, "England will oblige China to receive her wares by the strong arm of power." So it came to pass. "But," says Mr. Wade, "may not the hopes of the prophet have been father to his prediction, Mr. Weekes having accumulated an immense collection of ingenious mechanism, for which he only expected a remunerative opening in the Chinese market?"

When, in 1807, Haydon dined with Sir George and Lady Beaumont, he met there Humphrey Davy, who was very entertaining, and made a remark which turned out a singularly successful prophecy; he said, "Napoleon will certainly come in contact with Russia, by pressing forward in Poland, and *there*, probably, will begin his destruction." This was said five years before it happened.

Lord Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, first raised Haydon's enthusiasm for the Duke of Wellington by saying, one day, at table, "If you live to see it, he will be a second Marlborough."

MRS. PARTINGTON AND HER MOP.

This "labour in vain" will be found in the Rev. Sydney Smith's speech at Taunton on the Lords' rejection of the Reform Bill, October, 1831, in the following passage:—

"The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm off Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit

was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

THE LAW'S DELAY.

When the first cargo of Ice was imported into this country from Norway,—there not being such an article in the Custom House schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade: after some delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry goods*;" but the whole cargo had melted before the cargo was cleared up!

COOL SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

During Sir James Mackintosh's Recordership of Bombay, a singular incident occurred. Two Dutchmen having sued for debt two English officers, Lieutenants Macguire and Cauty, these officers resolved to waylay and assault them. This was rather a resolve made in a drunken excitement than a deliberate purpose. Fortunately, the Dutchmen pursued a different route from that which they had intended, and they prosecuted the two officers for the offence of lying in wait with intent to murder. They were found guilty, and brought up for judgment. Previous to his pronouncing judgment, however, Sir James received an intimation that the prisoners had conceived the project of shooting him as he sat on the bench, and that one of them had for that purpose a loaded pistol in his writing-desk. It is remarkable that the intimation did not induce him to take some precautions to prevent its execution—at any rate, not to expose himself needlessly to assassination. On the contrary, the circumstances only suggested the following remarks: "I have been credibly informed that you entertained the desperate project of destroying your own lives at that bar, after having previously destroyed the judge who now addresses you. If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British judge who ever stained with his blood the seat of justice. But I can never die better than in the discharge of my duty." All this eloquence might have been spared. Macguire submitted to the judge's inspection of his writing-desk, and showed him that, though it contained two pistols, neither of them was charged. It is supposed to have been a hoax—a highly mischievous one, indeed—but the statement was *prima facie* so improbable, that it was absurd to give it the slightest credit.

Sir James Mackintosh had a very Parson-Adams-like forgetfulness of common things and lesser proprieties, which was very amusing.

On his arrival at Bombay, there being no house ready for his reception, the Governor offered his garden-house for the temporary accommodation of Sir James and his family, who were so comfortable in their quarters, that they forgot to quit, month after month, till a year had elapsed, when the Governor took forcible possession of his own property. Again, Sir James and his lady, on requesting to inspect the seat of Lord Melville, in Perthshire, were invited to stay two or three days, which were protracted to as many months, till every species of hint was thrown away upon them.

Mackintosh, at his first arrival in London, in the year 1783, lodged with Fraser, a wine-merchant, in Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square. Sir James died in No. 15, Langham-place, Regent-street, May 30, 1832, through a small portion of the breast-bone of a chicken lodging in his throat—his health having been long debilitated from the effects of his residence in India. His learning was abundant; but he wanted method and elegance, which led an ill-natured political opponent to liken him to “a half-polished Scotch pebble.”

THE SIDMOUTH PEERAGE.

The foundation of the Sidmouth Peerage is traceable to one of those fortunate turns which have much to do with worldly success. It is related that while Lord Chatham was residing at Hayes, in Kent, his first coachman being taken ill, the postilion was sent for the family doctor; but not finding him, the messenger returned, bringing with him Mr. Addington, then a practitioner in the place, who, by permission of Lord Chatham, saw the coachman, and reported his ailment. His lordship was so pleased with Mr. Addington, that he employed him as apothecary for the servants, and then for himself; and, Lady Hester Stanhope tells us, “finding he spoke good sense on medicine, and then on politics, he at last made him his physician.” Dr. Addington subsequently practised in the metropolis, then retired to Reading, and there married; and in 1757 was born his eldest son, Henry Addington, who was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and called to the bar in 1784. Through his father’s connexion with the family of Lord Chatham, an intimacy had grown up between young Addington and William Pitt when they were boys. Pitt was now First Minister of the Crown, and through his influence Addington entered upon his long political career, and became in very few years Prime Minister of England: his administration was brief; but he was raised to the peerage in 1805, and held various offices until 1824, when he retired. Lord Sidmouth was an unpopular minister, and not a man of striking

talent; but his aptitude for official business was great. He came in for much of the satire of the day upon the Tory Administration, to which, in evil days, he was attached. He was familiarly called "the Doctor," partly from his father's profession, and partly from his having himself prescribed for George III., in his illness of 1801, a pillow of hopes as a soporific. This gave Canning the opportunity of calling him the Doctor, and George Cruikshank, *pari passu*, the caricaturing of him in the prints of Hone's clever political squibs, with a clyster-pipe hanging out of his pocket.

Family reputation generally proves an insecure stock to begin the world with: the Chatham and Sidmouth families exemplify the reverse of this observation. Nevertheless, there is much truth in the experience of Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), who says: "In public life I have seen full as many men promoted for their father's talents as for their own."

MR. ROGERS'S REMINISCENCES OF LORD ERSKINE.

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth 200,000*l.*, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with."

"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly: they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry-box, and—he was asleep in ten minutes."

To all letters soliciting his "subscription" to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply; viz.: "Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obt. servant," &c.

Erskine used to relate to Mr. Rogers many anecdotes of his early life with much spirit and dramatic effect. He had been in the navy, and he said that he once managed to run a vessel between two rocks, where it seemed almost impossible that she could have been driven. He had also been in the army; and on one occasion saved the life of a soldier who was condemned to death, by making an earnest appeal in his behalf to the general in command and his wife. Erskine, having got the pardon, rode off with it at full speed to the place of execution, where he arrived just as the soldier was kneeling, and the muskets were levelled for the fatal shot.

When he had a house at Hampstead he entertained the best company. Mr. Rogers says: "I have dined there with the Prince of Wales—the only time I ever had any conversation with his Royal

Highness. On that occasion the Prince was very agreeable and familiar. Among other anecdotes which he told us of Lord Thurlow, I remember these two:—The first was, Thurlow once said to the Prince, ‘Sir, your father will continue to be a popular King as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman your mother; but you, Sir, will never be popular.’ The other was this:—While his servants were carrying Thurlow upstairs to his bedroom, just before his death, they happened to let his legs strike against the banisters, upon which he uttered—the last words he ever spoke—a frightful imprecation on ‘all their souls.’”

CHANCELLOR'S CHURCH PATRONAGE.

When Erskine was made Lord Chancellor, Lady Holland never rested till she prevailed on him to give Sydney Smith, her father, a living (Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire). Smith went to thank him for the appointment. “Oh!” said Erskine, “don’t thank me, Mr. Smith. I gave you the living because Lady Holland insisted on my doing so; and if she had desired me to give it to the devil, he must have had it.”

Lord Chancellor Thurlow, on reading Horsley’s Letters to Dr. Priestley, at once obtained for the author a stall at Gloucester, saying that “those who supported the Church should be supported by it.”

OPPOSITION TO GAS LIGHTING.

Miss Martineau, in her *History of England during the Thirty Years’ Peace*, thus vividly paints the difficulties which beset the introduction of this great social invention:—

“The brilliantly-lighted, carefully-watched, safe, orderly, and tranquil London of the present day, presents as great a contrast to the London of 1816, as that again, contrasted with the London of 1762—the year in which the Westminster Paving and Lighting Act was passed. Street robberies, before that period, were the ordinary events of the night. For half a century after this the metropolis had its comparative safety of feeble oil-lamps and decrepid watchmen. The streets were filled with tumultuous vagabonds; and the drowsy guardians of the night suffered every abomination to go on in lawless vigour, happy if their sleep were undisturbed by the midnight row of the drunken rake. In 1807 Pall-Mall was lighted by gas. The persevering German (Winsor), who spent his own money and that of the subscribers to his scheme, had no reward. The original gas company, whose example was to be followed not only by all England, but the whole civilized world, were first derided, and then

treated in Parliament as rapacious monopolists. We turn to the Debates, and we see how they were encouraged in 1816—nine years after it had been found that the invention was of unappreciable public benefit:—‘The company,’ said the Earl of Lauderdale, ‘aimed at a monopoly, which would ultimately prove injurious to the public, and ruin that most important branch of trade, our whale fisheries.’ Alderman Atkins, ‘contended that the measure was calculated to ruin that hardy race of men, the persons employed in the Southern and Greenland whale-fisheries, in each of which a million of money and above a hundred ships were engaged. If the Bill were to pass, it would throw out of employ ten thousand seamen, and above ten thousand ropemakers, sailmakers, mastmakers, &c., connected with that trade.’ At every step of scientific discovery which promises to impart new benefits to mankind, however certain and unquestionable be the benefit, we are called upon to maintain the ancient state of things, amidst the terrible denunciations of ruin to some great interest or other. There never was a nation doomed to such perils by the restless character of its people. They will not let well enough alone, as the only wise men say. In 1816 they risked the existence of the British navy, which depended upon the whale-fisheries, for the trifling advantage of making London as light by night as by day, and bestowing safety and peacefulness upon its million of inhabitants. And yet, at the very moment that this ruin was predicted to oil, it was admitted that we could not obtain a sufficiency of oil.”

To these facts may be added another anecdotic testimony. When Winsor first applied to Parliament to charter a company, to light the streets, the testimony of Accum, the chemist, in favour of the practicability of gas-lighting was bitterly ridiculed by Mr. William Brougham; and Sir Humphry Davy, then President of the Royal Society, asked the inventors, “if it were intended to take the dome of St. Paul’s for a gasometer.”

Soon after the establishment of the first gas-works at Westminster, 1810–12, an extensive explosion took place on the premises, when a committee of the Royal Society was, by request of the Government, appointed to investigate the cause of the catastrophe. They met several times at the gas-works to examine the apparatus, and made a very elaborate Report, in which they stated as their opinion, that if gas-lighting was to become prevalent, the gas-works ought to be at a considerable distance from all buildings; and that the reservoirs should be small and numerous, and always separated from each other by mounds of earth, or strong party-walls!

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the history of warfare more terrific in its consequences than the first broadside that the British fired at Algiers, in 1816. On the morning of August 27, as Lord Exmouth, with the British fleet, was nearing Algiers, his lordship despatched his interpreter, Mr. Salamé, with two letters, one for the Dey, the other for the British Consul. The letter to the Dey demanded the entire abolition of Christian slavery; the delivery of all Christian slaves in the kingdom of Algiers; the restoration of all the money that had been paid for the redemption of slaves by the King of the Two Sicilies and the King of Sardinia; peace between Algiers and the Netherlands; and the immediate liberation of the British Consul, who had been put in chains, and two boats' crews who had been detained with him. The commander's letter to the Consul of course contained an assurance that every effort should be made for his safety; but who, under such circumstances, could forget that when the French Admiral Duquesne, in 1682, bombarded Algiers, the Dey fastened the unhappy French Consul to the mouth of a cannon, and blew him to atoms, in savage defiance of the hostile armament? At eleven o'clock the interpreter reached the mole, in a boat bearing a flag of truce, and delivering his letters to the captain of the port, demanded an answer to the letter addressed to the Dey in one hour. The Algerine engaged that an answer, if answer were returned at all, should be given in two hours; and in the meantime the interpreter remained in a sufficiently uncomfortable situation, within pistol-shot of thousands of the people on the walls and batteries. The interpreter, with his flag of truce, waited for his answer from eleven o'clock till half-past two, but in vain.

During this time a breeze sprung up, the fleet advanced into the Bay, and lay-to within half a mile of the city of Algiers. The interpreter then hoisted the signal that no answer had been given, and the fleet immediately began to bear up, and every ship to take her position. Salamé reached the Queen Charlotte, Lord Exmouth's ship, in safety. Then he saw the change which comes over a brave and decided man at the moment when resolve passes into action. "I was quite surprised to see his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild; and now he seemed to be all fightful, as fierce as a lion which had been chained in its cage and was set at liberty. With all that, his lordship's answer to me was, 'Never mind, we shall see now;' and at the same time he turned towards the officers, saying, 'Be ready.' The Queen Charlotte passed through all the batteries with-

out firing a gun, and took up a position within a hundred yards of the mole-head batteries. At the first shot, which was fired by the Algerines at the Impregnable, Lord Exmouth cried out, 'That will do; fire, my fine fellows!' The miserable Algerines who were looking on, as at a show, with apparent indifference to the consequences, were swept away by hundreds by this first fire from the Queen Charlotte. There was a great crowd of people in every part, many of whom, after the first discharge, I saw running away under the walls like dogs, walking upon their feet and hands." From a quarter before three o'clock till nine, the most tremendous firing on both sides continued without intermission, and the firing did not cease altogether until half-past eleven. During this engagement of nine hours, the allied fleet fired a hundred and eighteen tons of gunpowder, and five hundred tons of shot and shells. The Algerines exclaimed that hell had opened its mouth upon them through the English ships. That the Algerines had plied their instruments of destruction with no common alacrity is sufficiently shown by the fact, that eight hundred and fifty-two officers and men were killed in the British squadron, and sixty-five in the Dutch.

Lord Exmouth says in his despatch: "There were awful movements during the conflict which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasioned by firing the ships so near us." Salamé adds, one of the Algerine frigates, which was in flames, drifted towards the Queen Charlotte within about fifty feet of her; but a breeze springing up carried the burning frigate towards the town. The Algerine batteries around Lord Exmouth's division were silenced about ten o'clock, and were in a complete state of ruin and dilapidation; but a fort at the upper angle of the city continued to annoy our ships, whose firing had almost ceased. This was the moment of the most serious danger to our fleet. Our means of attack were well-nigh expended; the upper batteries of the city could not be reached by our guns; the ships were becalmed. "Providence at this interval," says Lord Exmouth, "gave to my anxious wishes the usual land-wind common in this bay, and my expectations were completed. We were all hands employed warping and towing off, and by the help of the light air the whole were under sail, and came to anchor out of reach of shells about two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour." There, when the ships had hauled out beyond the reach of danger, a sublime spectacle was presented to the wondering eyes of the interpreter, who had ventured out of the safety of the cockpit to the poop of the Queen Charlotte. Nine Algerine frigates and a number of gun-boats were burning within the bay; the storehouses within the mole were on fire; the blaze illumined

all the bay, and showed the town and its environs almost as clear as in the daytime; instead of walls the batteries presented nothing to the sight but heaps of rubbish; and out of these ruins the Moors and Turks were busily employed in dragging their dead. When the fleet had anchored there arose a storm of thunder and lightning which filled up the measure of sublimity, at the close of the twelve awful hours of battle and slaughter.

Next morning, Lord Exmouth offered by letter terms of peace to the Dey, saying: "If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns." The three guns were fired, the Dey made apologies, and treaties of peace and amity were fully signed, to be very soon broken again. The enduring triumph of this expedition was the release, within three days of the battle, of one thousand and eighty-three Christian slaves, who came from the interior, and were immediately conveyed to their respective countries. "When I arrived on shore," says Salamé, "it was the most pitiful sight to see all these poor creatures, in what a horrible state they were; but it is impossible to describe the joy and cheerfulness of them. It was, indeed, a most glorious and ever-memorable merciful act for England, all over Europe, to see these poor slaves, when our boats were showing with them off the shore, all at once take off their hats and exclaim in Italian, 'Viva il Ré d'Ingliterra, il padre eterno! e l'Ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato da questo secondo inferno!' ('Long live the King of England, the eternal father! and the English Admiral who delivered us from this second hell!')"

It is worthy of remark that, in the debate in Parliament, in the spring of the year, after Lord Exmouth had acceded to a suspension of hostilities with the Dey, and returned to England with his fleet, Lord Cochrane maintained "that two sail of the line would have been sufficient to compel the Dey of Algiers to accede to any terms. The city of Algiers was on the sea-shore, the water was deep enough for first-rates to come up to the very walls, and those were mounted only with a few pieces of cannon, with the use of which the barbarians were scarcely acquainted." Lord Cochrane qualified this assertion in the subsequent session. It was fortunate that such an assertion was not the cause of an inadequate preparation and a fatal repulse. Lord Exmouth had his own observation for his guide.—*Abridged from Miss Martineau's History of England during Thirty Years' Peace.*

SHERIDAN AND PEEL.

During the debate in Parliament, in the session of 1819, on the Royal Household or Windsor Establishment Bill, the task of an-

swearing Tierney's (Opposition) speech was undertaken by Mr. Peel, at that time Secretary for Ireland. He relied principally upon the determination expressed by the Duke of York to accept of no salary which should come from the privy purse, and upon the sacredness and inviolability which had hitherto been held to attach to that fund. When he mentioned Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Adam (now become Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scotch Jury Court) as two eminent Whig authorities who had been accustomed to preach this doctrine about the privy purse in its highest strain, the House, or at least the Opposition, testified by loud derisive cheers how it was disposed to account for the high monarchic principles on this point entertained or professed by these personal friends of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Peel, however, dextrously chose to understand the manifestation in a somewhat different sense. "If," he exclaimed, "what I have heard from the other side be meant as a cheer of derision at the name of Mr. Sheridan, I must say that I could not expect such an expression towards an individual who was one of the most able supporters the party from which it proceeded ever had the honour to possess, while he was, by universal confession, one of the greatest ornaments of whom that House and the British empire ever had reason to be proud."

PEEL'S LOVE OF TRUTH.

When, upon the death of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington sought to express what seemed to him most admirable in the character of his friend, he said that he was *the truest man he had ever known*; adding: "I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact."

THISTLEWOOD, THE TRAITOR.

Southey relates this touching anecdote of the last hours of Thistlewood, the chief of the Cato-street conspirators of 1820:

"When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved

boldly to meet the fate he had deserved : in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow-criminals, he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him ; no breathing of repentance, no spark of grace, appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known), on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins."—*The Doctor*, chap. lxxi.

HOOD AND GRATTAN.

The celebrated altercation between these two patriots has rarely been equalled in virulence. Hood called Grattan "a mendicant patriot, who had sold his country for prompt payment ;" and Grattan retorted on Hood as an ill-omened bird of prey, with broken beak and cadaverous aspect, &c. Hood's nose was disfigured, which occasioned the allusion to the broken beak.—*Croker*.

LAST MOMENTS OF GRATTAN.

At the end of May, 1820, Mr. Grattan came, for the last time, to London—in Baker-street. On the first day of the following June, Mr. Charles Butler called ; and being informed that he was extremely ill, was retiring, without having seen him ; but Mr. Grattan, having heard that he was in the house, sent for him. It was evident that he neared the moment of his dissolution ;—but the ethereal vigour of his mind was unsubdued, and his zeal for the Catholic cause unabated. He pressed Mr. Butler by the hand : "It is," he said, "all over !—yes—all over !—but I will die in the cause,—I mean to be carried to the House of Commons to-morrow,—to beg leave of the Speaker to take the oaths sitting,—and then to move two resolutions." These he mentioned to Mr. Butler ; but spoke so indistinctly that Mr. B. could only perceive generally that they were substantially the same as the clauses which he had prefixed to the Bill, which, in 1812, he brought into Parliament for the relief of the Catholics. He again pressed Mr. Butler by the hand, repeated the intention of being carried to the House, and desired Mr. B. to attend him to sit,—but Grattan died in the ensuing night.

Lord Brougham, in characterizing the oratorical genius of Grattan, says that "Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and an appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed

to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.'

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

During the debate on Sir Robert Peel's tariff, the admission of asses duty free caused much merriment. Lord T——, who had just read *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, remarked that the House had, he supposed, passed the donkey clause out of respect to its ancestors. "It is a wise measure," said a popular novelist, "especially as it affects the importation of food; for, should a scarcity come, we should otherwise have to fall back on the food of our forefathers." "And pray what is that," asked an archæologist. "Thistles," replied Lord T——.—*Family Jo. Miller.*

"PROSPERITY ROBINSON" AND THE PANIC OF 1825.

Cobbett gave this memorable *sobriquet* to the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, in 1825, boasted in Parliament of an expanded circulation exceeding by nearly 50 per cent. the amount in 1823. This was the era of "Prosperity Robinson" (afterwards first Earl of Ripon), who boasted of "dispensing the blessings of civilization from the portals of ancient monarchy." In the King's speech of 1825, his Majesty said: "There never was a period in the history of the country when all the great interests of society were at the same time in so thriving a condition." But the sunshine was succeeded by the murkiest of gloom—"the Panic of 1825," when one-eighth of the country banks were ruined, and six of the London banks stopped payment; and the two years' increase in the circulating medium was annihilated in a few weeks.

The panacea was the issue of one-pound Bank of England notes, which is stated to have originated as follows:

"The incidental mention to one of the Directors that there was a box of one-pound notes ready for issue, turned the attention of the authorities to the propriety of attempting to circulate them; and the declaration of Mr. Henry Thornton, in 1797, probably occurred, that it was the want of small change, not a necessity for gold, that was felt; and as the pressure on the country banks arose from the holders of the small notes, it was suggested to the Government that the public might, perhaps, receive one-pound notes in place of sovereigns. The Government approved of the idea, and the panic was at its height, when, on Saturday, the 17th of December, the Bank closed its doors with only 1,027,000*l.* in its cellars. (In the pamphlet published by Lord Ashburton is the following remarkable

paragraph. After saying "I was called into counsel with the late Lord Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson, and the Governor of the Bank," his Lordship proceeds: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds; for although the published returns showed a result rather less scandalous, a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning remaining.") It has been frequently stated, that by a mere accident the box of one-pound notes was discovered. But such was not the case. A witness stated that "he did not recollect that there were any one-pound notes; they were put by; it was the casual observation that there were such things in the house, which suggested to the directors that it would be possible to use them." Application was made to the Government for permission to issue them; and this was granted, subject to certain stipulations.

MONEY PANIC OF 1832.

Panics have been produced sometimes by extraordinary means. Thus, in May, 1832, a "run upon the Bank of England" was produced by the walls of London being placarded with the emphatic words, "To stop the Duke, go for gold;" advice which was followed, as soon as given, to a prodigious extent. The Duke of Wellington was then very unpopular; and on Monday, the 14th of May, it being currently believed that the Duke had formed a cabinet, the panic became universal, and the run upon the Bank of England for coin was so incessant, that in a few hours upwards of half a million was carried off. Mr. Doubleday, in his *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, states it to be well known that the above placards were "the device of four gentlemen, two of whom were elected members of the reformed Parliament. Each put down 20*l.*; and the sum thus clubbed was expended in printing thousands of these terrible missives, which were eagerly circulated, and very speedily seen upon every wall in London. The effect is hardly to be described. It was electric."

MINISTERS RESIGNING.

When, in May, 1833, the Lord-Advocate (Jeffrey) called upon Lord Althorp to ask what he should do about his resignation, his reception was as follows. Lord Althorp's secretary could not give him any information, and Lord A—— desired he would walk upstairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord A—— had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbow, and rather hairy. His razor was in the other, and he was about to shave. "Well, Mr. Advocate," said his Lordship, "I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer His Majesty's Ministers. We sent in our

resignations, and they are accepted." When they returned, Jeffrey called again. Lord A—— was looking over his fowling-piece, and said to Jeffrey, "Confound these political affairs; all my locks are got out of order," in his usual grumbling, lazy way. This graphic account is told by Haydon, who received it from Lord Jeffrey.

PROFOUND INVESTIGATION.

In 1833, M. Thiers made a ten days' journey in England, and pledged himself to Louis Philippe to learn in that time all that was worth knowing of the politics, commerce, revenues, religion, arts, sciences, and social economy of this nation. While here he wrote to a gentleman connected with the Treasury the following note: "My dear Sir,—Would you give me a short quarter of an hour, to explain to me the financial system of your country? Always yours, T."

THE MINISTERIAL FISH DINNER.

Every year, the approach of the close of the Parliamentary Session is indicated by what is termed "the Ministerial Fish Dinner," in which Whitebait forms a prominent dish; and Cabinet Ministers are the company. The Dinner takes place at a principal tavern, usually at Greenwich, but sometimes at Blackwall: the dining-room is decorated for the occasion, which partakes of a state entertainment. Formerly, however, the Ministers went down the river from Whitehall in an Ordnance gilt barge: now, a Government steamer is employed. The origin of this annual festivity is told as follows. On the banks of Dagenham Lake or Reach, in Essex, many years since, there stood a cottage, occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and sometime M.P. for Dover. He called it his "fishing cottage," and often in the spring he went thither, with a friend or two, as a relief to the toils of parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was the Rt. Hon. George Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Many a day did these two worthies enjoy at Dagenham Reach; and Mr. Rose once intimated to Sir Robert, that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would, no doubt, delight in the comfort of such a retreat. A day was named, and the Premier was invited; and he was so well pleased with his reception at the "fishing cottage"—they were all two if not three bottle men—that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year. For a few years, the Premier continued a visitor, always accompanied by Mr. George Rose. But the distance was considerable; the going and coming were somewhat inconvenient for the First Minister of the

Crown. Sir Robert Preston, however, had his remedy, and he proposed that they should in future dine nearer London. Greenwich was suggested: we do not hear of Whitebait in the Dagenham dinners, and its introduction, probably, dates from the removal to Greenwich. The party of three was now increased to four; Mr. Pitt being permitted to bring Lord Camden. Soon after, a fifth guest was invited—Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough. All were still the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other notables were invited,—all Tories—and, at last, Lord Camden considerably remarked, that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was but fair that Sir Robert Preston should be relieved from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given, as usual, by Sir Robert Preston, that is to say, at his invitation; and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne: the rest of the charges were thenceforth defrayed by the several guests; and, on this plan, the meeting continued to take place annually till the death of Mr. Pitt.

Sir Robert was requested, next year, to summon the several guests, the list of whom, by this time, included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the Session. By degrees, the meeting, which was originally purely gastronomic, appears to have assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political, or semi-political character. Sir Robert Preston died; but Mr. Long, now Lord Farnborough, undertook to summon the several guests, the list of whom was furnished by Sir Robert Preston's private secretary. Hitherto, the invitations had been sent privately: now they were despatched in Cabinet boxes, and the party was, certainly, for some time, limited to the members of the Cabinet. A dinner lubricates ministerial as well as other business: so that the "Ministerial Fish Dinner" may "contribute to the grandeur and prosperity of our beloved country."

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LORDS STOWELL AND ELDON.

William, Lord Stowell, the eldest son of Mr. John Scott, coal-fitter, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was born under circumstances which had a remarkable effect on his early prospects and his fortune in after life. In 1745, the city of Edinburgh having surrendered to the army of the Pretender, his road to London lay through Newcastle, the town-walls of which bristled with cannon, and the place was otherwise prepared for a siege. Mrs. Scott was at this time in such a condition as made her anxious to be removed to a more quiet place. This, however, was a matter of some difficulty; for Mr. Scott's

count of the battle of Trafalgar, and suddenly adding, "but I find he was educated by Moises."

The foundation of the two brothers' fortune was laid by William (Lord Stowell), who, in his sixteenth year, obtained a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford: he soon wrote home for his brother, advising that he should be sent up to him. This was done, and he was entered a commoner of University College. He took his bachelor's degree in February, 1770 "An examination for a degree at Oxford," he used to say, "was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?' I replied, 'Golgotha.' 'Who founded University College?' I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) 'that King Alfred founded it.' 'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

In the year following he won the Chancellor's prize for the best composition in English prose—the subject being the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel." It would be unreasonable to expect any depth of thought on such a subject from an untravelled lad, and the essay is never wanting in good sense; but the style is turgid, and the clumsy construction of the sentences would lead us to infer that Mr. Moises had taken less pains with John Scott than with Collingwood, did we not bear in mind how intimately style is connected with character. He who thinks decidedly will write clearly, if not forcibly; he who has made up his mind what he is going to say, can say it; and the difference between Lord Eldon's and Lord Collingwood's mode of writing is neither more nor less than that which existed to the last between the energetic seaman and the hesitating judge. Lord Eldon's style did not improve materially in after-life. It ceased to be turgid, but it never ceased to be confused and ungrammatical. He might have said of grammar what the *roué* Duc de Richelieu said of spelling, "We quarrelled at the outset of life, and never made up our differences."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

LORD ELDON'S MARRIAGE.

The young John Scott eloped to Scotland with Miss Betty Surtees, a beautiful girl of Newcastle, and married her. Neither of them had sixpence independent of their parents. The Newcastle gossip was that the poor lad was undone; and his own brother condemned it as a very foolish act, adding that John was completely ruined, nor can anything now save him from beggary. He was obliged to relinquish his fellowship; but, in the year of grace allowed him, he began the study of the law, with the view (to use his own words) of having two two strings to his bow. While keeping his terms at the Temple, he

continued his residence at Oxford, employed partly as tutor at University College, and partly as Deputy-Professor of Law, for which service he received 60*l.* a year. Soon after the marriage, the law professor sent Mr. Scott the first lecture, which he had to read *immediately* to the students, and which he began without knowing a single word that was in it. It was upon the statute of *young men running away with maidens*. In after-life, Lord Eldon, in relating the above, used to say, "Fancy me reading with about one hundred and forty boys and young men all giggling at the Professor. Such a tit-tering audience no one ever had." He used also to say the Church was "his first mistress;" and it was not until all chance of a college living was at an end that he decided "to pursue a profession which had much less of his affection and respect."

When he had become Chancellor, Lord Eldon's care and vigilance in preventing elopements among the young ladies who were wards in Chancery, did not protect him against a domestic visitation of a similar description. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, after some unsuccessful attempts to obtain his consent to her marriage with Mr. George Stanley Repton, made her escape from Lord Eldon's house in Bedford Square, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1817; and, the bridegroom having made all requisite preparation, they were married by licence at St. George's, Hanover Square. Although in this instance the lady had only followed the example of her father and mother, yet the head of the law would not allow the validity of his own precedent; and it was not until the year 1820 that a reconciliation took place.

LORD ELDON'S MAXIMS.

"I have seen it remarked," says Lord Eldon, in his *Anecdote Book*, "that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all stages. When I left school in 1766 to go to Oxford, I came up from Newcastle to London in a coach, then denominated, on account of its quick travelling as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road: there was no such velocity as to endanger overturning or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words, '*Sat cito, si sat bene:*' words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey a Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that

he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?'—'No.'—'Then look at it: for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.' After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse in Fetter-lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury-lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both in one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet-street, whether they should first pass Fleet-street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane. In the struggle, the sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, '*Sat cito, si sat bene*.' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene*,' I may not have sufficiently recollected whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence."

A clergyman had two churches, Newbury and Bibury; and instead of dividing the duties equally between them, chose always to perform the morning service at the former, and the evening service at the latter. Being asked his reason, he made answer: "I go to *nubere* in the morning, because that is the time to *marry*; and I go to *bibere* in the evening, because that is the time to *drink*."

When Lord Eldon was at an inn at Rusheyford, the landlord of which was more than an octogenarian, his Lordship gave him the following sound advice: "I hear, Mr. Hoult, you are talking of retiring from business, but let me advise you not to do so. Busy people are very apt to think a life of leisure is a life of happiness; but believe me, for I speak from experience, when a man who has been much occupied through life arrives at having nothing to do, *he is very apt not to know what to do with himself*."

LORD ELDON'S ESCAPE.

When John Scott was an undergraduate at Oxford, he had a narrow escape of his life. He was skating on Christchurch meadow, and venturing on too weak ice, fell into a ditch deep enough to

allow him to sink to the neck. When he had scrambled out, and was dripping from the collar, and oozing from the stockings, a brandy vendor shuffled towards him, and recommended a glass of something warm; upon which, Edward Norton, of University College, a son of Lord Grantley, sweeping past, cried out to the retailer: "None of your brandy for that wet young man; he never drinks but when he is dry."

SIR WILLIAM SCOTT'S HUMOUR.

When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned Judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs. —, "*Varium et mutabile semper femina*," was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than becomed the gravity of his cloth, "Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty, a man is either a fool or a physician!" "Mayn't he be both, doctor?" was the arch rejoinder—with a most arch leer and an insinuating voice half drawled out. "A vicar was once," said his Lordship, "presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions, so wearied out with his parish-clerk confining himself to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the Vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'D—n all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anathema!" added the learned chief of the Spiritual Court. As Sir William Scott could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for anything new; and with him it was quite enough to characterize a measure as "a mere novelty," to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr. Speaker Abbot, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the Acts of a single session, "Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties."

When Sir William Scott, in his 68th year, married the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo, his acquaintance sometimes made merry on the match; the more because it was suspected that the lady was inclined to preserve in her wedlock, a good deal of the independence of her widowhood. On the door of their house in Grafton-street, which had been her abode before the marriage, was a brass plate, displaying her name, and beneath it, Sir William placed another, bearing his own. "Why, Sir William," said Mr. Jekyll, who had left his card of congratulation upon the wedding, "I am sorry to

see you knock under." Sir William made no answer at the time, but transposed the plates. "Now, Jekyll," said he, when next they met, "you see I no longer knock under." "No, Sir William," said the unrelenting wit, "I see you knock up now."

LORD STOWELL'S LOVE OF SIGHT-SEEING.

Lord Stowell loved manly sports, and was not above being pleased with the most rude and simple diversions. He gloried in Punch and Judy—their fun stirred his mirth without, as in Goldsmith's case, provoking spleen. He made a boast on one occasion that there was not a puppet-show in London he had not visited, and when turned fourscore, was caught watching one at a distance with children of of less growth in high glee. He has been known to make a party with Windham to visit Cribb's, and to have attended the Fives Court as a favourite resort. "There were curious characters," he observed, "to be seen at these places." He was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling, or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of London there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance, as it is said, Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see "the green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and knowing his name, thus addressed him: "We can't take your shilling, my lord, 'tis the old serpent which you have seen twice before in other colours; but ye shall go in and see her." He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his third visit to the painted beauty. This love of seeing sights was, on another occasion, productive of the following whimsical incident. Some thirty years ago, an animal, called a "Bonassus," was exhibited in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit, the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, "Under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell," an announcement of which the noble and learned lord's friends availed themselves, by passing many a joke upon him; all of which he took with the greatest good humour.—*Townsend's Lives of the Twelve Judges.*

LORD ELDON'S CHANCELLORSHIP.

The brightest period of Lord Eldon's judicial career was his Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas. "How I did love that court!"

is his parenthetical exclamation in the *Anecdote-Book*: and once, during a walk with Mr. Farrer, after comparing the harassing duties of the Chancellorship with the quiet of the Common Pleas, he suddenly turned round, and emphatically abjured his companion never to aspire to the Great Seal—a curious piece of advice to a young barrister.

Early in 1801, when Mr. Pitt's resignation was anticipated, it was understood that Lord Eldon was to succeed Lord Loughborough as Chancellor; but Lord Eldon maintained a cautious reserve on the subject, which he justified by an anecdote. "Lord Walsingham, the son of Lord Chief-Justice de Grey, told me that his father, the Chief-Justice, gave a dinner to his family and friends, on account of his going to have the Great Seal as Chancellor next morning, but that in the interim, between the dinner and the next morning, Mr. Justice Bathurst, it was determined, should be Chancellor, and received the seal."

The Great Seal was delivered to Eldon on the 14th of April 1801. He used to say he was the King's Chancellor, not the Minister's. "I do not know what made George III. so fond of me, but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus, (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part,) and putting his right hand within, he drew them from out the left side, saying, 'I give them to you from my heart.'"

In compliance with Lady Eldon's feeling, Lord Eldon often applied to King George III. to allow him to dispense with his wig, at times when he was not engaged in performing official functions. He pressed on the King the fact, that in former days, under the reigns of some of His Majesty's predecessors (as James I. and Charles I.) wigs were not worn by the Judges. "True," replied the King good humouredly, "I admit the correctness of your statement, and am willing, if you like it, that you should do as they did; for though they certainly had no wigs, yet they wore their beards."

When Lord Eldon received the Great Seal from George IV., and kissed hands on his appointment, the King conversed with him, and said, when his Lordship was about to retire, "Give my remembrance to Lady Eldon;" Lord E. acknowledged this condescension, and intimated that he was ignorant of Lady Eldon's claim to such a notice. "Yes, yes," answered the King, "I know how much I owe to Lady Eldon. I know that you would have made yourself a country curate, and that she has made you my Lord Chancellor."

It is remarkable that George IV., who, as he confessed, began by hating Lord Eldon, ended by becoming as much attached to him as

George III. "On Monday," says Lord Eldon, in a letter to his grandson describing his final resignation, "your grandfather attended with the rest of the ministers to give up the seals of office, and was, of course, called in first. The King was so much affected that very little passed; but he threw his arms round your grandfather's neck and shed tears."

That resignation took place in April 30, 1827, on the formation of Mr. Canning's government. After allowing for the secession during the Whig government in 1806-7, it appears that Lord Eldon held the Great Seal twenty-four years, ten months, and twenty-three days—a longer period than any other Chancellor held it.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

LORD ELDON AND JOSEPH HUME.

Lord Campbell relates the following, of the Chancellor and Joseph Hume. On the presentation of the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Court of Chancery, on a petition being presented to the House of Commons from a person very properly committed for a contempt of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Hume, sometimes more zealous than discreet, created a strong feeling in favour of the Chancellor, by declaring that "the greatest curse which ever fell on any nation was to have such a Chancellor and such a Court of Chancery." Lord Eldon, rather pleased with this attack, treated it thus merrily, in a letter to Lord Encombe:—"You see Mr. Hume called your grandfather a *curse to the country*. He dignified also the quietest, meekest man in the country, with the title of a *firebrand*, i.e. the Bishop of London. I met the Bishop at the Exhibition, and as it happened to be an uncommonly cold day, in this most unusually cold weather, I told him that *the curse of the country* was so very cold that I hoped he would allow him to keep himself warm by sitting next to the *firebrand*: and so we laughed, and amused ourselves at this fellow's impertinence."

A GRATEFUL LADY.

At the time of passing the Catholic Relief Bill, Lady Clerk wrote to Lord Eldon congratulating him upon the energetic stand he had made to prevent the Bill becoming law. His answer was laconic and neatly thus:—"Dear Molly Dacre, I am happy to find you approve of my endeavours to oppose the Catholic Relief Bill. I have done what I thought my duty. May God forgive me if I have done wrong, and may God forgive my opponents (*if he can*). Yours affectionately, Eldon.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked, that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side;" upon which a bystander observed, that his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over!*

THE RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

George Canning, who was educated at Hyde Abbey School, near Winchester, whence he was sent to Eton, at an early age obtained great distinction in Latin versification; and in his sixteenth year started a periodical called the *Microcosm*, which was published at Windsor weekly, for nine months. From Eton he went to Christchurch, Oxford, on leaving which he went to study at Lincoln's Inn, but soon gave up the law for the political career that was opening to him. He had, however, nigh adopted the stage. Mrs. Canning, through the influence of Queen Charlotte, was introduced by Garrick to the stage as her profession, and she subsequently married Reddish, the actor.* Meanwhile, her son George had become the associate of actors of a low class, from which influence he was rescued by Moody, the comedian, who stated the boy's case to Mr. Stratford Canning, and thus opened the road by which he advanced to power and fame.

His college vacations were usually passed in the house of Mr. Sheridan, who introduced him to Burke, Fox, Lord John Townsend, the Duchess of Devonshire, and other leading Whig partisans. He is thought to have given up the law by the advice of Sheridan, whose political opinions it was expected he would have adopted, and have joined the opposition; but Canning accepted the proposals of the Tory party, and was brought into Parliament by Mr. Pitt in 1793. This preference is thought to have arisen from Canning's having seen "the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to the full growth of its ambition under the shadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy, and that superseding influence of birth and connexions which had contributed to keep such ones as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet. (*Moore's Life of Sheridan.*) Mr. Pitt found Canning a powerful ally; and during his absence from power was much indebted to Canning's friendship for writing the song of the "Pilot that weathers the Storm," which

* Mr. Canning resided in the parish of Marylebone, London, where his son was born in 1770: the father died in the following year, and was buried in the recently-consecrated cemetery on the south side of Paddington-street, where is a monument to his memory, though the inscription is scarcely visible.

became exceedingly popular. He had already distinguished himself in this way by contributing poetry, burlesques, and *jeux d'esprit* to the *Anti-Jacobin*.

Canning shone in early life at the Clifford-street Society, which met at the Clifford-street Coffee-house, at the corner of Bond-street. He was then the most handsome man about town; and his fine countenance glowed, as he spoke, with every sentiment which he uttered. It was customary, during the debates, for pots of porter to be introduced by way of refreshment. One night, when the topic was the leaders of the French Revolution, Canning, in an eloquent tirade against Mirabeau, handled the peculiar style of the Count's oratory with great severity. The president had, during this part of Canning's speech, given a signal for a pot of porter, which had been brought in and placed before him. It served Canning for an illustration. "Sir," said he, "much has been said about the gigantic powers of Mirabeau. Let us not be carried away by the false jargon of his philosophy, or imagine that deep political wisdom resides in trained and decorated diction. To the steady eye of a sagacious criticism, the eloquence of Mirabeau will appear to be as empty and as vapid as his patriotism. It is like the beverage that stands so invitingly before you—foam and froth at the top, heavy and muddy within!"

In 1809, Mr. Canning fought a duel with his colleague, Lord Castlereagh, by whom he was wounded. At this time he resided at Gloucester Lodge, Old Brompton, where he received a visit from the Princess of Wales; and in 1820, when Queen Caroline's conduct was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning, rather than bear any part in the proceedings, resigned his office; then he made the somewhat fine flourish styling the Queen "the grace, the life, and ornament of society."

Sydney Smith, ludicrously compared Canning in office to a fly in amber: "Nobody cares about the fly; the only question is—How the devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him, (continues Sydney,) from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province. When he is jocular he is strong, when he is serious he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest metre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for the last half century."

Mr. Canning's fund of animal spirits, and the extreme excitability of his temperament, (it is stated in the *Quarterly Review*,) were such as invariably to hurry him *volentem volentem*, into the full rush and flush of conviviality. At the latter period of his life, when his health began to break, he would sit down with an evident determination to be abstinent, partake sparingly of the simplest soup, take no sauce with his fish, and mix water in his wine; but as the repartee began to sparkle, and the anecdote to circulate, his assumed caution was insensibly relaxed, he gradually gave way to temptation, and commonly ended by eating of everything, and taking wine with everybody—the very *beau-ideal* of an amphitryon. Yet this is emphatically disputed by Lord Brougham.

When Mr. Canning retired from the office of Under-Secretary, in 1801, he settled upon his mother, of whom he was exceedingly fond, the pension of 500*l.* a year, to which he was entitled. He paid her an annual visit at Bath, and made it a rule, with which no engagements were allowed to interfere, to write to her every Sunday. Even during his embassy to Lisbon, when there was usually an interval of several weeks between the mails, the Sunday letter was never omitted, and the packet frequently brought four or five together.

When Mr. Moore was collecting materials for his *Life of Sheridan*, he was told that one night Sheridan sent to the House of Commons a draft upon Mr. Canning to be accepted, which, upon hearing the state Sheridan was in, Mr. Canning readily did.

The opposition in the House of Commons to Mr. Canning, after he became Premier, was of the most formidable and irritating character; though labouring under anxiety and sickness, his rhetorical power and sparkling wit never failed him. Soon after the close of the Session he retired, for change of air, to Chiswick, where he died on the 8th of August, 1827.

Shortly before Mr. Canning's death, appeared Mr. Plumer Ward's *De Vere, or the Man of Independence*, in which the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of this able minister, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition is beautifully delineated in one passage of *De Vere*, which has been often quoted.

Among the coincidences in Canning's political career, it may be mentioned that he was the same age as his fellow collegian, the Earl of Liverpool, and each became Premier. The last of Mr. Canning's public acts was his signing a treaty for the settlement of the affairs of Greece; and one of the first poems he wrote, when a youth, was a lament on "the Slavery of Greece."

It is related that one day, on the breaking up of a meeting of the Council, Mr. Canning undertook to guess the thoughts of any of those present in less than twenty questions. Eighteen or nineteen had been asked, when Canning guessed rightly. "The Wand of the Lord High Steward." "The success of the question," says *Notes and Queries*, No. 274, "depended upon his power of logical division, and with this aid it rarely requires even twenty questions to arrive at the object thought of."

The late Lady Holland, though possessing greatness and strength of mind, well-informed, without pretension, and decidedly incredulous—for she shared with her husband the philosophical ideas of the eighteenth French century—was accessible to *presentiments*. M. Guizot relates that "she had been slightly ill, was better, and admitted it. 'Do not speak of this,' she said to me, 'it is unlucky.' She told me that, in 1827, Mr. Canning, then ill, mentioned to her that he was going for change and repose to Chiswick House, a country seat of the Duke of Devonshire. She said to him, 'Do not go there; if I were your wife, I would not allow you to do so.'—'Why not?' asked Mr. Canning.—'Mr. Fox died there.' Mr. Canning smiled; and an hour after, on leaving Holland House, he returned to Lady Holland, and said to her, in a low tone, 'Do not speak of this to any one, it might disturb them.'—'And he died at Chiswick,' concluded Lady Holland, with emotion."—*An Embassy to the Court of St. James's*.

The room in which Fox died is a small but cheerful apartment, hung with tapestry; the bed and bedstead, with chintz curtains, are preserved.

The chamber in which Canning died is a small low room which he chose himself: it has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house: nothing can be more cheerless. At Chiswick House Mr. Canning passed the last three weeks of his life: in a room down stairs, he read prayers to the family each Sunday. His pious feeling is evinced in the pathetic lines which he wrote on the death of his eldest son.

BROUGHAM AND HIS MASTER.

Henry Brougham, when at the High School, Edinburgh, made "his first public explosion," as Lord Cockburn calls it. "He dared to differ from Luke Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole

class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school." "I remember," adds Cockburn, "as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was there that I first saw him."

LORD BROUGHAM'S CHANCELLORSHIP PREDICTED.

It may take the reader by surprise to be told that, astounding as the career of Lord Brougham has been, the rise of this distinguished man to the highest honour of the realm appears to have been predicted thirty years before its attainment. At the Social Science dinner at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on June 14, 1862, at which Lord Brougham presided, Mr. J. W. Napier, ex-Chancellor of Ireland, related that he remembered, some years previously, meeting an old and respected lady in the north of England, who was present at a party when the first writers in the *Edinburgh Review*, including Henry Brougham, dined together at Edinburgh, after the publication of the Second Number of the Review (in 1802). On that occasion, the lady's husband, Mr. Fletcher, remarked that the writer of a certain paper in the Review, of which he knew not the author, was fit to be anything. Mr. Brougham hearing this, observed, "What! do you think he is fit to be Lord Chancellor?" The reply was, "Yes; and I tell you more: he will be Lord Chancellor;" and the old lady had the happiness to live thirty years after this, and to see her friend Lord Chancellor of England. Lord Brougham well remembered old Mrs. Fletcher, and corroborated the accuracy of Mr. Napier's anecdote. Mr. Napier then proposed, in an affectionate manner, the health of Lord Brougham, whose answer was, as he said, but a repetition of words he had spoken thirty years ago elsewhere: "When I cease from my labours, the cause of freedom, peace, and progress, will lose a friend, and no man living will lose an enemy."

A LECTURE ON BREWING.

Shortly after Lord Brougham's appointment to the office of Lord High Chancellor, he visited, along with some other Ministers of the Cabinet of Earl Grey, one of the most extensive breweries in the metropolis, and had there what is colloquially called a "beef-steak dinner." After it was finished, a proposition was made that they should inspect the works; and in order that the party might understand the use of each and all of them, the foreman, a cautious but intelligent Scotchman, was desired to attend and explain them. They had scarcely got into the first room before Lord Brougham, with a slight motion of the hand, put aside his Scotch *cicerone*, who

was volunteering an explanation, and said, with his usual cool, good-natured *nonchalance*: "Young man, I will save you the trouble you are about to undertake; I understand all this perfectly well, and will explain it myself to my noble and distinguished friends." His Lordship then proceeded, without further preface, to explain to Earl Grey and other members of this convivial party every stage in the process of brewing—but, unfortunately, did not explain one of them right, even by accident. The Scotchman, who perceived, but was too prudent to expose, the ignorance of his countryman, was astonished by his unceasing volubility, and in speaking of it in a mixed company, where the informant was present, observed:—"Gude faith, sirs, but it made my hair staun on en to hear the Lord High Chancellor o' Great Britain tellin the Lord High Treasurer a lang tale aboot maut and the brewing o't, and nae word o' truth fra beginnin to en. It made a thinking mon reflect what a terrible pass things must ha come till, when ae Minister could jist tell, and anither Minister jist believe, sic awful cantrips! Eh, sirs, nae barrel can be gude that that blatherin' chiel has got the brewin o'."

This anecdote is related in the Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.

HOW LORD BROUGHAM MISSED THE GREAT SEAL.

Upon the restoration of the Melbourne Cabinet, in 1835, a luminary of the first magnitude failed to re-appear in the ministerial constellation. Dislike on the part of William IV., with a similar feeling on the part of some of the ministers, seems to have been the chief reason why the Great Seal was placed in commission. But neither the King nor his ministers committed themselves to any open avowal of aversion, and the dazzling prize of the Chancellorship was long suspended, holding out a delusive hope, and so averting the dread ire of its former possessor, Lord Brougham. His Lordship wrote a letter to the King to mollify his resentment. (*Life of Lord Langdale*, p. 413.) It is stated on the same authority that Lord Melbourne sounded his Majesty on the re-appointment of the ex-Chancellor, but the latter evaded by stating that it was his (the minister's) duty to name the person he thought most fit. Where the chief blame rested does not clearly appear, but "never more shalt thou be servant of mine" seems to have been the common understanding.—Wade's *England's Greatness*, p. 686.

It was suspected at the time that the indiscreet use of the Queen's name, as having been the means of breaking-up the first Melbourne cabinet, led the King to a stern resolve to exclude the author of it from his future councils. "The Queen has done it all," were the

of anxious words communicated to the press; the next day acknowledged to be a piece of misinformation, which the misled journalist did not soon forget.

FATHER MATHEW AND LORD BROUGHAM.

During his stay in London, Father Mathew was invited to meet many distinguished men of the day. He created no small amusement to a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman, by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted, good-humouredly but resolutely, the efforts of his dangerous neighbour. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half-glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."—"They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet the old Lord — the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." The announcement of his intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was a persistent worshipper of Bacchus. Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer who was so celebrated for his potations, he said: "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham: by —! I will keep sober for this day," said his lordship, who kept his word to the great amusement of his friends.—*Life, by Maguire.*

A SECRET AGENT.

One of the "strange bedfellows" with which the misery of Haydon, the painter,* made him acquainted, was a Dr. Mackay, who was employed by Canning to arrange and negotiate the treaty of commerce and independence with South America. Dr. Mackay [Haydon tells us] had resided many years in Mexico, and knew all the parties thoroughly. He made a fortune, and returned to England. He was sent for by Canning, and after all due preliminary caution sent out to Mexico. Mr. Haydon met him in 1827: like a true politician, or *employé politique*, he began to suspect the painter,

* *Memoirs*, vol. ii.

"Remember," said the Doctor, "before I proceed, you make no use of this." I gave him my word, and he proceeded. Vittoria was his old friend. On his way to Mexico, under pretence of pressing business, he called on Vittoria, and found him in actual negotiation with Spanish commissioners. That evening a treaty was to be signed and settled. Vittoria begged him to dine. He refused a long time, but Mackay making him promise to put off the commissioners till next day, he agreed. Vittoria sent word he was ill, and Mackay was received as an English physician and friend. That night the ground was broken. Vittoria complained they were forsaken by England. Mackay opened his powers, and it was agreed that Vittoria should continue ill, Mackay visiting and prescribing every day. He did so, and at last Vittoria got better, and received full authority from Mexico, and Mackay and he used to walk out to take a little air and retire unobserved into a by-street, to a room hired for the purpose. In this way the treaty of independence and commerce was finally settled. One party proposed an article; after discussion it was written in a book, each party being at liberty to reflect till next day. When they met again, the article proposed and agreed to was restated and discussed again, and if nothing had occurred to alter and amend, it was finally entered into a separate book, whence there was no appeal. In this way, Dr. Mackay said the whole treaty was settled. As he knew the Spaniards well, and that pride was their failing, he got nothing by downright opposition, but carried everything by yielding and persuading them that even he would not have so favoured England by such a proposition, &c. Mr. Canning was highly delighted, and gave him great praise.

Dr. Mackay had lost 40,000*l.* (which he had amassed in Mexico by a long life of labour) in speculations on the Stock Exchange. Haydon found him in the Queen's Bench planning steam coaches, and talking of setting off for Mexico as soon as he was free and undisturbed. He seemed to have a very great idea of Canning's genius, and spoke of him with the greatest respect.

OBSTACLES TO IMPROVEMENT.

In illustration of the difficulties which beset the introduction of inventions or improvements, it is related that when Mr. Joseph Whitworth introduced a Street Sweeping Machine, by which one man and a horse would do the work of twenty sweepers, he offered its use to ensure twice the amount of cleanliness for the same expenditure of rates. Of the fact of the return of service on his conduction, there could be no doubt; but the increase of service was no stimulus to the adoption of the machine, and did not prevail against the

patronage and influence of dust-contractors and scavengers, and the mere trouble of making a change of practice in the larger districts. He proposed his machine to the local authorities at New York. His agent was at once frankly told that there was a fatal objection to the working of the machine in that city—viz., it had no votes, and it interfered with the patronage, not of the master scavengers, as in England, but of the journeymen scavengers who had votes. With an excessive expenditure of rates, New York is described as being often ankle deep in mud, and as filthy as the worst parts of London—all the filth being traceable to patronage. A former political member of the American Government told the writer that he found the votes and the patronage of the great numbers serving as the scavengers of New York the most difficult to deal with of any matter he had met with in the agitation in which he had been engaged for the election of a President.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRADES UNIONISTS.

When the great Reform Meeting of the Trades Union took place at Newhall Hill, near Birmingham, it occurred to Haydon that the moment the vast concourse joined in the sudden prayer offered up by Hugh Hutton would make a fine subject for a picture. The Birmingham leaders were pleased with the idea. Haydon wrote to Lord Grey to ask his patronage for the picture. This, of course, was at once refused, but the refusal (which approved itself, on reflection, to the painter's better judgment) was softened by a profession of Earl Grey's readiness to give any assistance in his power to a painting of any subject connected with the Reform Bill to which the same objection would not apply. Haydon's visit to Birmingham brought him in contact with the leaders of the movement there, and his account of it contains some curious disclosures, showing how near, in the opinion of those leaders, matters then were to revolution.

Haydon now saw Mr. Parkes, who consented to be one of the trustees to take charge of subscriptions for the picture. The painter notes: "He (Mr. Parkes) was not up, and sent for me, and begged me to come in. I went in, and there was this Birmingham man, half dozing, and telling me all about the energy of the Union, and what they meant to do.

"He said warrants were made out against the whole of them, and that if Wellington had succeeded, they would all have been taken up, and then the people would have fought it out. I went on talking to him of the sublimity of the scene at Newhall Hill. He said,

'You are the same man in prison as out. I'll be your trustee.' So having a pivot to go on, I advertised directly."

Attwood, while Haydon was sketching him, told the whole history of the Union. "In one of his speeches, he said to the people: 'Suppose, my friends, we had two millions of threads; suppose we wound these two millions of threads into a good strong cord; suppose we twisted that cord into a good strong rope; suppose we twisted that rope into a mighty cable, with a hook at the end of it, and put it into the nose of the boroughmongers, d'ye think we would not drag the Leviathan to shore?' (Immense shouts.)

"Attwood said some other strong things. 'After poverty, sir, there is nothing so much hated as independence. We are become a nation of petty, paltry corporations, and love of wealth. The five-pounder adores the ten; and the ten the twenty.' He told Lord Melbourne, 'If the people do not get their belly full after this, I shall be torn to pieces.' 'And so much the better. You deserve it,' said Lord Melbourne. 'Yes, my Lord,' said Attwood, 'but they will begin with you. I do not despond of seeing you all tried for your conduct, Commons and all.'

"At one time," said Attwood, 'I used to question whether it was best for us or the United States to sink. I thought it would be better for us. But now I do not think so. We have redeemed ourselves.'"

He said Lord Grey asked him what he thought would be the end of the Unions. He replied, as people get prosperous and satisfied, they would die away. "I am much inclined to be of your opinion," said Lord Grey.

He said one of the Ministers (Lord Durham) told him they owed their places to the Birmingham Union.

"Attwood" (says Haydon) "is an extraordinary man, and really a leader. The other members seem to have an awe of him. In conversation I found the influence of the leaders of this Union was not from temporary causes, but connected with their predictions on finance—that they had predicted all the ruin which had taken place to Ministers, and thus gained the confidence of the people, and led the way to the establishment of a body which should take the lead."

Hutton is described as a highly powerful and intellectual young man. "The more I see of these Birmingham gentlemen (says Haydon), the less am I astonished at their late energy. Hutton had in his study portraits of the great Reformers. Hutton is a high-principled person, ripe to do all he has done. He told me he paved his garden, and made up his mind to fight. His dinner was simple, and showed narrow circumstances.

"They had been so excited lately they are absolutely languid in conversation. But they are high in feeling—Roman quite—and will be immortal in their great struggle. I shall be proud to commemorate it."

Jones, a leader, told Haydon that when the tax-gatherer called during the three days, he said to him, "If you dare, sir, to call again, I will have you nailed by the ear to my door, with a placard on your breast saying who you are."

The cause of the strong republican feeling at Birmingham is their connexion with America.

The Newhall Hill picture was begun, and several subscriptions to it obtained, both in London and Birmingham. "But," added Haydon, "the hardy hammer-men had no real heart in the matter, and without minutely recording the ups and downs of the work, I may dismiss the subject by saying that it came to nothing."

HONEST LORD ALTHORP.

Haydon relates some characteristic traits of Lord Althorp—"not so conversational as Lord Melbourne, but the essence of good nature." The painter continues: "I said, 'My Lord, for the first time in my life I scarcely slept, when Lord Grey was out during the Bill—were you not deeply anxious?' 'I don't know,' said Lord Althorp; 'I am never very anxious.' Lord Althorp seems heavy. I tried to excite him into conversation. He said Sir Joshua painted him when a boy. He said nothing remarkable."

Haydon tells this droll incident upon another sitting. "Lord Althorp had made an appointment with an engraver at the same hour, and had not had time to tell me; so in walked his Lordship, half laughing, saying he had done so, and begging to know if it would interrupt me. I said 'No.' By his side stood his secretary with papers. The door opened, and in toddled —, with his clump foot and a large portfolio. Lord Althorp roared with laughter, and so did I. The whole thing was dramatic. All this so disturbed me—so perplexed my thoughts—was so unlike the solitude of my own study, where I can indulge in visions, that I only thought how to get out of it in peace. Lord Althorp, who is a heavy man, stood up for the head, that the engraver might touch it. The graceless way in which he stood was irresistible. I could paint a picture of such humour as would ruin me.

"The fact is (continues Haydon), one should never forget what is due to one's self. The moment I found Lord Althorp made no gentlemanly appeal to me, as the whole rencontre was his fault, I should very quietly have daubed out the whole head, and merely made gene-

ralities. The truth was, he seemed to think it a devilish good joke—not knowing I have no intercourse with artists; and that though I could not help laughing, it was little better than an insult. What had I in common with an engraver, let him be ever so eminent? I was there by Lord Grey's desire, and as his representative, and I ought to have been treated with marked distinction."

When Haydon was painting the great picture of the Reform Banquet, the Whigs had been cursing Attwood for a radical and a fool, and begging the painter not to put him in. Lord Althorp said, "Oh yes, he was prominent in the cause. He ought to be in." "This," says the painter, "was noble; all party feelings vanished in Lord Althorp's honest heart."

MR. COKE'S REMINISCENCES.

When Mr. Coke was sitting to Haydon for his portrait, he told some amusing anecdotes of Fox. He said, the first time he came into power he dined with him. He went on talking before the servants. After they were gone some one said, "Fox, how can you go on so before the servants?" "Why the devil," said Fox, "should they not know as much as myself?"

One night, at Brookes's, Fox made some remark on Government powder, in allusion to something that had happened. Adams considered it a reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said, "You must stand sideways." Fox said, "Why, I am as thick one way as the other." "Fire" was given—Adams fired, Fox did not, and when they said he must, he said, "I'll be d—d if I do. I have no quarrel." They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been Government powder." The ball hit him in the groin.

Lord Mulgrave once said at table, it was a fact that Charles Fox would have agreed to come in under Mr. Pitt latterly as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Coke said there was such a report, and he wrote Fox, saying if it were so they must separate. Fox assured him on his honour it was not so, and he kept the letter till his death.

Fox is described to have been as fond of shooting as a schoolboy. He went out one morning. It came on to rain. Fox stood under some firs with a gamekeeper, who was a great talker. All the day it rained incessantly. As the ladies were all waiting dinner in came Fox: "Where have you been, Charles?" said Mr. Coke. "Why, talking to that fellow all day. There is hardly a man I can't get something from if he talks," said Mr. Fox.

When Burke was dying Fox went to see him; but Burke would not see Fox. When he came back, Mr. Coke was lamenting Burke's obstinacy. "Ah," said Fox, "never mind, Tom, I always find every Irishman has got a piece of potato in his head."

George IV. is said to have sworn he would knight Coke once, when a very violent petition was being brought up by him. Mr. Coke said he had made up his mind that if the King attempted it he would have knocked off the sword.

Mr. Coke said he remembered a fox killed in Cavendish-square, and that where Berkeley-square now stands was an excellent place for snipes.

A LESSON FOR A GOVERNOR.

Sir Francis Head, in 1835, was appointed Governor of Upper Canada; and one of his first experiences in his new post he thus felicitously relates:—

"Within a week after my arrival at Toronto," says the Governor, "I had to receive an Address from the Speaker and Commons' House of Assembly; and on inquiring in what manner I was to perform my part in the ceremony allotted to me, I was informed that I was to sit very still on a large scarlet chair with my hat on. The first half was evidently an easy job; but the latter part was really revolting to my habits and feelings, and as I thought I ought to try and govern by my head and not by my hat, I felt convinced that the former would risk nothing by being for a few minutes divorced from the latter, and accordingly I determined, with white gloves, to hold the thing in my hands; and several of my English party quite agreed with me in thinking my project not only an innocent but a virtuous act of common courtesy; however, I happened to mention my intention to an Upper Canadian, and never shall I forget the look of silent scorn with which he listened to me. I really quite quailed beneath the reproof, which, without the utterance of a word, and after scanning me from head to foot, his mild, intelligent, faithful countenance read to me, and which but too clearly expressed—'What! to purchase five minutes' loathsome popularity will you barter one of the few remaining prerogatives of the British Crown? Will you, for the vain hope of conciliating insatiable Democracy, meanly sell to it one of the distinctions of your station? Miserable man! beware, before it be too late, of surrendering piecemeal that which it is your duty to maintain, and for which, after all, you will only receive in exchange contumely and contempt!' I remained for a few seconds as mute as my Canadian Mentor, and then, without taking any notice of the look with which he had been chastising me,

I spoke to him on some other subjects; but I did not forget the picture I had seen, and accordingly my hat was tight enough on my head when the Speaker bowed to it, and I shall ever feel indebted to that man for the sound political lesson which he taught me."

"PATRIOTIC GREEKS."

Laman Blanchard and Douglas Jerrold met by accident before either friend had reached his majority. The latter was pushing his way, by slow degrees, into the tramway of the current journalism; the former was writing graceful poesy, to be presently gathered into a volume of "Lyric Offerings," and published by Harrison Ainsworth. Yet their common subject just now, as they stood under the gateway protected from the rain, was of Byron and liberty. The noble was their idol of the hour. He was a bard, and he was the champion of liberty. Why should they not follow him—join him in Greece? The two friends were roused to frenzy with the idea, and the fair, blue-eyed one, suddenly seeing the ludicrous position of two Greek crusaders sneaking out of a shower of rain, dashed into the wet, saying, "Come, Sam, if we're going to Greece we musn't be afraid of a shower of rain."—*Blanchard Jerrold's Life of his Father.*

TALLEYRAND'S DIPLOMACY AND WIT.

Only three months before his death, Talleyrand said: "A minister of foreign affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open, at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being in reality reserved, although perfectly frank in his manner." The precept was his own portrait. His power of *concealing his opinions*, and his steady adherence to the principle of allowing attacks upon his character to dissipate by time for want of opposition, have had the effect of keeping his contemporaries ignorant of his real character. This taciturnity has frequently occasioned his being subject to imputations which he did not deserve; at times it has, beyond a doubt, acquired for him a reputation for ability greater than he deserved.

On the murder of the Duke d'Enghien by the order of Bonaparte being mentioned, Talleyrand is reported to have said—"It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." "We believe," says Charles Butler, "that such an expression was never uttered by an Englishman, and that it would be heard by no Englishman without disgust."

Talleyrand was one of the few men who had the art of *doing* witty things. On the death of Charles X. he drove through Paris for a couple of days, wearing a white hat. He carried a crape in his pocket. When he passed through the Faubourg of the Carlists, the crape was instantly twisted round his hat; when he came into

the quarter of the Tuileries, the crape was instantly stripped off and put into his pocket again.

At a public dinner Talleyrand's health was drank: Before the noise was over, he got up, made a mumbling, as if speaking—spoke nothing—made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never said a word.

The only *mot* recorded of Charles X., as uttered on his return to France in 1814, on seeing that the adversaries of his family, had disappeared, was—"There is only one Frenchman the more." This was the suggestion of M. Talleyrand. He afterwards proposed, in like manner, to Charles's successor, that the foolish freaks of the Duchess de Berri should be visited with this rescript to her and her faction: "Madame, no hope remains for you. You will be tried, condemned, and pardoned."

The Prince was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "How ever could Madame de S—— make such a match?—a person of her birth to marry a valet-de-chambre!" "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game: at nine we don't reckon honours."

Talleyrand being asked, if a certain authoress, whom he had long since known, but who belonged rather to the last age, was not "a little tiresome?" "Not at all," said he; "she was perfectly tiresome."

A gentleman was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy on his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled-for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "It was your father, then, apparently, who may not have been very well favoured," was Talleyrand's remark, which at once released the circle from the subject.

When Madame de Staël published her celebrated novel of *Delphine*, she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. "They tell me," said he, the first time he met her, "that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

Rulhières, the celebrated author of the work on the Polish Revolution, having said, "I never did but one mischievous work in my life"—"And when will it be ended?" was Talleyrand's reply.

"Is not Geneva dull?" asked a friend of Talleyrand. "Especially when they amuse themselves," was the reply.

"She is insupportable," said Talleyrand, with marked emphasis, of one well known: but, as if he had gone too far, to take something off what he had said, he added, "It is her only defect."

A friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty; and the first happening to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. "If Madame S." said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

"Ah; I feel the torments of hell," said a person, whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. "Already?" was the inquiry suggested to M. Talleyrand. The Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar expression on a like occasion.

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day entrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and, with some surprise, observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant; and to the second letter was added a postscript couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer; he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

A creditor to whom the Prince was indebted in a heavy sum, waited on him as he was setting off on his last departure for this country: not to take so great a liberty as to ask for his money, but merely to ascertain any time, however remote, when he might presume to ask for a part of it. The diplomatist's only reply to the inquisitive intruder was, "Monsieur, vous êtes bien curieux;" and no one but the diplomatist could have made *such* a reply.

Talleyrand's cook, Marie-Antoine Carême, contrasting the good and evil features of his vocation, exclaimed enthusiastically, "The charcoal kills us; but *n'importe*,—our years are few in number, but full of glory."

PRESENTIMENT TO TALLEYRAND.

Dr. Sigmond received from the widow of M. Colmache, the private secretary and friend of M. de Talleyrand, the following remarkable anecdote.

One day, in the presence of the minister, the conversation had turned upon the subject of those sudden warnings which have been looked upon as communications from the world of spirits to man: some one observed, that it would be difficult to find a man of any note, who had not, in the course of his life, experienced something of the kind.

I remember," said Talleyrand, "upon one occasion, having been gifted, for one single moment, with an unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came; it has never

once returned, and yet upon that one occasion it saved my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration I should not have been here to tell my tale. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms. I had not a single reason to doubt his friendship. On the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proof of his devotion to my interest and well-being. We had fled from France; we had arrived at New York together, and we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay here. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left by speculation, it was still in partnership and together, that we freighted a small vessel for India, trusting to all the goodly chances which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more conjointly to brave the storms and perils of a longer and yet more adventurous voyage. Everything was embarked for our departure; bills were all paid, and farewells all taken, and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation, being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz: he grew remarkably restless: one day, he entered our lodging, evidently labouring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at that moment in writing letters to Europe; and looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning those letters? they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.' The day was very fine, and though the wind was blowing hard, I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterwards, displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk, and put away my papers, handing me with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other services to quicken my departure, which, at the time, I attributed to his restless desire for change. We walked, through the crowded streets, to the Battery. He had seized my arm, and hurried me along. When we had arrived at the broad esplanade—the glory of New York—Beaumetz quickened his step still more, until we reached close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf, when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse—for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood

immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eye upon his face. He turned aside, cowed and dismayed. 'Beaumetz,' I shouted, 'you mean to murder me; you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can.' The maniac stared at me for a moment; but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck, and burst into tears. "'Tis true—'tis true, my friend! The thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look! you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet; in another instant the work would have been done.' The demon had left him; his eye was unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been labouring, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose, bleeding, abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. My FATE was at work."

It was whilst watching by the bedside of his friend that Talleyrand received letters which enabled him to return to France; he did so, and left Beaumetz to prosecute the speculation alone. The Prince Talleyrand could never speak of the preceding event without shuddering, and to the latest hour of his existence believed that "he was for an instant gifted with an extraordinary light, and during a quick and vivid flash the possible and the true was revealed to a strong and powerful mind," and that upon this the whole of his destiny hinged. "This species of momentary exaltation," says Dr. Sigmond, "which is not again repeated, but is remembered with the most vivid impression, is what is more immediately known by the name of *fantasia*:" in France and England it is named *preschitiment*.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow's Psychological Journal*.

THE PRINCESS TALLEYRAND.

In the Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand we find the following portrait of his strange relative:—"She was the most eccentric person I ever met with—the last of a race of which it will be impossible, from the change in human ideas, ever to behold another specimen. In her youth she had been most beautiful, and still retained, saving the loss of an eye, traces of loveliness even in advanced age. She could not be called either clever or witty, but was the cause of such

interminable wit on the part of others, of such endless good sayings on the part of the Prince, that Valançay, to those who were accustomed to her society, seemed dull *à perir* when she was not there. She had the greatest fund of originality and natural vivacity that could be possessed by any human being. Her ideas could not be made, by any force of reasoning or persuasion, to follow the tide of improvement of the times; and she could never be taught to believe that the Revolution had wrought any change in the relative positions of the aristocracy and the people, but continued, to the latest period of her life, to treat all plebeians and *roturiers* as though they had still been serfs and vassals, subject at her will and pleasure to *détresse* and *corvée*. She was an invaluable specimen of the old insolent *noblesse*, and after a day spent in her company you might retire to rest, no longer wondering at the horrors of the great Revolution, nor yet at the hatred by which they had been instigated. On one occasion she had nearly set the whole province in uproar by an unseasonable display of what the Prince was wont to call her *impertinence regente*. A large party had been invited to dinner at the *château*, a party in honour of the arrival of some high and illustrious visitor at Valançay. I think there were even scions of Royalty among the guests. In short, it was one of the gaudy days of the castle, when the flaming yellow liveries, and the antique silver, and the Royal gifts were all displayed. Of course, the *préfet* of the department, the *maire* of Valançay, the *curé*, and, in short, all the authorities of the place, had been invited, and with true provincial punctuality had arrived at the exact hour named in the invitation, which, as usual in modern times, was long before the princely host expected to receive his guests, and, when they were ushered into the drawing-room, they found that none of the family had as yet appeared, and that they would be consequently compelled to amuse themselves as they best could until the ringing of the bell, which would gather together the stray members of the household. In a short time, however, the great doors of the drawing-room were thrown back with a loud *fracas*, and in sailed, in all the majesty of stiffened silks and fluttering plumes, her Highness the Princess T—. The troubled provincials immediately with one accord turned from the chimney, where they had been talking in mysterious murmurs concerning the mighty individuals whom they were to meet at dinner, and moved in a body, with sundry low bows, and a great display of gymnastic prostrations, towards the fair Princess. The latter stood for a moment, and gazed as they advanced, then turning suddenly round to the grinning domestic, who had remained standing at the door, 'Fool!' exclaimed she, indignantly, 'did I

not bid you ascertain if anybody had arrived, before I troubled myself to come down to the *salon*?' 'Yes, Princess, and I came myself to see,' answered the servant, looking rather puzzled and embarrassed, first at his mistress, then at the guests, who stood wondering where the questioning would lead to; 'and when I found these gentlemen here, I'——'Idiot!' interrupted the Princess, 'not to know your business better; remember that such as these are not anybody, but *nobody*.' With these words she tossed out of the room, pointing with her fan over her shoulder at the poor stupefied provincials, whose rage and mortification defy description."

TALLEYRAND AND BONAPARTE.

Bourrienne is not the best of authorities, but the earlier volumes of the memoirs which pass under his name are less falsified than the later; and an anecdote which he relates of Talleyrand's interview with the First Consul, after being reappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, is so characteristic, that its truth is highly probable:—"M. de Talleyrand, appointed successor to M. de Reinhart at the same time that Cambacères and Lebrun succeeded Sièyes and Roger Ducas as Consuls, was admitted to a private audience by the First Consul. The speech which he addressed to Bonaparte was so gratifying to the person to whom it was addressed, and appeared so striking to myself, that the words have remained in my memory:—'Citizen Consul, you have confided to me the department of foreign affairs, and I will justify your confidence; but I must work under no one but yourself. This is not mere arrogance on my part: in order that France be well governed, unity of action is required: you must be First Consul, and the First Consul must hold in his hand all the mainsprings of the political machine—the ministries of the interior, of internal police, of foreign affairs, of war, and the marine. The ministers of these departments must transact business with you alone. The ministries of justice and finance have, without doubt, a powerful influence upon politics; but it is more indirect. The second consul is an able jurist, and the third a master of finance: leave these departments to them; it will amuse them; and you, General, having the entire management of the essential parts of government, may pursue without interruption your noble object, the regeneration of France.' These words accorded too closely with the sentiments of Bonaparte to be heard by him otherwise than with pleasure. He said to me, after M. de Talleyrand had taken his leave, 'Do you know, Bourrienne, Talleyrand's advice is sound. He is a man of sense.' He then added smilingly:—'Talleyrand is

a dexterous fellow : he has seen through me. You know I wish to do what he advises ; and he is in the right. Lebrun is an honest man, but a mere book-maker ; Cambacères is too much identified with the Revolution : my government must be something entirely new.' ”

Napoleon and Talleyrand may be said to have understood each other, and that in a sense not discreditably to either. The good sense of both was revolted by the bloodshed and theatrical sentiment, the blended ferocity and coxcombry of the Revolution ; both were practical statesmen, men with a taste and talent for administration, not mere constitution-makers. They resembled each other — neither was remarkably scrupulous as to the means by which he attained his ends ; though this laxity of sentiment was kept in check by the natural humanity of both. Their very points of difference were calculated to cement their union. Each of these men felt that the other was a supplement to himself. Talleyrand readily admired and appreciated Napoleon. If he flattered him, it was by the delicate method of confirming him in the opinions and intentions which met his approbation.

The imperturbability of Talleyrand may have been coarsely exaggerated ; but it was, doubtless, very great. His reserve, probably constitutional, but heightened by the circumstances of his early life, and cultivated upon principle, was impenetrable. In advanced life it seemed even to have affected his physical appearance. When at rest, but for his glittering eye it would have been difficult to feel certain that it was not a statue that was placed before you. When his sonorous voice broke upon the ear it was like a possessing spirit speaking from a graven image. Even in comparatively early life, his power of banishing all expression from his countenance, and the soft and heavy appearance of his features, were remarked as contrasting startlingly with the manly energy indicated by his deep powerful voice. Mirabeau in the beginning, Napoleon at the close of the Revolution, threw him into the shade ; but he outlasted both. The secret of his power was patience and pertinacity ; and his life has the appearance of being preternaturally lengthened out, when we recollect the immense number of widely-removed characters and events of which he was the contemporary. It may be said on the one hand that he accomplished nothing which time did not in a manner bring about ; but on the other it may be said, with equal plausibility, that scarcely any of the leading events which have occurred in France in his day would have taken the exact shape they assumed had not his hand interfered to give them somewhat of a bias or direction. Next to Napoleon I., he certainly was the most extraordinary man the revolutionary period of France gave birth to.

CELEBRITIES OF HOLLAND HOUSE.

Of this once great meeting-place for Whig politicians, for poets, painters, critics, and scholars, placed in a domain of deep seclusion, at "courtly Kensington," a scholarly hand wrote thus eloquently, and we fear prophetically, in 1842, two years after the death of the lamented statesman who contributed so greatly to the fame of the mansion.

"Yet a few years, and the shades and the structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city, which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow, as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble; with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the councils of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming, when perhaps a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will seek in vain, amidst new streets and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling, which in their youth was the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen; they will remember with strange tenderness, many objects familiar to them—the avenue and terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar tenderness, they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could divine to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages; those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations; they will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze or canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written that it will not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was lovely and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals.

"They will remember the singular character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds's Baretta; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversation with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will

remember above all, the grace, and the kindness, far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed; they will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome; they will remember that temper which years of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter; and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls. They will remember, that, in the last lines, which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland.”—*John Fisher Murray's Environs of London.*

“It is remarkable,” says Lord Brougham, “that, like his uncle, Lord Holland, though fond of poetry [and himself a poet], had no relish for the kindred art; the other branch of harmony, Music, was positively disagreeable to them both—a remarkable instance of Shakspeare’s extravagant error in a well-known passage of his plays.”*

[His Lordship called on Lord Lansdowne a little before his death, and showed him his epitaph of his own composing, “Here lies Henry Vassal Fox, Lord Holland, &c., who was drowned while sitting in his elbow-chair;” he died, in this house, in his elbow-chair, of water on the chest.—*Cunningham.*]

POLITICAL RISE OF LORD LYNTHURST.

This very able judge did not succeed in attracting public attention until the year 1817, when Serjeant Copley was counsel, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherell, for James Watson the elder, who was indicted for high treason. Lord Campbell, in his *Life of Lord Ellenborough*, says that Lord Castlereagh was sitting on the bench during the trial, and he adds the statement, which Lord Lyndurst resented—viz. that Lord Castlereagh, expressing great admiration of Mr. Serjeant Copley’s Republican eloquence, is said

“The man that bath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The emotions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.”

Merchant of Venice, Act v. Sc. 1.

to have added, "I will set my *rat-trap* for him, baited with *Cheshire cheese*." This anecdote was probably a joke of circuit invention; but it had just this basis of actual fact, that Mr. Serjeant Copley in the year following (1818) was made by the Government Chief Justice of Chester.

This story is usually termed "the Cheshire-cheese joke;" but it has been stated, upon indisputable authority, in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 216, that "it was during the trial of a prosecution against the publisher of the *Quarterly Review* for an alleged libel on Colonel Macaroni that Lord Lyndhurst (then Serjeant Copley) first fixed the attention of the Tory leaders as a desirable auxiliary. He conducted the defence, and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Liverpool, with other members of the Government, having been subpoenaed as witnesses, were seated on the bench. Shortly afterwards, the successful advocate was requested to call on the Prime Minister, who told him that if he wished to come into Parliament a seat was at his disposal, and requested him to take time to consider. The reply was an immediate acceptance, and Mr. Serjeant Copley was forthwith elected member for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, on the nomination of Mr. Holmes. No pledge, promise, or condition of any sort was required, offered, suggested, or imposed." This paragraph was based on information supplied to the writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* by Lord Lyndhurst himself, and it was read over to him, and declared correct, prior to publication.

On the 6th of March, 1827, Copley delivered his able and memorable speech against Catholic Emancipation, to which Canning retorted so effectually by citing his opinion as law officer of the Crown. Canning remarked, with some appearance of justice, that "had he been required to predict the quarter from which the attack would proceed, the quarter from which it had proceeded would have been the last he should have conjectured." He also charged Sir John Copley with not being original in his remarks. "I have met them," said he, "in print," alluding to the pamphlet of Dr. Philpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, and which, having then just appeared, it is said Sir John actually held in his hand, when Mr. Lushington, or some one looking over his shoulder, communicated the circumstance to Canning, who thereupon made the observation reported in his speech; and further, it is said, exclaimed in the words of the song,

"Dear Tom, this brown jug which now foams with mild ale
Was once *Toby Philpotts*."

This brush between Mr. Canning and the Master of the Rolls did not cause the slightest diminution of the regard which subsisted between them.

A most significant proof of this was in fact afforded a few weeks afterwards. Dissensions on the Catholic claims, together with the death of Lord Liverpool, having broken up the Cabinet, and Lord Eldon having resigned for the very last time, after twenty-five years' occupancy of the woolsack, and an extended series of threatened leave-takings, Canning made an offer of the Chancellorship to Sir John Copley, with the definite intimation "*non obstante Philpotto*." It is stated that when Lords Liverpool and Eldon were discussing his succession to the Mastership of the Rolls, while Lord Liverpool considered that his claims to that office were paramount, Lord Eldon even went so far as to add that "he goes to school in the lower form (the Rolls) to qualify him to remove into the higher, if he takes the Chancellorship." His Lordship probably found that this contingency occurred sooner than he anticipated, and certainly he had some difficulty in reconciling himself to his own surrender of that dignified office. Yet it was quite in due course that it should fall to the lot of Sir John Copley to succeed him as Chancellor, and Sir John therefore, on the 20th of April, 1827, was created Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, and very properly, "*non obstante Philpotto*."

A pleasant story is related of the damasking of the Great Seal (the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor) at the demise of George IV. Lord Lyndhurst then held the Seal, but Lord Brougham was its Keeper when the Seal of William IV. was completed; hence there were two claimants for the damasked Seal, one arguing that it was really a Seal of the preceding reign, and as such vested in him at the death of the Sovereign; the other that it was in full force till it was actually defaced. King William was appealed to to settle the dispute, and decided that each of the two Lords should have half the old Seal: his Majesty ordered his goldsmith to insert the two halves in two superb silver salvers, which he presented to Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, recommending them to "toss up" which should have the obverse and which the reverse of the Seal. Another story of Lord Lyndhurst resigning the Great Seal, and, on his descending the palace staircase, being addressed with "Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?" was told with much humour by the ex-Chancellor himself.

Lord Lyndhurst, undoubtedly, did not like to be reminded of his ever having been a Whig and something more. When he was canvassing Cambridge University, and asked Musgrave, afterwards Archbishop of York, for his vote, the reply was, "*I am a Whig*"

still, sir!" Musgrave's dog was couchant under the chair on which the candidate was sitting, and he was advised to "take care of that dog: he's a terrible fellow for vermin!"

"The courtesy of Lord Lyndhurst was as marked a feature in him as his learning as a lawyer and his ability as a statesman. It probably pained him, when he was Chancellor, to be uncivil even to a Lord Mayor, as he was obliged to be, according to ancient custom. When a new Lord Mayor invites the other Judges to dine with him they bow, by way of assent, but when the same invitation is made to the Lord Chancellor, he listens, gives no sign, and the Mayor departs without an answer."—*Memoir in Athenæum*.

Many are the instances related of the generosity of Lord Lyndhurst. Mr. Gale Jones, the violent Radical, addressed a long letter to his lordship, detailing the distressing circumstances in which he was placed through ill health and the infirmities of old age, and soliciting charity. Lord Lyndhurst read the letter attentively, and handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make out a cheque on my bank for five pounds for this poor man." The secretary, on looking at the signature, said, "My lord, are you aware who this man is?" "No," said his lordship, "I do not recollect having before seen the name." "Why, this is the notorious Gale Jones, who has been for so many years so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship." Lord Lyndhurst looked again at the letter, and then said, "Oh, never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition; get the cheque ready, and send him the money."

Here is a more playful instance of Lord Lyndhurst's good nature. When Cleave, the newsvendor, was tried in the Court of Exchequer, on a Government information, he conducted his own case, and was treated with much indulgence by Lord Lyndhurst, the judge. Cleave began his defence by observing that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the adage, that "he who acts as his own counsel has a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, with great pleasantry, "ah, Mr. Cleave! don't you mind that adage; it was framed by the lawyers."

It is gratifying to add that of this illustrious man "the end was peace;" and that nothing so called forth Lord Lyndhurst's perpetual gratitude to God as that He had enabled him, by extending his life far beyond the allotted time, to "redeem the time." And nobly did he redeem the time. His mind was fully occupied with the importance of religion. He was incessant in the earnest preparations which he made for death. He applied all the power of his marvellous

intellect and all his apprehensive quickness to the study of religion. Great as he was, he bowed down before the greatness of the Supreme Being. Through religion his natural kindliness and loving disposition were refined into the highest Christian graces, which were profusely shown in his relations with all who came in contact with him—wife, daughter, servants, everybody. His last articulate words were, "Happy, happy, happy," and happy he was indeed. Those who ministered to him knew his true humility, his hearty repentance, his serene and earnest hope. He died in peace and charity with all mankind.*

MACAULAY IN PARLIAMENT.

M. Mignet, the French historian, in a brief sketch of the debates on the Reform Bill, thus vividly describes Macaulay.

"During that long and solemn discussion Mr. Macaulay spoke often and eloquently. He delivered five speeches successively, all worthy to be preserved. In merely considering his magnificent talent, which suggested comparisons with Burke, it may be said with truth that he placed himself by his copious diction, his elevation of thought, and his energy, in the rank of the great political orators. He enters vigorously on his subject, and masters it. His reasoning is solid rather than pompous, firm as well as rhetorical. In his short or in his swelling periods, incisive or harmonious, he indulges in no details which would weaken the interest of his subject. He no more abuses history, from which he draws his telling evidence, than he does the eloquence with which he inflicts such unerring blows. His speeches, carefully studied as they were, seem as if they were conceived the moment they were delivered. They show consummate labour, and yet the movement of improvisation; and they combine studied eloquence with freedom. The moment he stood up to speak, Whigs and Tories crowded the benches of the house. Without the external qualities of the orator, he produced great oratorical effect. On a massive bust (it is thus he is represented) rose a strong and expressive head. His feet remained as if fixed to the ground. His left arm flung behind him, while with his right, and by some abrupt movements, he seemed to push, as it were, his words before him. It was in this rigid attitude, and in a tone of voice at first grave, that he opened those florid but ardent discourses, copious but impetuous, which gradually acquired an irresistible force. Then it grew to be a torrent of strong ideas, of convincing facts, of able considerations, of noble sentiments, of close reasonings, of splendid

* Sermon, preached at St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

images, all of which rolled on without confusion, and carried everything before it. His hearers, among whom were as many adversaries as partisans, followed him astonished or delighted, and he obtained, from the approval of his ideas by some, applauses which admiration of his talents drew from others."

SIR JAMES GRAHAM IN PARLIAMENT.

When, in a time of great political agitation, a Bill was introduced prohibiting any person from taking part in the proceedings of a town meeting who was not an inhabitant or freeman of the place, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Graham wished to know if a member who sat for a borough of which he was neither inhabitant nor freeman would come within the meaning of the Act? He paused to listen for the report of his shot; but few were attending, and nobody cried "Hear." He looked to see if he had hit; but the Under-Secretaries were talking to one another on the Treasury Bench, and Lord Castlereagh was occupied in smelling the hothouse flower in his button-hole. Mr. Graham repeated his question in other words, but with no better effect. He felt half vexed with himself at having got up, but he was up and must go on; so he thought he would argue the point. The case was not an imaginary one, he said, for it was his own, as he happened to sit for a borough of which he was neither a freeman nor an inhabitant, and of which he was not likely to become either, having no connexion with the place. At this unlucky proffer of irrelevant information, he heard, or thought he heard, something like a suppressed laugh. He felt himself getting confused, a little at first, and then very much so. For a few minutes he rambled on through commonplace and reiteration, but no timely cheer came to his rescue, and he sat down without any distinct recollection of what he had said or what he had intended to say. Mr. Henry Lascelles, who sat opposite, whispered to a mutual friend, "Well, there is an end of Graham; we shall hear no more of him."—*Life by Torrens.*

When, in 1834, Sir Robert Peel was about to form his ministry, a King's messenger was despatched to Sir James Graham, who was found about to dine at the rectory at Arthuret, and with certain politicians of a strong blue tint. One of these, bursting with impatience, suddenly asked him, "Well, Sir James, what are you thinking of doing?" "The only thing I am thinking of doing just now," he answered, "is of eating a good dinner."

It was during the debate on the Address, at the opening of the next session of Parliament, that O'Connell quoted the lines of Caning, as descriptive of Sir James Graham and those who with him

were then led by Lord Stanley, neither a party nor a faction. What is it, he asked, that

Down thy hill, romantic Ashburne, glides?
—The Derby Dilly carrying six insides.

“No political *sobriquet*,” remarks Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, “ever stuck more closely, and few ever more effectually served their purpose.”

Personally, Sir James Graham was, in 1844, the most unpopular statesman of the day. “How do you account for it,” said a mutual friend, standing one day below the bar, to a noble lord whom Sir James had lately complimented highly in debate, and towards whom he had certainly never shown anything like disrespect. “How? Why just look at him as he sits there, with his head thrown back and his eyes fixed on the windows over the gallery, as if there was nothing going on in the House worth his listening to.” Another distinguished supporter, when asked why so many people hated him, replied, “He has cocked his hat on the wrong side of his head, and depend upon it that’s a mistake not easily got over.”

In 1847, when addressing the House one evening on the oft-debated subject of the connexion between the rate of wages and the price of food, Sir James reiterated his declaration that experience had convinced him that the former had a constant tendency to rise in proportion as the latter fell. Lord George Bentinck, who was sitting on the front Opposition bench below him, threw back his head, and, looking at him, exclaimed, “Ah, yes, but you know you said the other thing before.” A shout of laughter, in which Sir James joined, was followed by cheers and counter-cheers, and curiosity was on tiptoe for the retort. From his perch, as he used to call it, the ex-minister looked down at his noble antagonist, and said, in a tone of ineffable humour, “The noble Lord’s taunts fall harmless upon me; I’m not in office now.”

In 1852 he again stood for Carlisle, abolishing all necessity for apologies and explanations by the simple words, “Well, gentlemen, the wanderer has returned.” He was elected, and returned thanks. “Somebody had said that if he were returned, Carlisle would be called a refuge for the destitute. Well, that was a better name for it to bear than an hospital for the incurable.”

No one knew better than Sir James Graham how to ward off an attack on the hustings. In 1859, when a squib was published styling him a *weather-cock*, he retorted, “Well, I think it very likely that on the day of election I shall show which way the wind blows.”

In power of work, Sir James Graham and Sir Robert Peel were

the admiration of each other, and of all who knew them. When Sir Philip Crampton, on one occasion, found Sir Robert Peel not looking over well, he ventured to suggest that the Premier did not allow himself sufficient time for rest and relaxation. "Do you think so?" was Peel's reply. "Why, what I do in the way of work is nothing to what Graham does."

Mr. Torrens relates the following instance of want of graciousness in this unpopular statesman:—"In 1837, on the death of King William, Lord John Russell came to the bar of the House of Commons charged with a Message from the Queen. Hats were immediately ordered off, and even the Speaker announced from the chair that members must be uncovered. Every one complied with the injunction except Sir James Graham, who continued to wear his hat until the first words of the Message were pronounced. His doing so was the subject of some unpleasant remarks in the newspapers, and at the meeting of the House next day, he rose to explain, that in not taking off his hat until the word *Regina* was uttered, he but followed the old and established custom—a custom which he deemed better than that observed by everybody else in the House." The Speaker then said that Sir James Graham was quite right—that he was strictly within rule in not uncovering until the initiatory word of the Message was delivered. If Sir James Graham had the letter of the law on his side, still there was a stiffness in his conduct which, considering that the message came from a young Queen, and was her first message to her faithful Commons, was not over attractive.

WELLINGTONIANA.

Sir Walter Scott once described the Duke of Wellington's style of debating as "slicing an argument into two or three parts, and helping himself to the best."

Colonel Gurwood relates, the Duke complained that liberties were taken with him. He said, when he went to Court, after William the Fourth's death, the Duke of Cambridge said, "Why, Duke, why d'ye have your hair so short?" Directly after the Duke of Sussex said, "Why are you not in mourning, Duke?" The Duke said, "I ordered black, your Royal Highness." "Ah," said he, "it is not black. It is what the French call *tête-de-nègre*." "The Duke of Marlborough," said the Duke to Gurwood, "because he was an old man, was treated like an old woman. I won't be. And the reason why I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me, is because I never take a liberty with any man." Colonel Gurwood said that the Duke, although he had known Lord Fitzroy Somerset from a boy, always called him *Lord Fitzroy*.

"The rat has got into the bottle" was the Duke's favourite saying, when people tried to persuade him to do what he had made up his mind not to do. "This not very intelligible expression," says Mr. Tom Taylor, "may refer to an anecdote I have heard of the Duke's once telling, in his later days, how the musk-rats in India got into bottles, which ever after retained the odour of musk." "Either the rats must be very small," said a lady who heard him, "or the bottles very large." "On the contrary, madam," was the Duke's reply, "very small bottles, and very large rats." "That is the style of logic we have to deal with at the Horse Guards," whispered Lord ____.*

The saying of the Duke ought never to be forgotten, that "success can only be obtained by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its concluding point."

It was *à propos* to the county of Dublin meeting, in January, 1821, that the celebrated *môt* of the Duke of Wellington was uttered in the House of Lords. "County meetings," said his Grace, "are farces." "On this occasion," retorted the Duke of Leinster, "it was not the fault of the authorities that the farce did not turn out a tragedy."

Lord Strangford was staying with the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle, when, one morning at breakfast, the Duke informed him that he was obliged to go up to London immediately, as all his razors required setting, but he would be back to dinner. Lord Strangford very naturally offered to lend the Duke his razors, which his Grace did not accept. Lord S. then offered to take the razors to Dover; but the Duke replied, "The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years; I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jermyn-street, and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself and brush my own clothes. I regret that I cannot clean my own boots; for servants bore me, and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell you."

Occasionally, besieging correspondents got the better of the gallant Duke. A Mrs. Dowell, who kept a tobacconist's shop at the entrance to Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, was so partial to the Duke, that she was continually inventing some new plan whereby to express her regard. She sent him patties, cakes, and other delicacies; and,

* Note to Lord Haydon's *Autobiography and Journals*; one of the best Anecdote books of our time.

as it was useless to attempt to defeat the old woman's pertinacity, everything sent was taken in. To such a pitch did she carry this mania, that she regularly laid for his Grace at her table, constantly expecting he would call in.

The Duke was once asked by a friend, with ill-timed familiarity, if he was ever surprised? "No," replied his Grace; "but I am now."

The Duke had, however, some escapes at home. One day, in May, 1845, as he was walking up the roadway of Park-lane, when opposite Gloucester House, a carter came along with a country wagon and a team of horses; he called aloud to the Duke, who, being very deaf, did not hear the man, who had very nearly, with his wain, thrown down and driven over the hero of a hundred fights! We happen to know a gentleman who took his Grace almost from under the horses of an omnibus, opposite the Earl of Cadogan's House, in Piccadilly.

The Duke, when assailed by the mob, on his return from the Tower, during the Reform Bill excitement, had an escape of another sort. A young man, in a gig or taxed-cart, kept close to the Duke's horse the whole way through the City, in such a manner as completely to guard one side. He never once looked up, nor had the air or manner of one who was doing anything out of the way; and we believe he remains to this day unknown, though the greatest disgrace that could have fallen on the nation was, in all human probability, averted by him.

It was during the unhealthy excitement, when the Reform Bill mob clung to the wheels of the Lord Mayor's state-coach, as it rolled into the court-yard of St. James's, that Apsley House was attacked by the lawless brawlers, who threw stones at the very gallery in which was celebrated every year the victory which saved England and Europe! It was to protect his mansion, after the windows had been broken by the mob, that the Duke had affixed to the windows bullet-proof iron venetian blinds. Nor were these blinds removed during the Duke's lifetime. "They shall remain where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows. They only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him." In the general repair of Apsley House, some time after the Duke's death, these iron blinds were removed by order of the present Duke: to our thinking it was most discreet to leave the further lesson to be recorded in history.

On going over Apsley House, soon after the death of the Duke of Wellington, we were shown, on the lawn in the rear of the mansion next Hyde Park, the garden-engine with which the Duke was wont to enjoy exercise, *just as did his great antagonist, Napoleon, at Longwood*. For, in Captain Nicholls's journal, in Sir Hudson Lowe's Letters and Journals, we find: "Jan. 2, 1820. General Bonaparte was amusing himself with the pipe of the fire-engine, spouting water on the trees and flowers of his favourite garden."

In 1839 Haydon went to Walmer Castle, to paint the Duke for a Liverpool Committee; the artist has given a minute account of the visit in his journal.

"In the evening, the Duke talked of the sea encroaching at Dover, and of the various plans to stop it. 'What, there are plans?' said Sir Astley Cooper, who was one of the party. 'Yes, yes, there are as many Dover doctors as other doctors,' said he, and we all laughed.

"The Duke said, when he came to Paris, in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. The Abbé du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, 'Europe owes her salvation to one man. But before he gave me time to look foolish,' added the Duke, 'Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, '*C'est moi.*'"

"He then talked of Bonaparte's system. Sir Astley used the old cant—'It was selfish.' 'It was,' said the Duke, 'bullying and driving.' Of France he said, 'They robbed each other, and then poured out on Europe to fill their stomachs and pockets by robbing others.'

"He spoke of Don Carlos—said he was a poor creature. He saw him at Dorchester House two days before he escaped. He advised him not to think of it. He told him 'all we are now saying will be in Downing-street in two hours.' 'You have no posts,' Carlos said, 'Zumalacaragui will take me on.' 'Before you move,' replied his Grace, 'be sure *he* has got one.' (Here was the *man*.) The Duke said Don Carlos affected sickness—somebody got into his bed, and kept the farce up—that medicine came—that the French ambassador behaved like a noodle. Instead of telegraphing up to Bayonne, which would have carried the news there in two hours, he set off in his post-carriage and four after Don Carlos, when he must have got to Bayonne or near it.

"The Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain—of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down, and regularly paid for, to serve as fuel. He said every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier.

He got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said, 'Your Grace, the French always bivouac.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'because French, Spanish, and all other nations, lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no homes.'

"The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based upon the security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast."

A delightful scene with children, of whom the Duke was very fond, is described next morning, at breakfast. "In the midst, six dear noisy children, were brought to the windows. 'Let them in,' said the Duke, and in they came and rushed over to him, saying, 'How d'ye do, Duke? how d'ye do, Duke?' One boy, young Grey, roared, 'I want some tea, Duke.' 'You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.' Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other, and he hugged them all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Grey try to slop it over the Duke's frock-coat. Sir Astley said, 'You did not effect this.' They then rushed out on the leads, and after breakfast I saw the Duke romping with the whole of them, and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bedroom. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out, and said, 'I'll catch you!' Just as I did this, the Duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door, close to my room, No. 10, which leads to the leads, and said, 'I'll catch ye!—ha, ha, I've got ye!' at which they all ran away. He looked at them, and laughed, and went in."

In the evening, the Duke seated himself in the drawing-room, put a candle on each side of him, and read the *Standard* through. Sir Astley had left in the morning, and in talking of the Duke's power of conversation, related that when some one said, "Habit is second nature," the Duke remarked, "It is ten times nature."

Gurwood said, the Duke told him he gave 1000*l.* a-year away, because the Government would not put the demands relating to his Wardenship of the Cinque Ports on the Estimates.

Gurwood also said that the year when Alexander's bank failed, the Duke gave away at least 6000*l.* One day, he found the Duke sealing up bank-notes, and sending off envelope after envelope, and his Grace said he ought to be as rich as Croesus, and have mines without end.

"Alava, who acted as the Duke's aide-de camp at Waterloo, used

to relate that as he was joining the Duke early on the field, he thought to himself, 'I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite.' The Duke shortly joined, and called out in his bluff manner, 'Well, how did you like the ball last night?' Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, 'That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get before the day is over.'"

An interesting little girl was present during a sitting of the Duke to Mr. Weigall, for his portrait; when she amused herself with some childish attempt at drawing "the window of the opposite house," to which she desired to draw the Duke's attention. Patting her on the head, he observed, "Very meritorious! very ingenious! I'm considered a great favourite with children. I was at the house of Lord S—— the other day, and a fine little fellow was there who had evidently been told that I was coming, and was on the look-out for me. He called soldiers *Rub-a-dubs*. As soon as I went in, he came up to me, and said, "You are not a Rub-a-dub at all, for you don't wear a red coat." His Grace, however, remarked that he was not always fortunate with children. "I was lately," said the Duke, "in the house of a French marquis; they brought in a little child to see me; I wanted to take it in my arms, but the child seemed to have a great aversion to me, and shrunk from me; so, I said to the little thing, 'Pourquoi,' and clinging to the nurse, it said, 'Il bat tout le monde!' I suppose she had heard her nurse say so, and thought I should beat her."

Mr. Weigall remarked to the Duke, at the above sitting, that he did not wear his orders, when he took them out of his pocket in a crumpled piece of paper, and placed them on his breast, observing—"I did not put them on before coming out, for the worst of it is, I find the people think I am after something. Now, on Saturday, when I was coming here, I saw a fellow running by my side. I turned round my horse, and asked him where he was running to? He said, '*To see where you are going to!*' 'Well, then,' I remarked, 'I am going through Stanhope Gate'—and darted off."

One evening, the ladies pressed the Duke for some of his stories. For some time he declared all his stories were in print. At last, he said, Well, I'll you one that has not been printed. In the middle of the battle of Waterloo, he saw a man in plain clothes, riding about on a cob in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull, the Duke beckoned him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was, and what business he had there. He replied, he was an Englishman accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight, and wanted to see one. The Duke told him he was in instant danger of his life;

he said, "not more than your Grace," and they parted. But every now and then the Duke saw the cob-man riding about in the smoke, and at last having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to that regiment, and order them to charge—giving him some mark of authority the colonel would recognise. Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. The Duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening, when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button manufacturer! When at Birmingham, the Duke inquired of the firm, and found he was their traveller, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the Duke's request he called on him in London. His Grace was happy to see him, and said he had a vacancy in the Mint of 800*l.* a-year, where accounts were wanted. The little cob-man said it would be exactly the thing, and the Duke installed him—much to his Grace's honour.

Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood related this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, "It will soon be all over with us." "Very well," answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

To the oft-repeated question, Was the Duke ever wounded? we may quote the following, from the *Life of General Sir William Napier*, published in 1864:

"After dusk, at the battle of Salamanca, the Duke rode up *alone* behind my regiment, and I joined him; he was giving me some orders, when a ball passed through his left holster, and struck his thigh; he put his hand to the place, and his countenance changed for an instant, but only for an instant; and to my eager inquiry if he was hurt he replied, sharply, 'No!' and went on with his orders. Whether his flesh was torn or only bruised I know not."

The Duke is known to have been an early riser; the advantages of which were illustrated throughout his long life. His service of the Sovereigns and the public of this country for more than half a century,—in diplomatic situations and in councils, as well as in the army,—has scarcely a parallel in British history. His Despatches are the best evidence of his well-regulated mind in education. No letters could ever be more temperately or more perspicuously expressed than those famous documents. They show what immense results in the aggregate were obtained by the Duke, solely in virtue of habits which he had sedulously cultivated from his boyhood—early rising, strict attention to details, taking nothing ascertainable for

granted, unflagging industry, and silence, except when speech was necessary, or certainly harmless. His early habit of punctuality is pleasingly illustrated in the following anecdote: "I will take care to be punctual at five to-morrow morning," said the engineer of New London Bridge, in acceptance of the Duke's request that he would meet him at that hour the following morning. "Say a quarter before five," replied the Duke, with a quiet smile; "I owe all I have achieved to being ready a quarter of an hour before it was deemed necessary to be so; and I learned that lesson when a boy."

Whoever has seen "the Duke's bedroom" at Apsley-house and its plain appointments, will not regard it as a chamber of indolence. It was, a few years since, narrow, shapeless, and ill-lighted; the bedstead small, provided only with a mattress and bolster, and scantily curtained with green silk; the only ornaments of the walls were an unfinished sketch, two cheap prints of military men, and a small portrait in oil: yet here slept the Great Duke, whose "eightieth year was by."

"THE TENTH OF APRIL."

The great Chartist Demonstration of 1848 was brought to a ridiculous issue, by the unity and resolution of the Metropolis, backed by the judicious measures of the Government, and the masterly military precautions of the Duke of Wellington. "On our famous 10th of April, his peculiar genius was exerted to the unspeakable advantage of peace and order. So effective were his preparations that the most serious insurrection could have been successfully encountered, and yet every source of provocation and alarm was removed by the dispositions adopted. No military display was anywhere to be seen. The troops and the cannon were all at their posts, but neither shako nor bayonet was visible; and for all that met the eye, it might have been concluded that the peace of the metropolis was still entrusted to the keeping of its own citizens. As an instance, however, of his forecast against the worst, on this memorable occasion, it may be observed that orders were given to the commissioned officers of artillery, to take the discharge of their pieces on themselves. The Duke knew that a cannot-shot too much or too little might change the aspect of the day; and he provided by these remarkable instructions, both for imperturbable forbearance as long as forbearance was best, and for unshrinking action when the moment for action came."—*Memoir; Times*.

WATERLOO QUERIES.

Haydon asked the Duke of Richmond if there ever was a moment when he desponded at Waterloo. He said: "Never. For an in-

stant some young officers might fear, when the cavalry were on the hill, that they had got possession of the artillery; but all old ones knew that cavalry getting possession of artillery was nonsense."

When Haydon dined at Lord Palmerston's, he sat next to Lord Hill, and this conversation ensued: "I said, 'My Lord, I feel great interest in seeing your Lordship after reading so much about you.' 'Ah!' said Lord Hill, 'those days are past.' 'But,' said I, 'not forgotten.' He seemed pleased at my attention, and came home with me to see the picture.

"While in the carriage I said, 'My Lord, was there ever any time of the day at Waterloo when you desponded?' 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'There never was any panic?' 'No. There was no time of the day.' I said, 'I apologise; but Sir Walter Scott asked the Duke the same thing, and he made the same reply.' Lord Hill said, in the simplest manner, 'I dare say.'"

A coincidence rarely remembered, may be mentioned here. During the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to this country, George IV. (then Prince Regent) was entertained at a costly banquet at Guildhall, London, with Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick William III., King of Prussia, June 18, 1814; and on the first anniversary of this festival, June 18, 1815, was fought the battle of Waterloo.

THE WELLINGTON FAMILY AND TALLEYRAND.

Talleyrand, it is told, suggested to Bonaparte, after the battle of Leipsig, 1813, the idea of raising the Duke of Wellington to the throne of England! The details are thus related in Rovigo's *Memoirs*:—"The Emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued: 'There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or at least, that, by showing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient number of adventurous men to turn the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might bring about changes which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that, your allies have failed you, you can do nothing solid except with new men connected from the beginning with the conservation of your system.' The Emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said,

'Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired.' The Emperor did not adopt these suggestions. He observed, that before helping the ambition of others, it was fit that he should be in a condition to make himself respected in his government; and added, that at the present moment he could give his attention to nothing else. M. de Talleyrand, however, told me, that the Emperor appeared much impressed with what he had stated. He indeed expected that the Emperor would have again spoken to him on the subject."

THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY.

Lord Wellesley's prosperous career of civil service was more flattering to his ambition than productive of emolument. His father's debts were paid by him voluntarily, but he was unable to preserve the family estates. On the fall of Seringapatam, the sum of 10,000*l.* was set apart for the Marquess—a grant which, on his suggestion, was abandoned to the army.

The Marquess, unlike his illustrious brother, the Duke of Wellington, was a lover of dress, and carried the spirit of foppery so far, that he would often play the coxcomb for his own amusement. He would sit in his own room for hours with no other spectator than what he saw reflected in the mirror, dressed in full costume, and decorated with the blue riband and the Garter, as if meant to appear at a chapter, or a royal levée.

O'CONNELL AND HAYDON.

The painter, during O'Connell's sittings to him, contrived to draw from him some interesting talk about the politics of the time, of which Haydon, with his accustomed tact, made the following entries in his Diary:—

"At twelve I went to O'Connell's, and certainly his appearance was very different from what it is in the House of Commons. It was, on the whole, hilarious and good-natured. But there was a cunning look. He has an eye like a weasel. Light seemed hanging at the bottom, and he looked out with a searching ken, like Brougham, something, but not with his depth of insight.

"I was first shown into his private room. A shirt hanging by the fire, a hand-glass tied to the window-bolt, papers, hats, brushes, wet towels, and dirty shoes, gave intimation of 'Dear Ireland.' After a few moments O'Connell rolled in in a morning-gown, a loose

black handkerchief tied round his neck, God knows how; a wig, and a foraging-cap bordered with gold lace. As a specimen of character he began, 'Mr. Haydon, you and I must understand each other about this picture. They say I must pay for this likeness.' 'Not at all, sir.' This is the only thing of the sort that has happened to me.

"He sat down, and I sketched him. He talked of Repeal. 'What did ye think of me when I first started the question?' 'That you were mad,' said I. 'Do you not think, sir,' I said, 'that Ireland being the smaller, must always be subject to England, the larger Ireland?' 'No,' said O'Connell. 'Is not Portugal a smaller country than Spain?' 'Yes; but she is a separate country.'

"'One great mistake of the Liberals,' said he, 'is their infidelity. Now, there are no infidels in Ireland.' 'No,' said I; 'they are too poetical.' O'Connell looked at me as if he thought that was new and true. I succeeded in his head. It is a head of hilarity and good humour, while his nose and eyes denote keen cunning. His voice is melodious and persuasive, and there is a natural poetry about his mind that renders him interesting. There were no less than five papers in the room, in which O'Connell read alternately. He said, 'I got a scolding from Peel last night. I told him I spared him this once—but the next time——'

Of another sitting: "O'Connell came in his best wig, and looking in great health and vigour. O'Connell has a head of great sentiment and power, but yet cunning. The instant he came in he looked at the picture, and said, 'Ah, there's Stanley, with a smile I never yet saw on his countenance—Melbourne, Graham, Russell,—Grey, but too handsome;—Althorp, the bitterest enemy of Ireland, but he shall never legislate for her.'

"O'Connell was in great good humour, and I begged him to give me a history of his early life. He did so immediately, explained their first meeting to consider the grievances of the Catholics—their being interrupted by a company of soldiers, &c. The poetical way in which he described the crashing of the muskets on the stones at 'Order arms,' was characteristic. I said, 'It is somewhat ungrateful, after getting emancipation, to turn round, and demand repeal.' 'Not in me,' said O'Connell; 'I always said repeal would be the consequence of emancipation, and I always avowed such to be my object.' 'Do you think you will carry it?' 'Not a doubt of it,' said O'Connell. 'If you get repeal, what will you do?' 'Have an Irish Parliament directly.' 'But an Irish Parliament,' said I, 'was always corrupt.' 'Yes,' said he, 'in borough-mongering times; but now there is a constituency. Besides, corrupt as it was, it carried important measures.'

“‘Upon my word,’ I said, ‘you take up more time in the House than you ought.’ ‘We can’t help it,’ said O’Connell. ‘Don’t you think the Irish people barbarous?’ said I. O’Connell was shaken, and he tried to explain why they were not, but did not succeed. O’Connell spoke of himself with great candour. He said, ‘How could the Government expect after the character and publicity I gained by emancipation, I could relapse into a poor barrister? Human vanity would not permit it.’

“‘How they bore you,’ said I, ‘in the House about Barrett.’ ‘Ah,’ said O’Connell, with one of his wicked arch smiles, ‘Barrett and I understand each other. He makes 1500*l.* or 2000*l.* a-year by my organs.’”

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LORD ELDON.

A strange scene took place between these two statesmen, on the forming of the Duke’s Administration, early in 1828. The day after his Grace received the King’s commands, he wrote to Lord Eldon, declaring his intention of calling on him the next day. By Lord Eldon’s account, the meeting was an awkward one; the ex-chancellor evidently expecting the offer of some post in the Administration, though too old to resume his seat on the woolsack. “From the moment of his quitting me,” writes Lord Eldon, “to the appearance in the papers of all the appointments, I never saw his Grace. I had no communication with him, either personally, by note, letter, by message through any other person, or in any manner whatever, and for the whole fortnight I heard no more of the matter than you did—some of my colleagues in office—(and much obliged to me too)—passing my door constantly, on their way to Apsley House, without calling upon me. In the meantime rumour was abroad that I had refused all office.” However, it being somehow communicated that Lord Eldon was much hurt at this sort of treatment, brought the Duke to him again, and the object of his visit seemed to be to account for all this. “He stated in substance,” says Lord Eldon, “that he had found it impracticable to make any such administration as he was sure I should be satisfied with, and therefore, he thought he should only be giving me unnecessary trouble in coming near me—or to that effect.” Then came out the old politician’s soreness about not having been offered the office of President of the Council, and about being considered impracticable, which he was sure nobody had any reason to suppose; and about being neglected for a whole fortnight! The Duke gave as a justification for having concluded that Lord Eldon would not have approved the composition of the Ministry, that he seemed as if he did not like it, now the whole ministry was complete, to which Lord Eldon emphatically

replied, that he thought it a d——d bad one. “We conversed together,” he continued, “however, till it seemed to me we both became a good deal affected.”

“NO MISTAKE.”

In 1827, the death of Mr. Canning having led to the formation of the Goderich Administration, the Duke of Wellington resumed, on the 27th of August, the command of the army. In January following, the *pro tempore* Administration of Lord Goderich having broken down, the Duke was called upon by the King to form a ministry. His first impulse was to decline the mission; but, finding a great difficulty in getting another individual to fill the place, and it being the unanimous wish of those with whom he usually acted that he should take office, he determined to accept it. When installed, the Duke went to work in true military style: he exacted the most prompt and entire obedience from his subordinate colleagues. Mr. Huskisson, who had been retained, soon felt this. The Duke, like all military men, hated ideologists; and he looked on Mr. Huskisson, with his liberal Toryism and Free-Trade tendencies, as one of this class. It was not long before he found an excuse for getting rid of him. On the East Retford Bill, Mr. Huskisson gave a vote different from that which the *mot d'ordre* had prescribed. The same night, feeling the importance of the step, he sat down, in excitement, and wrote a letter, in which he conditionally placed his office at the Duke's disposal. Had the Duke desired to retain him, he would have given him time to reflect; but the opportunity was tempting, and the Duke chose to regard the letter as an unconditional resignation. He even proceeded to clench the matter by filling up Mr. Huskisson's place. In vain did Lord Palmerson endeavour to patch up a reconciliation. The Duke was immovable; and, in answer to a suggestion that there had been a mistake, wrote his celebrated words: “It is no mistake; it can be no mistake; it shall be no mistake.” This positiveness settled the affair. The people thought it a capital joke to see these theoretical men thus sent to the right about by the practical soldier; and it is on record that when the news of Huskisson's dismissal was known, numerous vessels in the Thames hoisted their flags in token of satisfaction—because Mr. Huskisson was known to be a Free-Trader.

THE DUKE AND THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

In 1829, the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, was thought by the straightforward and simple-mannered Premier (Wellington) to have mixed up too much of the popularity-seeking heir-presump-

tive with the business of his office. There had been a vast deal of jaunting and cruising about, presenting of colours, preparations of shows on sea and land, which appeared to the Duke of Wellington to be more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable; and it was believed that the retirement of the Lord High Admiral was caused by a plain expression of the Premier's opinion on the matter. On a long account for travelling expenses being sent in to the Treasury by the Duke of Clarence, the Premier endorsed the paper: "No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral;" and dismissed it. Yet, this was not a whit more curt than the "No mistake" endorsement of the Huskisson letter.

Equally characteristic of the Duke's brevity was his answer to an officer of the 46th, for the renewal of a six months' leave of absence: the officer was stationed at Cape Coast Castle: the Duke's emphatic reply consisted of three short words: "Sell or sail."

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY A MIDSHIPMAN.

It was, probably, in resentment for the behaviour of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, at the trial of Admiral Keppel, that George III. determined to send his third son, a boy nine or ten years of age, to sea in one of the fleets that were to sail, as a hint to the Duke of Cumberland that he was never to be Lord High Admiral, which he would have been otherwise.

When Prince William Henry *was* sent to sea, he had, at least, to make and fight his way among his young shipmates. "I am told," says Dr. Doran, "on reliable authority, that in the first week of his cruise, for some impertinence at mess, he received a drubbing from one of his mates. The Prince threatened to tell his father. 'Ah,' replied the mate, 'I would serve your father in the same way if he were in your place, and behaved as unlike a gentleman.' The mate was living at Deal when the Duke of Clarence became Lord High Admiral, and summoned his old shipmate up to town. At the interview, the Duke began by asking, 'Are you the man who gave me my first *hiding* at sea?' 'Oh! your Royal Highness,' said the veteran, 'I—I am sorry for it.' 'Well, I am not,' replied the Duke, 'for it helped to make a man of me; and now I want to do something for you.' The mate returned to Deal a step or two in rank. In these later days, the Navy has seen, with surprise, a young prince sent to sea with a protector; and it has created something more than surprise that this guardian, or 'governor,' is not an officer in the Navy, but a lieutenant of engineers!"—*Notes to Walpole's Last Journals*, vol ii. p. 332.

VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.

Of this amiable man and popular Minister, Haydon records some very interesting traits, in his *Memoirs*.

Lord Melbourne said: "I remember Reynolds. [Sir Joshua.] He was a hard-working old dog. When I sat to him, he worked too hard to be happy."

Haydon attended an Irish Church debate in the House of Lords in 1833. "The Duke spoke well, and without hesitation. There was a manly honour about his air, and when he read a quotation, to see him deliberately take out his glasses and put them on was extremely interesting. He enforces what he says with a bend of his head, striking his hand forcibly, as if convinced, on the papers. He finished, and to my utter astonishment, up started Lord Melbourne like an artillery rocket. He began in a fury. His language flowed out like fire. He made such palpable hits that he floored the Duke of Wellington as if he had shot him. But the moment the stimulus was over, his habitual apathy got ahead. He stammered, hemmed, and hawed. But it was the most pictorial exhibition of the night. He waved his white hand with the natural grace of Talma; expanded his broad chest, looked right at his adversary, like a handsome lion, and grappled him with the grace of Paris."

Haydon notes: "November 11th—The scene at the Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall last night was exquisite—the mischievous air of over-politeness with which Lord B—— handed in the Lady Mayoress—the arch looks of Lord Melbourne—the supercilious sneer of Lord S—— at 'a city affair,' as he called it.

"In the ball-room I said to Lord S—— Lord Melbourne enjoyed it. 'There is nothing Lord Melbourne does not enjoy,' said he. Can there be a finer epitaph upon a man? It is true of Lord Melbourne, who was all amiability, good humour, and simplicity of mind.

"Lord Melbourne (says Mr. Tom Taylor) being now at the head of the administration, Haydon availed himself of his easy good humour and accessible habits, to urge on him, as he had done on his predecessor for twenty years, the duty of providing public employment for artists. But the charming insouciance of Lord Melbourne was worse than the most frigid formality of any of his predecessors. He was always ready to listen when Haydon talked, but as to impressing him with any sense of the importance of the subject! In one of these conversations—a 'set-to'—in reply to Lord Melbourne's declining a grant, here is Haydon's remonstrance with the minister. 'You say the Government is poor; you voted 10,000*l.* for the Poles, and 20,000*l.* for the Euphrates.' 'I was against 10,000*l.* for the Poles. These things only bring over more refugees,' said Lord

Melbourne. 'What about the Euphrates? Why, my Lord, to try if it be navigable, when all the world knows it is not?' Then Lord Melbourne turned round, full of fun, and said, 'Drawing is no use, it is an obstruction to genius. Corregio could not draw, Reynolds could not draw.' 'Ah, my Lord, I see where you have been lately.' Then he rubbed his hands, and laughed again, &c.

"I said, 'Do you occupy Downing-street?' He said, 'No,' with hesitation. I fancy he fears his lease; but he is a man fond of leisure, and by keeping his house he is out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it. Of another of these interviews, Haydon being admitted, says, Lord Melbourne looked round with his arch face, and said, 'What now?' as much as to say, 'What the devil are you come about?—art, I suppose.' Then began the set-to, in the course of which the painter urges: 'You say you can't afford it. In Lord Bexley's time the same thing was said, and yet 30,000*l.* was spent to build an ophthalmic hospital—it failed—5000*l.* was fetched by the sale of the materials, and 4000*l.* voted to Adams for putting out the remaining eyes of the veterans.' 'No doubt,' said Lord Melbourne, 'a great deal of money has been uselessly spent.' 'I take the excuse of poverty as a nonentity,' I said. He did not reply.

"'Now, my Lord, Lord Grey said there was no intention of taking down the tapestry. *It's down.* [This was said three days after the burning of the House of Parliament, in 1834.] A new House must be built. Painting, sculpture, and architecture must be combined. Here's an opportunity that never can occur again. Burke said that it would ultimately rest on a minister; have you no ambition to be that man?' He moved, but did not reply. 'For God's sake, Lord Melbourne, do not let this slip—for the sake of art—for your own sake—only say you won't forget art.' [Haydon offers to undertake it.] No reply. 'Depend on my discretion. Not a word shall pass from me; only assure me it is not hopeless.' Lord Melbourne glanced up, with his fine eye, and looked into me, and said, 'It is not. There will be only a temporary building till Parliament meets. There's time enough.'"

At another interview the following dialogue ensued: "Well, my Lord, have you seen my petition to you?" "I have." "Have you read it?" "Yes." "Well, what do you say to it?" He affected to be occupied, and to read a letter. I said, "What answer does your Lordship give? What argument or refutation have you?" "Why, we do not mean to have pictures. We mean to have a building with all the simplicity of the ancients." "Well, my Lord, what public building will you point out without pictures?"

When Lord Melbourne followed Lord Grey, with him went Haydon's hopes of State encouragement for high art. In a few days, however, the painter had another set-to with the ex-minister. "He advised me to try Peel, which I shall do. He would not open his lips about politics, and was impressionless on art." "The fact is," said Haydon, "you are corrupted; you know you are since I first talked to you. Calcott, after dinner at Lord Holland's, has corrupted you, sneered you out of your right feelings over your wine." He acknowledged there was a good deal of truth in this, and laughed heartily.

"He advised me," adds Haydon, "to attack Peel, and told me how to proceed to get a sum in the Estimates. This is exactly Lord Melbourne. He has no nerve himself; he seemed ashamed, and now, willing not to lose some of the credit, pushes me off on Peel. We shall see."

Here is an entry early in the following year, in a more lively vein of banter :

"February 1st, Sunday. Called on Lord Melbourne. He was lounging over the *Edinburgh Review*. He began instantly, 'Why, here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you for painting; they are a set of ragamuffins.' 'That's the way,' said I, 'nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked upon as a companion for my Lord.' 'That is not true,' said he. 'I say it is,' said I; and he then roared with laughter and rubbed his hands. I could not get him to touch on politics. 'Lord Melbourne, will you make me a promise?' 'What is that?' 'Pass your word to get a vote of money for art if you are premier again.' Not a word. No old politician ever speaks on politics so as to give you a notion of what is going on."

Early in 1836, "in walks an execution." "I wrote to Lord Melbourne, Peel, and the Duke of Bedford. Lord Melbourne sent me directly a cheque for 70*l*. This was kind-hearted. He told me I must not think him hard, but decidedly he could not repeat it. I concluded my grateful reply by telling him that I should think nothing hard but his building the House of Lords without pictures—at which he laughed heartily, I will be bound."

Sir Bulwer Lytton characterizes Lord Melbourne as one who, if not among the greatest ministers who has swayed this country, was one of the most accomplished and honourable men who ever attained to the summit of constitutional ambition. Lord Melbourne was once

heard to say that he rejoiced to have been Prime Minister, for he had thus learnt that men were much better, much more swayed by conscience and honour, than he had before supposed; a saying honourable to the Minister, and honourable still more to the public virtue of Englishmen.

Lord Melbourne was proverbially a good-natured man; but in preferences he acted with a sense of duty more stringent than might have been expected. It appears that Lord John Russell had applied to Lord Melbourne for some provision for one of the sons of the poet Moore; and here is the Premier's reply:

"My dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and it is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is; and they make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this: 'You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.'—Believe me, &c. MELBOURNE."

When Alfred Bunn, accompanied by his brother of the rod, Duruset, was fishing at Brocket, Lord Melbourne's seat in Hertfordshire, from cockcrow until sundown, Bunn reflected: "Is it not passing strange, that a man possessing so delightful a domain as Brocket, to sustain which he hath ample means, should consent to take upon himself the government of a country for which he hath no means? But Brocket is a fine place, and Byron, my Lord, hath been here, and poor Lady Caroline! And then, its waters have noble fish in them; and it is too bad to abuse the man who allows you to pull them up; but, alas!" &c.

A ROYAL SPEECH BY CANDLELIGHT.

•The opening day of the Session of Parliament, in 1836 (February 4), was unusually gloomy; which, added to an imperfection in the sight of King William IV., and the darkness of the House, rendered it impossible for his Majesty to read the Royal Speech with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, and after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word he was obliged to give it up; when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the House,

‘Eh! what is it?’ Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech; but by the time he got to about the middle the librarian brought him two wax-lights, on which he suddenly paused; then raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment, in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:

“My Lords and Gentlemen,—

“I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention.”

The King then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution.

“THE OLD WHIG POET TO HIS OLD BUFF WAISTCOAT.”

In the middle of 1838 died, in his 93rd year, at his delightful retreat in Surrey, Captain Morris, the political and anacreontic songwriter. His remains rest in the churchyard of Betchworth, where his grave is simply marked by a head and foot stone.

Attaching himself politically, as well as convivially, to his table companions, Morris composed the ballads of “Billy’s too young to drive us,” and “Billy Pitt and the Farmer.” His humorous ridicule of the Tories, however, was but ill repaid by the Whigs on their accession to office; at least, if we may trust the following Ode, which was found in MS. left among the papers of Alexander Stephens, in 1823.

Farewell, thou poor rag of the muse,
In the bag of the clothesman go lie:
A sixpence thou’lt fetch from the Jews,
Which the hard-hearted Christians deny.
Twenty years in adversity’s spite,
I bore thee most proudly along!
Stood jovially *buff* to the fight,
And won the world’s ear with my song.
But, prosperity’s humbled thy case,
Thy friends in full banquet I see,
And the door kindly shut in my face,
Thou’st become a *fool’s garment* to me!
Poor rag! thou art welcome no more,
The days of thy *service* are past,
Thy toils and thy glories are o’er,
And thou and thy master are *cast*.

But though thou art forgot and betray'd,
 'Twill ne'er be forgotten by me,
 How my old lungs within me have play'd,
 And my spirits have swell'd thee with glee.

Perhaps they could swell thee no more,
 For Time's icy hand's on my head ;
 My spirits are weary and sore,
 And the impulse of Friendship is dead.

Then adieu ! though I cannot but fret
 That my constancy with thee must part,
 For thou hast not a hole in thee yet,
 Though through *thee* they have wounded my heart.

I change thee for sable, more sage,
 To mourn the hard lot I abide ;
 And mark upon *gratitude's* page
 A blot that had buried my *pride*.

Ah ! who would believe in these lands,
 From the *Whigs* I should suffer a wrong,
 Had they seen how with hearts and with hands
 They followed in frenzy my song ?

Who'd have thought, though so eager their claws,
 They'd condemn me thus hardly to plead ?
 Through my *prime* I have toil'd for your cause,
 And you have left me, when aged, in need.

Could ye not midst the favours of fate
 Drop a mite where all own it is due ?
 Could ye not from the feast of the state
 Throw a *crumb* to a servant so true ?

In your *scramble* I stirr'd not a jot,
 Too proud for rapacity's strife ;
 And sure that all hearts would allot
 A scrap to the *claims* of my *life*.

But go, faded rag, and while gone,
 Ill turn thy hard fate to my ease ;
 For the hand of kind Heaven hath shown
 All crosses have colours that please.

Thus a *bliss* from thy shame I receive,
 Though my body's had treatment so foul,
 I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
 And get comfort more worth for my *soul*.

And when seen on the rag-seller's rope,
 They who know thee'll say ready enough,
 • There service hangs jilted by hope,
 This once was poor M—rr—s's buff.'

If they let them give virtue her name,
 And yield an example to teach,
 Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *shame*,
 Better ends than thy *honours* could reach.

But though the soul gains by the loss,
The stomach and pocket still say,
'Pray what shall we do in this cross?'
I answer, 'be *poor* and be gay.'

Let the muse gather mirth from her wrong,
Smooth her wing in *adversity's* shower;
To new ears and new hearts time her song,
And still look for a *sunshining* hour.

While I, a disbanded old Whig,
Put up my discharge with a smile;
Face about—prime and load—take a swig,
And march off to the opposite file.

"G. R. August 1, 1815."

ADMINISTRATIVE EXPERIENCE.

M. Thiers, in a conversation with Mr. Senior, gave the following account of his experience as a minister in respect to the Civil Service in France, which is corroborative of the general account of it given by M. Balzac. "When," said he, "I was minister, I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted. As I have often said to you, men are naturally idle, false, and timid (*menteurs, lâches, paresseux*). Whenever I found an employé supposed that because an order had been given, it had been executed; or that because he had been told a thing, it was true; I gave him up as an imbecile. Buonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised.

"When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the ministers of war, of marine, and of the interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them, or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureau at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night, my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this, a man must have an iron will and iron body, and, what is rarer than either, indifference to the likes and

dislikes of those about him; for he is sure to be hated. There is only one exception, and that is in the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort, and even their safety, is the result of his care and of his energy; he is their providence. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors at Toulon did not know that it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled. My subordinates respected me, perhaps admired me; but they looked on me as a severe taskmaster, whose exigencies no exertions could satisfy."

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DESCENT UPON BOULOGNE.

Of this strange event, in 1840, we find the following pleasant record by a visitor to Boulogne:—"This having been the town honoured by Louis Napoleon, when he endeavoured to frighten Louis Philippe from his throne with a tame eagle, all Boulonnais who were breeched before that year claim a part in the events of the memorable day. A conspicuous private in the National Guard met me. We talked of the Emperor and his policy. This conspicuous private pretended to know more than he told; but it struck me he told more than he knew. However, he was certainly present when Louis Napoleon, wet to the shoulders, was conveyed to a little open place (now covered by the Customs Entrepôt). This open space had chains round it. Louis Napoleon was standing in the centre of the place, surrounded by a *posse* of National Guards, Custom-house officers, and cocked hats of various degrees of authority. Suddenly he darted forward towards the port—it is supposed with the intention of leaping into the water—but he had not perceived the chains. He was stopped suddenly by them, and fell against a little boy who was standing looking on at the strange scene. And so he was caught, and at once marched to the upper-town château. This little boy is now a man, and may be pointed out to any curious visitor as the person against whom his present Majesty the Emperor of the French fell when he tried to jump into the port. Even the cartridges distributed among the National Guards, when they were sent in pursuit of the unfortunate *City of Canterbury* passengers, are preserved as curiosities, and will descend, no doubt, from Boulonnais to Boulonnais as heirlooms."*

In 1848, Lord Alvanley told Captain Gronow, that very long before, he had passed some days with Prince Louis Napoleon at Colonel Dawson Damer's country-seat, when, in a long political discussion,

* Communicated by B. J. to the *Athenæum*.

the Prince said, among other things: "It is fated that ere long I shall become emperor of France, avenge the defeat of Waterloo, and drive the Austrians out of Italy; and the time for that is not far distant."

LORD WELLESLEY'S ACCOUNT OF MR. PITT'S LAST MOMENTS.

Lord Brougham, in his sketch of the Marquess Wellesley, relates the details of the last days of Pitt with somewhat of a difference from the account given in a previous page.

"Lord Wellesley (says Lord Brougham) returned from his glorious administration at a very critical period in our parliamentary history. Mr. Pitt was stricken with the malady which proved fatal—a typhus fever, caught from some accidental infection, when his system was reduced by the stomach complaint which he had long laboured under. He soon appointed a time when his friend might come to see him. This, their last interview, was in the villa on Putney Heath, where he died within a few days.* Lord Wellesley called upon me there many years after; the house was then occupied by my brother-in-law, Mr. Eden, whom I was visiting. His lordship showed me the place where these illustrious friends sat, meeting for the last time. Mr. Pitt was, he said, much emaciated and enfeebled, but retained his gaiety and his constitutionally sanguine disposition; he expressed his confident hopes of recovery. In the adjoining room he lay a corpse the ensuing week; and it is a singular and a melancholy circumstance, resembling the stories told of William the Conqueror's deserted state at his decease, that some one in the neighbourhood having sent a message to inquire after Mr. Pitt's state, he found the wicket open, then the door of the house, and, nobody answering the bell, he walked through the rooms till he reached the bed on which the minister's body lay lifeless, the sole tenant of the mansion of which the doors a few hours before were darkened by crowds of suitors alike obsequious and importunate—the vultures whose instinct haunts the carcasses only of living ministers."

Putney Heath has been the scene of many duels. In May, 1798, William Pitt and William Tierney, M.P. for Southwark, fought here on a *Sunday* afternoon; but the issue was without bloodshed.

WEAR AND TEAR OF PUBLIC LIFE.

The sudden death of Lord George Bentinck, the political leader, in 1848, in his forty-seventh year, showed how the most ardent in-

* The villa was Bowling-green House, named from a fashionable place of entertainment that existed here in the early part of last century: it was celebrated for its public breakfasts and evening assemblies in the summer season.

tellest and the noblest frame are alike broken down by the turmoil of public life. After a late debate in Parliament he would travel by rail many miles to hunt, and return in time to attend the sittings of the House in the evening; throwing a wrapper over his scarlet hunting-coat, and exercising indefatigably the office of "whipper-in" in the House, and subsequently leader of "the country party." He had, during these political avocations, continued his attention to racing and race-horses, declaring on one occasion that the winning of the Derby was the "blue ribbon" of the turf. In August, 1848, he retired to Welbeck Abbey for relaxation; he, however, attended Doncaster races four times in one week, at which a horse of his own breeding won the St. Leger stakes, to his great gratification. On September 21st he left Welbeck on foot, soon after four o'clock in the afternoon, to visit Earl Manvers, at Thoresby-park, and sent his servants to meet him with a carriage at an appointed place. He appeared not; the servants became alarmed; search was made for him; but it was not till eleven at night that he was found, quite dead, lying on a footpath in a meadow about a mile from the house, his death having been caused by spasms of the heart. In Cavendish-square has been set up a colossal bronze statue of this remarkable man: the pedestal simply bears his name and date of his death.

LORD BROUGHAM'S SEPOY PROPHECY.

A singular anticipation of the possible entire revolt of the Indian native army occurs in Hansard's report of Mr. Brougham's celebrated speech on Law Reform, delivered in the House of Commons, 7th February, 1828. He had denounced the delays and costliness of Indian appeals decided in London by the Privy Council, and contrasted the evil with the then improved Law Courts of Ceylon, stating that one good effect had resulted in that colony, as the Ceylon population, previously rebellious, in 1816, aided the mother country in putting down and crushing a military mutiny. "So will it be," said Brougham, "in the Peninsula, if you give your subjects a share in administering your laws, and an interest and pride in supporting you. Should the day ever come when disaffection may appeal to 70,000,000 against a few thousand strangers, who have planted themselves upon the ruins of their ancient dynasties, you will find how much safer it is to have won their hearts, and universally cemented their attachment by a common interest in your system, than to rely upon 150,000 Sepoy swords, of excellent temper, but in doubtful hands:"—and so it proved.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The following extract from an interesting letter, addressed to the

Rev. Secretary of the London Missionary Society, from the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, one of the Society's missionaries in India, is striking: the letter is dated Calcutta, June 3, 1857:

"We are passing through a most critical period, such as I have never seen during my thirty-six years' residence in India, and which, I believe, has not been witnessed before. It is strange that it should happen just a century after the taking of Bengal by the British, under Lord Clive; the battle of Plassy, which decided the fate of the country, having been fought on the 23rd of June, 1757. There has been for many years a Brahminical prediction, current among the natives, and which I have often heard referred to, viz., that the British rule in India would last just one hundred years; and I should not be surprised that this pseudo-prophecy may have had some influence in inducing the Sepoys to revolt at the present time."

In the *Record*, of Wednesday, September 23rd, 1857, is a letter bearing the signature of "E. A. W., of Haselbury, Bryan, Dorset," in which the writer states that, "for upwards of fifty years the Mohammedans have been looking forward to the year 1857 as the year in which they were to regain their dominion in the ancient Mogul empire," and cites a passage from the *Journals and Letters of the Rev. Henry Martyn* (2 vols.), edited by S. Wilberforce, to prove this assertion. It occurs vol. ii. p. 2, January 8, 1807:—

"Pundit was telling me to-day that there was a prophecy in their books that the English should remain one hundred years in India, and that forty years were now elapsed of that period. (This is a mistake; it should have been said *fifty years*, since 1757, the year of the battle of Plassy.) That there should be a great change, and they should be driven out by a king's son who should be born. Telling this to Moonshee, he said that about the same time the Mussulmans expected some great events, and the spread of Islamism over the earth."

Mrs. Torrens, the widow of General Torrens, residing at Southsea, near Portsmouth, about a year previous to the Indian mutiny, dreamed that she saw her daughter, Mrs. Hayes, and that daughter's husband, Captain Hayes, attacked by Sepoys; and a frightful murderous struggle ensued, in which Captain Hayes was killed. She wrote instantly to entreat that her daughter and the children would presently come home; and in consequence of her extreme importunity, her grandchildren arrived by the following ship. This was before an idea was entertained of the mutiny. Mrs. Hayes remained with her husband, and suffered the whole horrors of the siege of Lucknow, where Captain Hayes fell by the hands of the

Sepoys—who first put out his eyes, and then killed him. (See *Predictions Realized in Modern Times.*)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Mr. T. Raikes, in his Journals, published in 1856, notes: "Our National Anthem of 'God save the King,' composed in the time of George I., has always been considered of English origin; but, on reading the amusing *Memoirs of Madame de Créquy*, it appears to have been almost a literal translation of the cantique which was always sung by the Demoiselles de St. Cyr when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer. The words were by M. de Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully. It appears to have been translated and adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel, the German composer :

" ' Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi !
 Grand Dieu, venge le Roi !
 Vive le Roi !
 Que toujours glorieux,
 Louis victorieux,
 Voe ses ennemis
 Toujours soumis !
 Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi !
 Grand Dieu, venge le Roi !
 Vive le Roi ! "

THE THROW FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

In the *Famille Magazijn* for 1859 (quoted in *Notes and Queries*), we find the following strange story :—

"As King William III. of England, the Stadtholder of the Netherlands, was besieging Namur, in 1695, sundry soldiers from his army, through the want which reigned in the camp, went marauding, though such a transgression of the martial law had been forbidden on pain of death. Most of these marauders were caught by the country people, and killed; only two of them reached the camp unscathed; but they were sentenced to death. They were both brave soldiers, and the general-in-chief wanted to save one of them, and thus commuted the judgment in so far, that they should have to throw at dice for their life, as was the custom in former times in such cases.

"On the morning appointed for the execution, both the marauders were led to a drum, in order thereupon to cast the decisive throw; while, at a few paces further, the fatal pole already stood erect. Full of painful expectation, a group of officers, the regimental chaplain, and the executioner, surrounded the poor fellows. With a trembling hand, one of the condemned took up the dice: he threw—

two sixes! In the next moment he saw that his fellow had also thrown—two sixes!

“The commanding officers were not a little stricken at this strange occurrence: but their orders were precise, and so they commanded both the men to throw again. This was done: the dice were cast, and in the throw of both there turned up—two fives! The spectators now loudly called out that both should be pardoned; and the officers, to ask for new directions, momentarily put off the execution. They applied to the court martial, which they found assembled; and, after a long discussion, the disheartening reply was that the delinquents should decide their lot with new dice. Once more both of them cast, and, lo—each threw two fours!

“‘This is the finger of God,’ said all present.

“The officers again submitted the strange case to the court martial. This time, even the members of the court shuddered; and they resolved to leave the decision to the general-in-chief, who was momentarily expected.

“The Prince of Vaudemont came. He caused the two Englishmen to appear before him: they related to him the trying circumstances of their desertion. The Prince listened attentively, and relieved the poor culprits with the welcome ‘Pardon,’ adding, ‘it is impossible in such an uncommon case not to obey the voice of Divine Providence.’”

THE SUPERIOR MAN.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in his *Caxtonia*, gives this clever portrait of the safe or superior man, winning success by his silence:—

“A certain nobleman, some years ago, was conspicuous for his success in the world. He had been employed in the highest situations at home and abroad, without one discoverable reason for his selection, and without justifying the selection by one proof of administrative ability. Yet at each appointment the public said, ‘A great gain to the government! Superior man!’ And when from each office he passed away, or rather passed imperceptibly onward towards office still more exalted, the public said, ‘A great loss to the government! Superior man!’ He was the most silent person I ever met. But when the first reasoners of the age would argue some knotty point in his presence, he would, from time to time, slightly elevate his eyebrows, gently shake his head, or, by a dexterous smile of significant complacency, impress on you the notion how easily he could set those babblers right, if he would but condescend to give voice to the wisdom within him.

"I was very young when I first met this superior man; and chancing on the next day to call on the late Lord Durham, I said, in the presumption of early years, 'I passed six mortal hours last evening in company with Lord —. I don't think there is much in him.'

"'Good heavens!' cried Lord Durham, 'how did you find that out? Is it possible that he could have—talked?'"

THE SEA-SICK MINISTER.

The Earl of Aberdeen, as Minister, had to attend Queen Victoria in her cruising, very much against his will, or at least against his stomach. He was one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen one day undertook to reconcile him to his fate. "I believe, my lord," said she, graciously, "you are not often sea-sick." "*Always*, madam," was the grave reply. "But," still more graciously, "not *very* sea-sick." With profounder gravity, "VERY, madam!" Lord Aberdeen, more than once, declared that if her Majesty persisted in her cruising, he should have to resign.

THE MASONIC GRIP.

Sir A. Alison, at a Masonic festival at Glasgow, related the following anecdote of what is familiarly termed as above:—

"In the Crimean war, during the assault on the Redan, an English officer led a small party of soldiers up to one of the guns placed in a recess of the Redan, and most of the men fell before the tremendous fire with which they were received. The others were attacked by a body of Russians, and the English officer was about to be bayoneted, when he chanced to catch the hand of a Russian officer, and had presence of mind enough to give him a masonic grip. The Russian in a moment struck up the bayonet of the soldier, led his newly-found brother to the rear, and treated him with all the kindness of a mason."

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The late Marquis of Lansdowne one day remarked to Thomas Moore, that he hardly ever spoke in the House of Lords without feeling the approaches of some loss of self-possession, and found that the only way to surmount it was to talk on at all hazards. He added, what appears highly probable, that those *commonplaces* which most men accustomed to public speaking have ready cut and dry, to bring in on all occasions, were, he thought, in general used by them as a mode of getting out of those blank intervals, when they do not know *what* to say next, but, in the meantime, must say *something*.

Scarcely any person has ever become a great debater without long

practice and many failures. It was by slow degrees, as Burke said, that Fox became the most brilliant and powerful debater that ever lived. Fox himself attributed his own success to the resolution which he formed when very young, of speaking, well or ill, at least once every night. "During five whole sessions," he used to say, "I spoke every night but one; and I regret only that I did not speak that night too."

A MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR FIVE MINUTES.

During the great French revolution, a person named Alexandre, who had been originally an Exchange porter, was the Foreign Minister of France for the space of five minutes! It happened thus: Citizen Alexandre was the friend and understrapper of the influential terrorist, Santerre, and had shown himself a ready and sanguinary Jacobin agent on many infamous occasions. He was therefore known to Robespierre; and on the 22nd of June, 1793, just after the Girondins were destroyed, the Committee of Public Safety wanted, on a sudden vacancy, a Minister of Foreign Affairs. Robespierre, in the hurry, named Alexandre, and the name was instantly transmitted to the Convention. The obsequious president of that assembly at once ratified the nomination and sent the appointment to the *Moniteur*, where it appeared. Scarcely however had he done so, when such a man as Alexandre appeared so utterly ridiculous for such a place that some members of the Convention present, despite even their fear of Robespierre, carried an amendment, that the appointment should be suspended, and a list to choose from should be made out of persons suited for the office. This effectively cut short Alexandre's official career, and he relapsed into such obscurity that his name never appeared publicly again in the annals of the Revolution.

PREVISION OF WILLIAM IV.

When, in 1789, the Duke of Clarence went to live at Richmond, he became so popular that had the place been a borough, and he not reached his title, but still retained his idea of standing candidate, he would certainly have been elected there. He paid his bills regularly himself, locked up his doors at night that his servants might not stay out late, and never drank but a few glasses of wine. "Though the value of crowns," writes Walpole, "is mightily fallen of late in the market, it looks as if his Royal Highness thought they were still worth waiting for; nay, it is said that he tells his brothers that he shall be King before either. This is fair at least." [Slender as his chance was in 1789, Clarence came to the Crown in 1830, on the death of his elder brother, at this time (1789) the Prince of Wales.—*Cunningham.*]

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

The Right Hon. George Rose, in his *Diary*, published in 1860, tells us that George the Third could not bear that any of his family should want courage. To which Mr. Rose replied, he hoped his Majesty would excuse him if he said he thought a proper attention to prevent the ill effects of an accident, that *had* happened, was no symptom of a want of courage. The King then said, with some warmth, "Perhaps it may be so; but I thank God there is but one of my children who wants courage, and I will not name HIM, *because he is to succeed me.*"

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a curious fact in the history of Newspapers worth remembering—viz., that the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent Correspondent of the *Mercurie Français*; and that the King himself, Louis XIII., often contributed to its columns. D'Israeli the elder, who gives us this information, adds, "Many articles in the Royal handwriting, and corrected by the Royal hand, are still in preservation."—*Dr. Rimbault.*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

On the evening of the 24th of February, 1848, whilst the House of Commons was in session, a murmur of conversation suddenly arose at the door, and spread throughout the house, when was witnessed—what never occurred before or since, in the writer's experience—a suspension for a few minutes of all attention to the business of the house, whilst every member was engaged in close and earnest conversation with his neighbour. The intelligence had arrived of the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, and of the proclamation of the Republic. The monarch and his ministers, whose ambitious projects had furnished the pretexts for our warlike armaments, and the gallant prince, whose pamphlet had sounded like a tocsin in our ears, were now on their way to claim the hospitality of England.

Mr. Cobden, who thus relates the eventful news, adds that he was sitting by the side of Mr. Joseph Hume when the tidings reached their bench. Sir Robert Peel was on the opposite front seat, alone, his powerful party having been broken and scattered by his great measure of Corn Law Repeal. "I'll go and tell Sir Robert the news," exclaimed Mr. Hume; and stepping across the floor, he seated himself by his side, and communicated the startling intelligence. On returning to his place, he repeated, in the following words, the commentary of the ex-minister:—"This comes of trying to carry on a government by means of a mere majority of a chamber,

without regard to the opinion out of doors. It is what these people (pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the protectionists behind him) wished me to do, but I refused."

A "PRIVATE CORRESPONDENT."

During the Peninsular Campaign there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* certain letters, which criticised severely, and often unjustly, the military movements of Lord Wellington. His lordship's attention being drawn to these comments, he at once perceived, from the information which they contained, that they must have been written by an officer holding a high command under him. Lord Wellington soon discovered the author of the letters to be no other than Sir Charles Stewart, the late Marquis of Londonderry. As soon as Lord Wellington had made himself master of this fact, he summoned Sir Charles Stewart to head-quarters at Torres-Vedras, and without the least preface, thus addressed him:—

"Charles Stewart, I have ascertained with deep regret that you are the author of the letters which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, abusing me, and finding fault with my military plans."

Lord Wellington here paused for a moment, and then continued:—

"Now, Stewart, you know your brother Castlereagh is my best friend, to whom I owe everything; nevertheless, if you continue to write letters to the *Chronicle*, or any other newspaper, by God, I will send you home."

Sir Charles Stewart was so affected at this rebuke, that he shed tears, and expressed himself deeply penitent for the breach of confidence, and want of respect for the Articles of War. They immediately shook hands, and parted friends.—*Captain Gronow's Reminiscences.*

THE WILBERFORCE OAK.

The spot whereon Wilberforce resolved to set about his great work, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, may almost be regarded as "holy ground." This truly Christian resolution was made beneath a venerable oak in the grounds of Mr. Pitt's retreat at Holwood, in the parish of Keston, five miles south from Bromley. In Wilberforce's own words—"I got together, at my house, from time to time, persons who knew anything about the matter. . . . When I had acquired so much information I began to talk the matter over with Pitt and Grenville. Pitt recommended me to undertake its conduct, as a subject suited to my character and talents." Earl Stanhope has recently commemorated this meeting, with excellent

taste, by causing to be erected upon the spot a seat, the oval portion of the back of which bears the following inscription :—

FROM MR. WILBERFORCE'S DIARY, 1788.

"At length, I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt, in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice on a fitting occasion, in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring forward the Abolition of the Slave Trade."

ERECTED BY EARL STANHOPE, 1862.

After quoting the above passage in his *Life of Pitt*, Lord Stanhope notes : "I may add that this very tree, conspicuous for its gnarled and projecting root, on which the two friends had sat, is still pointed out at Holwood, and is known by the name of 'Wilberforce's Oak.'" —Vol. i. p. 318. The carrying out of this wisdom-tempered resolve was, through illness, postponed by Mr. Wilberforce till the following year (1789), when, on May 12, he brought the question before the House of Commons, as Burke said, "in a manner the most masterly, impressive, and eloquent. . . . The principles were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and order, that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." The Wilberforce Oak is almost the only memorial of interest now remaining at Holwood. The estate was disposed of by Pitt in 1802. To part with his favourite retreat must have been to him a bitter pang ; yet Lord Stanhope has not found a word of complaint upon the subject in any of his letters or conversations that is recorded. But he once said to his friend Lord Bathurst : "When I was a boy, I used to go bird's-nesting in the woods of Holwood, and it was always my wish to call it my own."





MEN OF LETTERS.

THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

THE popularity of *The Seasons* equals that of any poem in the language: Coleridge, seeing a soiled copy of this work lying in the window-seat of an obscure inn on the sea-coast of Somersetshire, he said, "*That is true fame.*"

Victor, in a note in the third volume of his *Poems*, relates:—

"The excellent poem of *Winter* was written in the year 1724, some few months after the author's arrival in London, from Edinburgh. He had no friend here but Mr. Malloch, his schoolfellow, who then lived in the house of the Duke of Montrose, in Hanover-square, as tutor to the Duke's two sons. I remember Mr. Malloch (who soon after changed his name to Mallet) and I walked, one November day, to all the booksellers in the Strand and Fleet-street, to sell the copy of this poem; and at last could only fix with Mr. Millar, who then lived in a little shop in Fleet-street; and the chief motive with him was, that the author was his countryman; for, after several arguments, we could but get three pounds! This poem was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, then Speaker of the House of Commons, who took no notice of the author for more than a month. Our agreeable friend, Mr. Hill, who had read and admired the poem in manuscript, was so provoked at this shameful neglect, that he wrote about twenty satirical lines, which were printed, wherein he told the author he was mistaken if he expected ministers of state to do honour to his poem, as being much above their comprehension. Soon after, Sir Spencer Compton sent for the author, and, with some apology, gave him a bank bill of twenty pounds.

"The poem sold so well, that Mr. Millar gave Thomson fifty pounds for the second (*Spring*); the copy-money was increased for the *Summer* and *Autumn*; and when printed together, so many editions were sold in a few years, that this grateful bookseller erected that monument to the author's memory now by Shakespeare's, in Westminster Abbey; but his own *works* are his best monument."

Savage, who lived much with Thomson, told Johnson he heard a lady remarking that she could gather from his (Thomson's) works three parts of his character—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent! “But,” said Savage, “he knows not any love but that of the sex, he was perhaps never in cold water in his life, and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach.”

He was a dull boy when at school. Being one day overheard to exclaim, “Confound the Tower of Babel!” he was asked by the teacher what he meant; when he replied, “If it were not for the Tower of Babel, there would be no languages to learn!” He was then studying Latin and Greek.

THOMSON AND HIS HAIR-DRESSER.

The Poet was social in his habits—“a temperament,” says Mr. Bell, “that seldom escapes exaggeration in biography.” However, in Thomson's case, we have some trustworthy evidence from one of a class noted for their garrulity—the hairdresser at Richmond, named William Taylor, who regularly dressed the poet, and kept in order his numerous wigs. From this worthy the Earl of Buchan collected the following anecdotes, in a conversation in one of the alcoves on Richmond Green:—

“Mr. Taylor, do you remember anything of Thomson, who lived in Kew-lane some years ago?” “Thomson—Thomson, the poet? Ay, very well; I have taken him by the nose many hundred times. I shaved him, I believe, seven or eight years, or more. He had a face as long as a horse; and he perspired so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather, by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's—I hardly ever felt such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that, if it was but an inch long, it stood upright on end from his head like a brush.” “His person, I am told, was large and clumsy?” “Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward rather, when he walked, as though he was full of thought. He was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain.” “Did he always wear a wig?” “Always, in my memory; and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big, that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his perspiring to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking to London.” “He was a great walker, I believe?” “Yes; he used to walk from Malloch's, at Strand-on-the-Green, near Kew-bridge, and from London, at all hours of the night. He seldom liked to go

into a carriage, and I never saw him on horseback. I believe he was too fearful to ride."

"Did Thomson keep much company?" "Yes, a good deal of the writing sort. I remember Pope, and Paterson, and Malloch, and Lyttelton, and Dr. Armstrong; and Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near Thomson's, in Kew-lane. Mr. Robertson, one of the company, could tell you more about them." "Did Pope often visit him?" "Very often. He used to wear a light-coloured great-coat, and commonly kept it on in the house. He was a strange, ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin and Paterson talk together so, that I could have listened to them for ever." "Quin was frequently there, I suppose?" "Yes; Mrs. Hobart, Thomson's housekeeper, often wished Quin dead; he made her master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the Castle together, at four o'clock in the morning, and not over sober, you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one, too." "Did he sit much in his garden?" "Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer-time. I have known him lie along by himself on the grass near it, and talk away as if three or four people were with him." "Did you ever see any of his writings?" "I was once tempted, I remember, to take a peep. His papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study, and I had longed for a look at them a good while; so one morning, while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper, and expected to find something very curious; but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked all like in one."

"He was very affable in his manner?" "Oh, yes; he had no pride: he was very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best-natured men that ever lived." "He seldom was much burthened with cash?" "No, to be sure he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors, and pay them all round. He has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time." "You did not keep a shop yourself at that time?" "No, sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was 'prentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. Thomson. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person in Craven-street, in the Strand, made his wigs: an excellent customer he was to both." "Did you dress any of his visitors?" "Yes; Quin and Lyttelton—Sir George, I think, he was called. He was so tender-faced, I remember, and so devilish

difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dare to venture on him, except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose, too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked, particularly, if the razor was in good order, protested he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home as any boy had birds' eggs on a string, and swore, if I did not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number! 'Ah!' said Thomson, 'Wull [Will] shaves very well, I assure ye.'"

Taylor then described the cause of Thomson's death—from "having had a batch of drinking with Quin, when he took a quantity of cream-of-tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever before, carried him off." [Mr. Robertson did not assent to this: he used to relate that Thomson frequented the Old Orange-tree, in Kew-lane, with Parson Cromer.] The conversation is resumed: "Thomson lived, I think, in Kew-foot-lane?" "Yes, and died there, at the furthest house next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's; he lived, some time before, at a smaller one, higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis." "Did you attend him to the last?" "Sir, I shaved him the very day of his death; he was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning. 'Ah, Wull,' he replied, 'I am very bad, indeed.'"

He died in his 48th year. He lost many friends by his intemperate habits. The Countess of Hertford, to whom he dedicated his *Spring*, invited him to spend the summer at her seat, near Marlborough. Lady Hertford was a writer of verses herself. According to Dr. Johnson, however, Thomson forfeited her friendship by carousing with her lord instead of assisting her in her studies, and was never invited to her house again.

Thomson, notwithstanding his eloquent rebuke—

"Falsely luxurious! will not man awake," &c.

was so extremely indolent, that half his mornings were spent in bed. Dr. Burney having called on him one day at two o'clock, expressed surprise at finding him still there, and asked how he came to lie so long? "Ecod, mon, because I had no *mot-tive* to rise," was his sole answer.

WAS DEAN SWIFT MAD?

That Swift not only expired "a driv'ler and a show," but lived a madman, is what the world generally believes; but Mr. W. R. Wilde, F.R.C.S.,* having stated all that is really known of Swift's

* "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." By W. R. Wilde, F.R.C.S. Second Edition. 1849.

sufferings and disease, asserts that up to the year 1742 Swift showed no symptom whatever of mental disease, beyond the ordinary decay of nature. Towards the end of that year the cerebral disease under which he had long laboured, by producing effusion, &c., destroyed his memory, rendered him at times ungovernable in his anger, and produced paralysis; but all this was the result of physical disease. It cannot be doubted that his not speaking was not the result of either insanity or imbecility, but arose either from the paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, or from loss of memory, such as frequently appears in cerebral disease, for he would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, when he would shrug up his shoulders and sigh heavily. We have also the evidence of one of the few eye-witnesses of the Dean's condition at this period—that he never yet talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing. The disease under which he laboured so long might be termed "epileptic vertigo," such as that described by Esquirol, an affection to which it is well known many men of strong intellect have been subject. For the last few years of his embittered existence—from his 75th to his 78th year—Swift's disease partook so much of the nature of senile decay, or the dementia of old age, that it is difficult to define by any precise medical term his actual state. Mr. Wilde has very carefully examined the question; and although to this day it is difficult to persuade the great mass of the people in Dublin that the Dean was not one of the first inmates of his own madhouse (although the building was not erected till many years after his death)—yet there is nothing to confirm the assertion promulgated by Johnson, that Swift's "madness was compounded of rage and fatuity;" or that Swift expired "a driv'ler and a show."

It is remarkable that the last sufferings of Sir Walter Scott—one of Swift's biographers, and certainly not the most lenient one—present a striking parallel to the case of Swift in nearly every particular except in point of duration. When Scott was in his 58th year, he first began to feel those premonitory symptoms of incipient disease of the brain under which Swift laboured from the time he was 23. Many of Sir Walter's symptoms in the two closing years of his life resemble those of Swift, and the *post mortem* symptoms are very much alike.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—SWIFT AND BOSWELL.

One evening, Boswell tells us, at the Club, Johnson attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. "*The Tale of a Tub* is so much superior to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he

was the author of it; there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life. I wondered to hear him say of *Gulliver's Travels*, 'When once you have thought of big and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.' I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of the Man Mountain, particularly the description of his watch, which it was conjectured was his god, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed that Swift put his name to two things (after he had a name to put): *The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language*, and the last *Draper's Letter*.

"NABOTH'S VINEYARD."

"I'll send for your husband," said Swift to Mrs. Pilkington, "to dine with us, and in the meantime we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard." "Where may that be, sir?" said she. "Why, a garden," replied the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of."

DEAN SWIFT'S HOUSEKEEPING.

In Swift's last letter to Dr. Arbuthnot (first printed in Cunningham's edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*) is the following most touching account of his condition and prospects. He is endeavouring to excuse his not coming to see the Doctor:—

"The great reason that hinders my journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate—I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My revenues, by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom, are sunk 300*l.* a-year; for tithes are become a drug, and I have but little rents from the Deanery-lands, which are my only sure payments. I have here (at Dublin) a large convenient house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles on a large strand or turnpike-road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends, with as many dishes and two or three bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken, with the appendices, cost me about fifteenpence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though not a constant housekeeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a-year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my bottle and bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined

to my ill health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me and amuse you. I could not live with my Lord Bo—— or Mr. Pope; they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or hackney-coach? Every parish minister in this city is governor of all carriages, so are the two Deans, and every carter, &c., makes way for us at their peril. Therefore, like Cæsar, I will become of the first here rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendaries five miles in the country for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club; he is a bachelor, with 300*l.* a-year. Pray God preserve you, my dear friend."

DEATH OF SWIFT AND POPE.

It has been well observed that Dr. Johnson, as a critic, deserves high praise for his pungent expression of the dictates of common sense. This is instanced throughout his *Lives of the Poets*, in his examination of particular biographical facts: these may be necessarily of a rather trivial nature; but most of the facts of any man's life are trivial, except to himself, and it is one of the first duties of biographical criticism to pass a rapid judgment or raise a passing doubt, so as to put these trivial facts before the reader's mind in the right light. It so happens that, both in the *Life of Swift* and in that of *Pope*, there is an example of this kind of criticism as applied to statements regarding the trivial subject of the poet's eating. Johnson tells us that Swift attributed the illness which tormented him through life to an indiscretion which he committed as a boy in eating too largely of fruit. Ninety-nine biographers out of a hundred would have let this statement pass. Swift might be expected to be the best judge of his own stomach; and if he said that he made himself ill with eating fruit, why should he be contradicted? But Johnson remarks, that "the original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get without any great inconvenience." This is obvious, but it is also undeniable; and after we have read it we feel very doubtful as to the cause of Swift's illness. In the same way he tells us Pope was very fond of good living, and that his kind friends ascribed his death to the free use of a silver saucepan in which he used to boil lampreys. On this Johnson unanswerably observes, "That he loved too well to eat is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded,

when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six-and-fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation."—*Saturday Review*.

AN INEXPLICABLE CLAIM.

Walpole relates : "A letter has been sent to the Club at Stapleton's, directed to L. S. D! No mortal man could be found to expound these letters; not an Œdipus in the whole society. At last a great adept, the sage John Manners, claimed the letter. His title was contested, for, though few clubs are Academies of Inscriptions, the members were clear-sighted enough to see that L. S. D. did not signify John Manners. However, he pleaded his great experience in pounds, shillings, and pence, and insisted that the hieroglyphic letters in question, standing for those denominations, were more likely to be addressed to him than to any other fellow of the Society; and as far as great industry in appropriating to himself the things typified, nobody could deny the proposition; but as such a precedent would be dangerous, and might encourage him to seize every piece of paper that commenced with these letters, the occult packet was put in sequestration.

A SINCERE WISH.

Colonel Barré was blind of one eye, and the other was far from strong. Lord North was long blind. The Colonel paid his Lordship a visit, who received him kindly, saying, "Colonel Barré, nobody will suspect us of insincerity, if we say that we should always be overjoyed to see each other.

BLIND GENIUS.

The annals of the Blind are the annals of a wonderful people. We have had blind poets—the greatest of all Milton. We have had blind men with inexhaustible memories, as James Wilson, who knew the *Army and Navy List* by heart, and used to inform his poorer friends, who had friends in either service. We have had—above the street class—blind musicians, as John Stanley, whom both Handel and Gazzino pronounced to be without a superior as a performer on the organ; and a blind choir, led by a blind organist, and performing the compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, may now be seen and heard at the Blind School, St. George's Fields. We have had blind mathematicians, as the famous Saunderson, the Lucasian professor at Cambridge; blind naturalists, as Hubert, the author of a wonderful work on the "Germination of Seeds," the processes of which he has minutely described; and above all, blind travellers, chief amongst whom was Holman, who travelled all over

the world, and wrote several books, far more minute and accurate in their descriptions than many of those written by travellers having their eyes open.

CHURCHILL'S SAMARITANISM.

Whilst Churchill was one night "staggering" home, as he says, after a supper in which spirited wit and liveliness of conversation, as well as rectitude and sublimity of sentiment, had gilded gross debauchery, a girl of the street addressed him. "Her figure was elegant, and her features regular; but want had sicklied o'er their beauty; and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced, when she addressed him. The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments; and reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her. She dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that posture for some moments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart." Churchill raised her tenderly; and as he would have pressed some instant refreshment upon her, she spoke of her mother, her father, and her infant brother, perishing of want in the garret she had left. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I'll go with you myself directly! But stop. Let us first procure nourishment from some of the houses kept open at this late hour for a very different purpose. Come with me! We have no time to lose." With this he took her to a tavern, loaded her with as much of the best as she could carry, and putting two bottles of wine into his own pocket, walked with her to her miserable home. There, with what pains he could, he assuaged the misery, more appalling than he fancied possible; passed the whole night in offices of the good Samaritan; nor changed his dress next morning till he had procured them a new "and better lodging, and provided for their future comfort: when, repressing as he could their prayers and blessings, he took leave." How the Recording Angel sets down such scenes, and enters up the debtor and creditor account of such a man, *My Uncle Toby* has written.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

THREE POETS—CHURCHILL, LLOYD, AND BYRON.

Associated with the exits of these three poets from a world which they never stooped to flatter, are several circumstances, of strongly coincident, if not prophetic, cast.

Churchill in the unfinished *Journey*, the last fragment found

among his papers, showed a strange unconscious kind of sense of being near his end. His good-natured friends had said that "but for his unhappy lust for publishing so fast, he might have flourished twenty years or more, though now, alas! poor man, *worn out in four*." He, however, entreated his friends once more to be charitable, and read, "no easy task, *but, probably, the last that I shall ask!*" that little poem. He calls it the plain unlaboured Journey of a Day, and closes with the line,

"I on my journey all alone proceed!"

The poem was not meant to close here, but a greater Hand interposed. That line of mournful significance is the last that was written by Churchill!

A sudden desire to see John Wilkes took him hastily to Boulogne, on the 27th of October, 1764. Here, on the 29th, a miliary fever seized him, and baffled the physicians who were called in. The friends who surrounded his bed gave way to extreme distress; but Churchill preserved his composure. He was described afterwards, checking their agitated grief, in the lines with which he had calmly looked forward to this eventful time:

Let no unworthy sounds of grief be heard,
No loud laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I wont forgive that friend who sheds one tear.

Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.

He sat up in bed, and dictated a brief, just will. He then expressed a wish to be removed, that he might die in England; and the imprudent measures of his friends, in compliance with this wish, hastened the crisis. On the 10th of November, 1764, at Boulogne, in the thirty-third year of his age, Charles Churchill breathed his last.

Warburton said that he had perished of a drunken debauch, a statement wholly untrue. Acton Davies said, his last expression was "*What a fool I have been!*" a statement contradicted by the tenor of his will, and specially denied by Wilkes. What is not to be admired in a satirist, is generally discovered just before or just after his death; what is admired runs equal danger of unseasonable worship. There was a sale of his books and furniture, at which the most extravagant prices were given for articles of no value. A common steel pen brought five pounds, and a pair of plated spurs sixteen guineas. Scandalous stories were forged about him.

"Churchill the poet is dead," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 15th November. "The meteor blazed scarce four years. He is dead, to the great joy of the ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few, indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession."

There were friends who had not found him so. Lloyd was sitting down to dinner when the intelligence was brought to him. He was seized with a sudden sickness, and thrust away his plate untouched. "I shall follow poor Charles," was all he said, as he went to the bed from which he never rose again. Churchill's favourite sister, Patty, who was at this time betrothed to Lloyd, sank next under the double blow, and, in a few short weeks, joined her brother and her lover. The poet had asked that none should mourn for him, and here were two broken hearts offered up at his grave! Other silent and bitter sorrows were also there.

We pass over the affected grief of Wilkes at the cruel blow. "The death of dear Churchill," he said; "many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill." "You see how much I have at heart to show the world how I loved Churchill." "I am adequate to every affliction but the death Churchill." He promised to edit his works, too; but all he did was *nil*. He wrote a few paltry notes, but they came to nothing. But the year after the sad scene at Boulogne, the Abbé Winckleman gave him an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, and he placed on it a Latin inscription to his friend's memory; and this he set up in the grounds of his Isle of Wight cottage, but he did no more.

Meanwhile, in accordance with his own request, the body of Churchill had been brought over from France, and buried in the old churchyard which once belonged to the collegiate church of St. Martin, at Dover. There is now a tablet to his memory in the church, and over the place of burial a stone inscribed with his name and age, the date of his death, and a line taken from that most manly and unaffected passage of his poetry, in which, without sorrow or complaining, he anticipates this humble grave:

"Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak;
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of those, who, bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine; for mine, though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.

Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
 Die when I will, one couplet left behind,
 Let none of those whom I despise, though great,
 Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
 Publish my life. Let no false sneaking Peer
 (Some such there are), to win the public ear,
 Hand me to shame, with some vile anecdote,
 Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
 Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead :
 Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer !)
 Be planted on my grave, nor wither there :
 And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
 Roams through the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,
 Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
 Life to the last enjoyed, Here Churchill lies :
 Whilst (oh what joy that pleasing flattery gives !)
 Reading my works, he cries, Here Churchill lives."

On "travel bound," a "rhyming guest" stood at the grave in the Dover churchyard fifty years after this pathetic aspiration. He, too, had lived in defiance of the world's opinions; had written the most masterly satires; had achieved a popularity unattained by any English poet since the grave at which he stood received its inhabitant; like him, was now leaving his native country, in early manhood, to be brought back dead; and the moral to which he shaped his thoughts, was on "the Glory and the Nothing of a Name." But a Name is *not* an illusion when it has been won by any strenuous exertion, either of thought or action, in an honest purpose. Time's purgatorial fire may weaken the strength of the characters it is written in, but it eats out of them also their mistakes and vices; and Byron might have had greater hope for the living, and less pity for the dead, at the grave of Charles Churchill.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

FIELDING'S "AMELIA."

Alderman Cadell, the publisher, told Sir Nathaniel Wraxall that his predecessor, Millar, bought of Fielding the copyright of his *Amelia* for 800*l.*, a great sum at that time. After making the purchase, Millar showed the manuscript to Sir Andrew Mitchell, requesting to have his opinion of the work. Sir Andrew observed to him that it bore the indelible marks of Fielding's genius, and was a fine performance; nevertheless, far beneath *Tom Jones*; and finally desired Millar to get rid of it as soon as he could. This counsel he took, though he was too able a man to divulge the opinion of his friend. On the contrary, at the first sale which he made to the bookselling trade, he said: "Gentlemen, I have several works to

put up, for which I shall be glad if you will bid; but as to *Amelia*, every copy is bespoke." This manœuvre had its effect: the booksellers were anxious to get their names put down for copies of it, and the edition, though very large, was immediately sold.

DR. YOUNG'S POETRY.

A little after Dr. Young had published his "Universal Passion," the Duke of Wharton made him a present of two thousand pounds for it; when a friend of the Duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, on hearing it, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem?" The Duke smiled, and said, "It was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand."

When the Doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, the Duke made him a very different kind of present. He procured a human skull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.

RICHARDSON'S NOVELS.

High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in *Clarissa's* history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Mellerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compared him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: "On n'a jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à *Clarisse*, ni même approchant." (*Sir Walter Scott.*) But Lord Byron could not, he said, read *Clarissa*.

However, Richardson's popularity in England was very great. He tells us that he "slid into the writing of *Pamela*" in the following manner: "Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite? They

were the more urgent with me to begin the volume for this hint. I set about it; and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story recurred to my thought; and hence sprung *Pamela*." When the work first appeared, in 1740, it was received with a burst of applause; Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit, Mr. Pope said it would do more good than volumes of sermons; and another literary oracle declared, that if all other books were to be burnt, *Pamela* and the Bible should be preserved. "Even at Ranelagh," Mrs. Barbauld assures us, "it was usual for the ladies to hold up the volumes to one another, to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." And, what will appear still more extraordinary, one gentleman declares that he will give it to *his son*, as soon as he can read, that he may have an early impression of virtue. Indeed, the success of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* procured Richardson praise and admiration from nearly all quarters.

He bought a pleasant retreat in the suburbs of London, then far more rural than in the present day; and it was in seeking this retreat of the novelist, that Sir Richard Phillips found a very different knowledge of Richardson's fame, of which the worthy Knight used to relate, with much glee, the following:—

"A widow kept a public-house near the corner of North-end-lane, about two miles from Hyde Park-corner, where she had lived about fifty years; and I wanted to determine the house in which Samuel Richardson, the novelist, had resided in North-end-lane. She remembered his person, and described him as 'a round, short gentleman, who most days passed her door,' and she said she used to serve his family with beer. 'He used to live and carry on his business,' said I, 'in Salisbury-square.*' 'As to that,' said she, 'I know nothing, for I never was in London.' 'Never in London?' said I; 'and in health, with the free use of your limbs?' 'No,' replied the woman; 'I had no business there, and had enough to do at home.' 'Well, then,' I observed, 'you know your own neighbourhood the better—which was the house of Mr. Richardson, in the next lane?' 'I don't know,' she replied; 'I am, as I told you, no traveller. I never was up the lane—I only know that he did live somewhere up the lane.' 'Well,' said I, 'but living in Fulham parish, you go to

* Richardson wrote his *Pamela*, and printed his novels, on premises with a frontage in Salisbury-square, the house being at the top of the court, now No. 76, Fleet-street. Goldsmith was once Richardson's reader, and here the latter was visited by Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Mrs. Barbauld, when a playful child.—*Curiosities of London*, p. 306.

church?" "No," said he, "I never have time; on a Sunday our house is always full. I never was at Fulham but once, and that was when I was married; and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul!"

"THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO."

This "Gothic story" was first published, in the year 1764, by Horace Walpole, anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Roman Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black letter, in 1529. "I wished it to be believed ancient," said Walpole, "and almost everybody was imposed upon." The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; or a helmet that by its own weight forces a passage through a courtyard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; yet the locality is real, and is a massive fortress at Otranto, situated at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples. Walpole has described, with his characteristic minuteness, the several portions of the Castle, and the tourist halts to admire the splendid gateway, and, perchance, is spell-bound in the courtyard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. Such is the veritable "Castle of Otranto."

In a letter to the Rev. William Cole, Walpole confesses how the story was suggested to him:—

"When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening, I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph."

PROGRESS OF METHODISM.

Walpole was an intolerant hater of Methodism. He delights in recording this *bon mot* of my Lady Townshend. We were talking

of the Methodists; somebody said, "Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted*?" "No, sir, he has only *canted*."

Again, he says: "Lady Fanny Shirley—the Fanny blooming fair, of Chesterfield and Sir Charles Williams, and to whom Pope addressed a copy of verses on receiving from her a standish and two pens—has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttleton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters which he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon; and, indeed, they have a plentiful harvest. I think what you call *flagrancy* was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark, and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by."

MISS SEWARD AND MR. HAYLEY.

Reciprocal flattery is rarely so amusingly portrayed as in the following *jeu d'esprit* upon the praises the above votaries used to bestow on each other:—

Miss Seward—Pride of Sussex, England's glory,

Mr. Hayley, that is you.

Mr. Hayley—Ma'am, you carry all before you,

Trust me, Lichfield swan, you do.

Miss Seward—Ode, dramatic, epic, sonnet,

Mr. Hayley, you're divine.

Mr. Hayley—Ma'am, I'll give my word upon it,

You yourself are—all the Nine, &c.

Mitford.

GRAY'S "ELEGY."

When General Wolfe and his comrades lay in "Wolfe's Cove," about to attack Quebec, he repeated, in a low voice, to the other officers in his boat, the beautiful elegy written in a country churchyard, by Gray. One noble line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

must have seemed, at such a moment, fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." This anecdote is related by Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh, who was then a midshipman, and was in the boat with Wolfe.

THE CURSE IN "TRISTRAM SHANDY."—STERNE'S DEATH.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Thomas Chaloner (afterwards Sir Thomas), while travelling in Italy, examined some

alum-works of the Pope's, and finding that it was only want of experienced workmen which prevented his working the alum on his estate near Guisborough, in Yorkshire, he endeavoured to persuade some of the Pope's workmen to accompany him to England. He succeeded; and, in order to smuggle them away, he put two or three of them into casks, and in this manner conveyed them to a ship which was ready to sail. The enraged Pope then thundered a curse against him, which curse is to be found in Charlton's *History of Whitby*, word for word the same as that read by Dr. Slop. Sterne also used continually to stay with his friend John Hall Stephenson (the liegeman of his story) at Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, and there of course became well acquainted with the curse in question, which is familiarly known to everybody in the neighbourhood.—*Spectator*.

Edward Malone gives the following circumstantial account of the strange exit of the humorist:—

"The celebrated writer, Sterne, after being long the idol of this town, died in a mean lodging, without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Becket, his bookseller, who was the only person that attended his interment. He was buried in a graveyard near Tyburn,* belonging to the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse being marked by some of the *resurrection men* (as they are called), was taken up soon afterwards, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection, told me he recognised Sterne's face the moment he saw the body."

DAVID HUME, "THE ATHEIST."

When Hume was writing his *History of Great Britain*, he was living in Edinburgh. He is described by Dr. Carlyle, in his *Autobiography*, as a man of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world. He was branded with the title of an atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his history. When Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, she said to her son, "I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the atheist here to disturb my peace." But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or

* Sir James Prior's *Life of Malone*. The burial-ground referred to is that of the chapel-of-ease in the Bayswater-road, where a head-stone was set up by two Freemasons; and many years after was restored by a shilling subscription.

concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted, she said to her son, "I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all." "This was the very atheist," said he, "mother, that you are so much afraid of." "Well," said she, "you may bring him here as much as you please, for he is the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with." "This," says Dr. Carlyle, "was truly the case with him; for though he had much learning and a fine taste, and was professedly a sceptic, though by no means an atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manner, with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was *naïve* almost to puerility."

Dr. Carlyle never believed that Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of vain glory. Carlyle was confirmed in this opinion after Hume's death by the following incident related to him by the Hon. Patrick Boyle. When Hume and he were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment—for they lodged in the same house—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just." To which David replied, "Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine." To this Mrs. Carlyle was a witness.

Dr. Carlyle relates an instance or two of Hume's good-natured pleasantry. Being at Gilmerton, where Hume was on a visit, Sir David Kinlock made him go to Athol-Staneford Church, where Carlyle preached for John Home. When they met before dinner, "What did you mean," said Hume to Carlyle, "by treating John's congregation to-day with one of Cicero's academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian." On Monday, when they were assembling to breakfast, Hume retired to the end of the dining-room, when Sir David entered: "What are you doing there, Davy?—come to your breakfast." "Take away the enemy first," said David. The baronet thinking it was

the great fire that kept David in the lower end of the room, rang the bell for a servant to take some of it off. It was not the fire that scared David, but a large Bible that was left on a stand at the upper end of the room, a chapter of which had been read at the family prayers the night before. Add to this, John Home saying to him at the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away with 900*l*.—"I know that very well," said John Home to David; "for, when he was taken, there was found in his pocket your *Philosophical Works* and Boston's *Fourfold State of Man*."

Hume was heard to say that Baron Montesquieu, when asked if he did not think there would soon be a revolution in France favourable to Liberty, answered, "No, for their *noblesse* had all become poltroons." He said that the Club in Paris (Baron Holbach's) to which he belonged, were of opinion that Christianity would be abolished in Europe by the end of the eighteenth century; and that they laughed at Andrew Stuart for making a battle in favour of a future state, and called him *L'ame immortelle*.

David Hume had no discernment at all of characters. The only two clergymen whose interests he espoused, and for one of whom he provided, were the two silliest fellows in the Church.

ORIGIN OF DARWIN'S "BOTANIC GARDEN."

Dr. Darwin, one of the "Lichfield luminaries," earned his celebrity by his odd views; but the work which is most inseparably associated with his name, is his "Botanic Garden," the origin of which was as follows:—

About the year 1777, he purchased a little wild umbrageous valley, a mile from Lichfield, which he improved by widening and varying the course of a brook that ran through it, and embellishing it with various plants. Miss Seward wrote a short poem upon it, which pleased the Doctor so much, that he said "it ought to form the exordium of a great work. The Linnean System," he added, "is unexplored poetic ground, and a happy subject for the Muses. It affords fine scope for poetic landscape; it suggests metamorphoses of the Ovidian kind, though reversed. Ovid made men and women into flowers, plants, and trees. You shall make flowers, plants, and trees into men and women. I," continued Darwin, "will write the notes, which must be scientific, and you shall write the verse." Miss Seward observed that, besides her want of botanic knowledge the plan was not strictly proper for a female pen; but that she felt how eminently it was adapted to the efflorescence of his own fancy. He objected the professional danger of coming forward an acknowledged poet.

It was pleaded, in reply, that on his first commencing the medical profession, there might have been some danger; but that, beneath the unbounded confidence his experienced skill in medicine had obtained from the public, all risk of injury by reputation flowing in upon him from a new source was precluded; especially since the subject of the poetry, and still more the notes, would be connected with pathology. Dr. Darwin took his friend's advice, and very soon began his grand poetic work, adopting for its commencement, Miss Seward's lines, but with some alterations, and to do her justice, not for the better.

After ten years' gestation, appeared the second part of the *Botanic Garden*, which took precedence of the first, on the principle, as Darwin said, of putting one's best foot foremost, entitled "The Loves of the Plants." It was mostly written in his carriage, which was furnished with paper, pencils, and books—and also with fruits, sweetmeats, cream and sugar. Darwin had a good ear for rhythm, and occasionally showed great neatness of expression; but an unfortunate theory, that every line ought to present a picture to the reader's mind, renders him artificial and wearisome. The exuberance of paint and gilding tires one, and we sigh for more freedom and nature—especially in a poem about flowers. His personifications are simply foolish, and his Rosicrucian machinery involves an unfortunate comparison with the "Rape of the Lock." The poem, however, was exceedingly popular at the time, and was paid for by the publishers at the rate of ten shillings a line. Darwin was an ardent admirer of the French Revolution at its outset, and he inserted in his poem a rather turgid rhapsody about "chains" and "Gallia's plains," and a giant, who culled the good and brave, and gathered the living world beneath the shade of his banner. This at once gave a political colour to the work, and in an instant the fierce Philistines of the *Anti-Jacobin* were upon him. Canning and Frere burlesqued the pompous conceits of Darwin in their "Loves of the Triangles," from which we extract one of the most exquisite passages. Darwin had devoted some very elaborate lines to a description of the cotton-spinning machinery invented by Sir Richard Arkwright, and his persecutors retaliated by delineating a smoke-jack:—

"Lo! where the chimney's sooty tribe ascends,
The fair TROCHAIS* from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark:
Mark, with quick ken, where flashing in between,

Trochais is the nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.

Her much-loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers through the scene ;
 Mark, how his various parts together tend,
 Point to one purpose,—in one object end :
 The spiral *grooves* in smooth meanders flow,
 Drags the long *chain*, the polished *axles* glow,
 While slowly circumsolves the piece of beef below.
 The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
 Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.
 So youthful Horner rolled the roguish eye,
 Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
 And cried in self-applause—' How good a boy am I ! ' ”

While the *Loves of the Plants* was in progress, Darwin, stimulated perhaps by his subject, contracted his second marriage, his partner being a Mrs. Pole, whom he had attended professionally. The *Botanic Garden* was eventually completed, and another work, the *Temple of Nature*, was about to appear, when the author was absolutely struck down by death, while writing to his friend, R. L. Edgeworth, an invitation for the celebrated daughter of the latter to stay with him at a house to which he had very recently removed. He had just reached the age of threescore years and ten.

Darwin was, undoubtedly, an ingenious thinker : the theory which, in our day, has attracted so much attention in connexion with the name of Darwin, is, at least in its germ, to be found in the *Temple of Nature*. He had a strange predictive fondness : in reference to diving bells he foretold that it might soon be safer to go below the sea than above it : proposing to draw rain from the clouds, as Franklin had drawn lightning ; suggesting a scheme for the extirpation of rats, by importing from America some which were suffering from tape-worm, and might thus infect their English kindred. Then he invented scientific carriages, including an “ aerial steam-carriage,” in which he proposed to use wings similar to those of a bird, to which motion was to be given by a gigantic power worked by high-pressure steam. Nor must we forget the predictive lines in his *Botanic Garden*, first published in 1789, but written, it is well known, at least twenty years before the date of its publication ; the passage, often quoted, commences—

“ Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd Steam, afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.”

THOMAS DAY'S MODEL WIVES.

Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, made certain matrimonial experiments which led to some grotesque results, little in accordance with the practical character of his writings.

On coming of age Day was rich enough to live without working,

and, as he thought, to marry as he would. Starting on foot from Oxford, with knapsack and staff, he wandered through Wales and over Ireland in quest of a wife to his fancy. In Wiltshire he became acquainted with one lady whose beauty enslaved him, but she gave no heed to the strains in which he urged her to abandon "folly, pomp, and noise," and live with him, "sequestered in some secret glade." One other refusal came to him in Ireland, the new scorner being Lovell Edgeworth's sister. Then, in despair, he selected from two Foundling Hospitals a couple of girls, each twelve years old, and obtained the care of them on condition that after honestly educating them he would marry one if she satisfied him, and, in any case, secure their maintenance through life. He took them to France, and wasted much zeal in training them according to his whim. One proving quite unmanageable was soon disposed of; the other was kept for a longer time and handled in a rougher way. "But his experiments failed. He dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms; and she could not endure it without flinching. When he fired pistols at her garments, loaded with powder, but which she believed were loaded with ball, she started and screamed. He tried her fidelity by communicating pretended secrets, but she told them to the servants." Therefore she likewise was dismissed. Cœlebs, however, was not disheartened. Meeting two ladies, named Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd, who afterwards were successively the wives of his friend Edgeworth, he fell in love with and proposed to them in turn. Honora at once refused him, but Elizabeth replied that she could have loved him had he only been a gentleman. Thereupon he went to Paris, and writhed for a year under a drilling and dancing-master, "pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart. But it was all in vain. On presenting himself before his cruel mistress, she is said to have dismissed him with the unladylike remark, 'I confess the Thomas Day, blackguard, is more pleasing to me than Thomas Day, gentleman.'"

Day was grievously disappointed. Wandering over England and the Continent, associating with Rousseau and writing political tracts and squibs, he resigned himself to bachelor life. The right lady, however, was not far off. "Of prepossessing features, and of modest and retiring habits," a Miss Esther Milnes, of Wakefield, fell in love with him, and after two years of uncertainty, he consented to marry her on condition that she should renounce all the vanities and fashions of ordinary life, and should place beyond his control the large fortune of which she was owner. They were married in 1778, and eleven years passed as pleasantly as the husband's peculiar views in

life permitted. Mrs. Day was not allowed to keep any servant; all the household work was to be done with her own hands. Of music she was passionately fond, but her harpsichord was sent out of the house, and singing was forbidden. This amiable woman sometimes shed tears over the various trials made upon her disposition and temper by her husband, but murmured not. She felt the true tendency of his singular habits; they were in harmony with his notions of right, and that was enough for her.

SELWYN'S PENCHANT.

Out of what strange materials journalists will extract a joke! When, in 1779, Miss Reay had been shot by Hackman, and lay dead at the Shakspeare Tavern, in Covent Garden, one of the newspapers of the day stated that "George Selwyn, with a humanity which did honour to his feelings, out of his great esteem and respect for that amiable lady, who was so inhumanly murdered in coming out of the playhouse, attended at the Shakspeare whilst the body lay there, sitting as a mourner in the room, with a long black cloak on which reached to his heels, and a large hat slouched over his face. This made a singular addition to a countenance naturally dark and rueful, and rendered him as complete a figure of woe as ever was exhibited at any funeral or in any procession. It was his friend, the Duke of Queensbury, who detected him in that garb; his Grace, by a similarity of feeling, being drawn to the same place." As Selwyn was at this period absent from London, the foregoing anecdote could, of course, have been only intended as a *jeu-d'esprit*. —*Jesse's George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.*

"HARE AND MANY FRIENDS!"

One of the most distinguished humourists of his time was James Hare, a friend and correspondent of Selwyn, and grandson of Bishop Hare. So universally was his society courted, and so popular was he in all circles, that the Duchess of Gordon gave him the name of the "Hare and many friends."

He was one day conversing with General Fitzpatrick, when the latter affected to discredit the report of General Burgoyne having been defeated at Saratoga: "Perhaps you may be right in your opinion," said Hare, "but take it from me as a flying rumour." On another occasion, he was dining with the Prince of Wales at the Pavilion at Brighton, immediately after the downfall of the Coalition Ministry, when Fox, who had also received an invitation to the Prince's table, suddenly arrived from London in an undress, and without powder. He was proceeding to make his excuses to the

Prince for what was an unavoidable breach of etiquette, while he was stopped by Hare: "Make no apology," said the latter; "our great guns are discharged, and we may now all do without powder."

VIRTUE OF KISSES.

The notion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was (as observed Mr. Wadd) an agreeable delusion easily credited; and one physician, who had himself written on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote *The Valetudinarian's Guide*, in 1779, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. "I am myself (says he) turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and mind, yet having always partaken of the breath of *young women*, whenever they lay in my way, I feel none of the infirmities, which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath), of sickness, by men many years younger than myself."—*Wadd's Memoirs*.

THE THREE RUNAWAYS.

Lord Camelford, when once dining with Sir Francis Burdett and Horne Tooke, lamented that his education had been greatly neglected, adding that he regretted exceedingly that he had *run away* from the Charterhouse. On this Sir Francis, with a deep sigh, remarked that he had also to lament having *run away* from Westminster. Mr. Horne Tooke, however, consoled them both by adding that he likewise had *run away* from Eton.

COWPER'S "JOHN GILPIN."

This little poem was composed by Cowper about the year 1782, upon the story told the poet by Lady Austen, to relieve the poet's depressive melancholy. Lady Austen remembered the tale from her childhood, and its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment, for he told her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad. It found its way into the newspapers, and Henderson, the actor, recited it in his public readings. Southey conjectured the tale to have been suggested by a poem written by Sir Thomas More, in his youth, entitled "The Merry Jest of the Sergeant and Frere;" and possibly the tale which Lady Austen remembered may have originated from this source.

It has, however, been much disputed whether "John Gilpin"

was an entirely fictitious romance, or whether Cowper founded his poem upon an event in the life of a real personage. In making some researches in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. M'Caul, of the British Museum, came accidentally upon a notice to this effect:—"Died this day, at —, Mr. —, celebrated for his indifferent horsemanship, under the name of John Gilpin." The notice was about twelve lines in length. Mr. M'Caul could not again find the passage. Of this much, however, he is certain—that the short memoir alluded to distinctly affirmed and established (*i.e.* as far as it was trustworthy) the fact that the celebrated John Gilpin was a historic personage. As the passage is not in the Index of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under "Gilpin," Mr. M'Caul concludes that Gilpin was not the real name, but only the appellation which Cowper assumed for the occasion.

COWPER'S POEMS.

Mr. Johnson, the bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's Poems, which proved a source of great profit to him, in the following manner:—A relation of Cowper called one evening, at dusk, on Johnson with a bundle of these poems, which he offered to him for publication, provided he would print them on his own risk, and let the author have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson perused and approved of them, and accordingly printed and published them. Soon after they had appeared before the public, there was scarcely a review which did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops. In consequence of the public taste being thus terrified, or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop as an unsaleable pile for a long period. Some time afterwards, Cowper's relative appeared with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author, which were offered and accepted upon the same terms. In this fresh collection was the inimitable poem of "The Task." Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured of their great merit, Mr. Johnson resolved to publish the second batch. Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers instantly changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age: this success set the first-published poems in motion. Johnson reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment, and in 1812 Cowper's poems, only two years' copyright, produced the sum of 6,764*l.*

Johnson died in his seventy-second year, in 1810, and to his fine business succeeded his nephew, Rowland Hunter. His worldly success does not, however, appear to have kept pace with his years:

he died in the Charterhouse, 1864. Uncle and nephew kept shop on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard: it was not, like Lackington's, a "Temple of the Muses," but plain and unadorned, befitting the head-quarters of the bookselling of Protestant dissent. Johnson's family were Baptists. After he was burnt out from Pater-noster Row, in 1770, uninsured, his friends set him up in St. Paul's Churchyard; there he published for William Cowper, John Horne Tooke, Dr. Darwin, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Aikin, Dr. Enfield, Mr. Fuseli, Mr. Bonnycastle, Mrs. Barbauld, Mary Wolstonecroft, and Miss Edgeworth. In 1788, Johnson began here the *Analytical Review*; but his greatest hit was the publication of Cowper's *Poems*.

DR. JOHNSON AT OXFORD.

Lord Eldon relates the following characteristic reminiscence of Johnson when at College:—

"If put out of temper he was not very moderate in the terms in which he expressed his displeasure. I remember that, in the common room of University College, he was dilating upon some subject, and the then head of Lincoln College, Dr. Mortimer, was present. Whilst Johnson was stating what he proposed to communicate, the Doctor occasionally interrupted him, saying, 'I deny that.' This was often repeated, and observed upon by Johnson, as it was repeated, in terms expressive of increasing displeasure and anger. At length, upon the Doctor's repeating the words, 'I deny that,' 'Sir, Sir,' said Johnson, 'you must have forgot that an author has said, Plus negabit unus asinus in unâ horâ, quam centum philosophi probaverint in centum annis.'"

EARTHQUAKE EXAGGERATION.

The tendency to exaggeration, which is the besetting practice of every-day life, leads to so many misstatements of what is taking place around us, that we must not be surprised at History being branded as a liar. Dr. Johnson made some admirable remarks upon this popular tendency. In the parish register of Rushton, in Staffordshire, occurs this record:—

"On Sunday, the 14th September, 1777, about 11 o'clock, whilst the minister was in the pulpit at Rushton, there was an earthquake, which threw the congregation into the greatest confusion. It was sensibly felt at Macclesfield, Manchester, &c."

Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, refers to this very shock as follows:—"On Sunday evening, September 14th, I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door. Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise, and wel-

comed me cordially. I told them I had travelled all the preceding night, and had gone to bed at Leek, in Staffordshire, and that when I rose to go to church in the afternoon I was informed there had been an earthquake, of which, it seems, the shock had been felt in some degree, at Ashbourne.

“*Johnson.* Sir, it will be much exaggerated in popular talk ; for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects, nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts. They do not mean to lie ; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If any thing rocks at all, they say it rocks like a cradle ; and in this way they go on.”

PREVISION OF GAS-LIGHTING.

Dr. Johnson is thought to have had a prevision of this invention, when one evening, from the window of his house in Bolt-court, he observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend the ladder to light one of the glimmering oil-lamps. He had scarcely descended the ladder half-way when the flame expired ; quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thrusting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. “Ah,” exclaimed the Doctor, “one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke* !”—See *Notes and Queries*, No. 127.

JOHNSON’S RAMBLE IN LONDON.

One night when Topham Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black whig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humour agreed to their proposal. “What, is it you, you dogs ? I’ll have a frisk with you.” He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their baskets just come from the country. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop*, which Johnson had always liked. They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Johnson and

Beauclerk were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched "*one-ideal* girls." Garrick, being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the '*Chronicle*.'" Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "*He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him.*"

DR. JOHNSON AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

In the autumn of 1857, the collection of curiosities made by Mrs. Mostyn, one of the three daughters of Mrs. Thrale, at Sillwood Lodge, Brighton, was disposed of by auction. The chief interest lay in the items relating to Johnson. Among the letters was an invitation from Thrale to the Doctor then in Derbyshire, inviting him to Brighton, October, 1777; the invitation was accepted, and at Brighthelmstone he saw Beauclerk, and stayed three days. Mr. Thrale then resided in West-street, Brighton, the house No. 78, at that time one of the most considerable houses in the town. Madame D'Arblay speaks of it as being at the Court end, exactly opposite the King's Head, where Charles II. lay hid previous to leaving the kingdom: "I fail not," she says, "to look at it with loyal satisfaction; and his black-wigged Majesty has from the time of the Restoration been its sign." Unfortunately, His Majesty has long since disappeared. Mrs. Mostyn, we may here mention, died a short time previous to the sale, soon after a railway journey to London.

From Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi we get one or two characteristic peeps at the life of Johnson, while staying here. He took pleasure in the sea, but the country round did not please him. "He loved the sight of forest-trees, and detested Brighthelmstone Downs, because it was a country so truly desolate, he said, that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." From the *Recollections of Brighton in the Olden Time*, we learn that the Doctor enjoyed himself not a little upon those very Downs: "Thrale, who was the kindest creature upon earth to Johnson, wishing, perhaps, to fortify his health by the pure air of the South Downs, or to present his friends with the view of an anomaly, viz. a poet on horseback, took him with him hare-hunting. The hounds threw off, up started a hare, and the sportsmen galloped, helter-skelter, ding-dong, after it. Johnson was not the last. Somebody rode up to Thrale, and said, 'I am astonished! Johnson rides like

a young sportsman of twenty.' The philosopher told Thrale 'that he was better pleased with that compliment than any he had ever received.' " In December, 1781, Johnson came in a state of so much weakness, that he rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. The inn here spoken of is, probably, identical with the "Rooms" at Brightelmstone, where, we are told, he turned his back on Lord Bolingbroke, and then made this excuse to Mr. Thrale, who stood fretting, "I am not obliged, Sir, to find reasons for respecting the rank of him who will not condescend to declare it by his dress or some other visible mark; what are stars and other signs of superiority made for?"

One curious item in the sale catalogue was a copy of Saurin on the Bible, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "An odd volume bought at a sale for 2s. 9d. by Dr. Johnson, for Streatham Park Library, 1796." This book, full of notes in the handwriting of Mrs. Thrale, brought 42l.

HUMMUMS GHOST-STORY,

Of Parson Ford, who figures in Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation," there is a capital ghost-story thus told in Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson* :—

"*Boswell*.—Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? *Johnson*.—Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some woman from Ford; but he was not to tell them what or from whom. He walked out; he was followed; but somewhere about St. Paul's* they lost him. He came back and said he had delivered it; the woman exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone!' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever; and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the

* St. Paul's, Covent Garden; the Hummums is on the side opposite.

message to the woman, and their behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word, and there it remains."

ART OF TALKING.

A first-rate talker generally estimates the pleasantness of his circle by the share which his own conversation has had in contributing to its pleasantness. This is often evidently unconscious. Johnson, when he had talked for a whole evening, among other professed talkers, used to say, on taking leave, "Well, Sir, this has been a good evening: we have had good talk. The communication of mind is always of use. Thought flowed freely this evening."

DR. JOHNSON'S AUTHORSHIP.

When Dr. Johnson was at work on his *Shakspeare*, Sir John Hawkins said to him, "Well, Doctor, now you have finished your *Dictionary*, I suppose you will labour (?) your present work *con amore* for your reputation." "No, Sir," said Johnson; "nothing excites a man to write but necessity." This was but the text—now for the illustration. A clergyman told Sir John that, being with Johnson, he said to him, "Doctor, you have such command of your pen, you can do anything: I wish you would write me a sermon." "No, Sir," said Johnson; "I cannot write but for money; since I have dealt with the heathens (the booksellers), I have no other inspiration. I knew they could not do without me, and I made them pay me five guineas a sheet for my *Rasselas*; you must pay me, if I write for you." Another five guineas per sheet was, no doubt, the price.

Rasselas was written in the evenings of one week, to defray the expenses of Johnson's mother's funeral. He sold it for 100*l.*: when the second edition appeared, the "heathens" gave him 25*l.* more.—*Cunningham*.

SECOND SIGHT.

"At the Literary Club," says Boswell, "before Johnson came in, we talked of his *Journey to the Western Islands*, and of his coming away 'willing to believe the second sight,' which seemed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, 'He is only *willing* to believe—I *do* believe; the evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle; I am filled with belief.' 'Are you!' said George Colman; 'then cork it up.'"

A NIGHT'S FESTIVITY.

There is something delightful in the following account of a literary celebration at which Dr. Johnson was the presiding genius; and the occasion, the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as the Doctor called her volume of poems. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband, a lady of her acquaintance, and some members of the Ivy-lane Club and friends assembled to the number of near twenty. Sir John Hawkins, who was one of the party, describes the supper as elegant: Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make part of it, and this he proposed to stick with bay-leaves, because Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which, but not until he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brow. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but most of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to remind the party of their reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before they could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for departure.

BABY-TALK.

As Dr. Johnson was riding in a carriage through London on a rainy day, he overtook a poor woman carrying a baby, without any protection from the weather. Making the driver stop the coach, he invited the poor woman to get in with her child, which she did. After she had seated herself, the Doctor said to her: "My good woman, I think it most likely that the motion of the coach will wake your child in a little while, and I wish you to understand that if you talk any baby-talk to it, you will have to get out of the coach." As the Doctor had anticipated, the child soon awoke, and the forgetful mother exclaimed to it: "Oh! the little dear, is he going to open his *eyesy-pysy*?" "Stop the coach, driver!" shouted Johnson; and the woman had to get out, and finish her journey on foot.

PROPER PLACES.

When Dr. Johnson was asked why he was not invited out to dine as Garrick was, he answered, as if it was a triumph to him, "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped!" But who *does* like to have his mouth stopped? Did he, more than others? People like to be amused in general; but they did not give him the less credit for wisdom, and a capacity to instruct them by his writings. In like manner it has been said that the King only sought one interview with Dr. Johnson; whereas, if he had been a buffoon or a sycophant, he would have asked for more. No; there was nothing to complain of. It was a compliment paid by rank to letters, and once was enough. The King was more afraid of this interview than Dr. Johnson was, and went to it as a schoolboy to his task. But he did not want to have this trial repeated every day; nor was it necessary. The very jealousy of his self-love marked his respect; and if he had thought less of Dr. Johnson, he would have been more willing to risk the encounter. They had each their place to fill, and would best preserve their self-respect, and perhaps their respect for each other, by remaining in their proper sphere.—*Northcote's Conversations.*

LAST MOMENTS OF DR. JOHNSON.

"Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within his own. When, at length, the moment dreaded through so many years came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which is beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God and the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died, on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid a week later in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian, Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison."—*Macaulay's Life of Johnson.*

The historian has omitted to mention Johnson's "Queen," Miss Thrale, who assiduously attended the Doctor her preceptor's death-bed. The sage, at their last interview, said—"My dear child, we part for ever in this world. Let us part as Christians should—let

us pray together." He then uttered a prayer of fervent piety and deep affection, invoking the blessing of heaven upon his pupil.

COMMENTATORS AT FAULT.

The following couplet, from the third Satire of Juvenal, has led to some odd mistakes :—

"Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
Unius dominum sese fecisse lacertæ."

"It is pleasant to possess, whate'er the zone,
One single acre we have made our own."

Boswell was one day in Dr. Johnson's society, when, he relates, "One of the company asked him the meaning in Juvenal *uneas lacertæ* (a single lizard)? Johnson.—"I think it clear enough; as much ground as one may have a chance to find a lizard upon." "Commentators," says Boswell, "have differed as to the exact meaning of the expression by which the poet intended to enforce the sentiment contained in the passage in which these words occur. It is enough that they mean to denote even a very small possession, provided it be a man's own." Mr. Gifford observes, in reference to these remarks of Boswell's :—"Poor Mr. Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity. It is a pity that he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a Dutch critic, who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti* (shoulder), which he accurately translates *een handool landts*, and still more accurately interprets, 'a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow;'—of a middle-sized man, I presume; though the critic has inadvertently forgotten to mention it."—Gifford, *Juvenal*, vol. i. p. 124.

HOW WALTER SCOTT ROSE IN HIS CLASS.

When young Walter Scott was a pupil at the High School of Edinburgh, he tells us that he made a brighter figure in the yard than in the class. In the latter he once accomplished an upper movement by the following means, which he related to Mr. Rogers, the poet. "There was," says Scott, "a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be

felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions."

Mr. Peter Cunningham, on hearing this anecdote told by Mr. Rogers, observed it was hardly original. "Ah!" exclaimed the poet, evidently surprised, and with an air of doubt. Mr. C. then asked for a copy of the *Spectator*, and read as follows: "When I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster Hall, there was a young counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest." Mr. Rogers made a mark in the volume, and said, with a smile, "I will say what Sydney Smith always said when he heard a good thing for the first time—'booked.'"

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

When Sir John Hawkins published his edition of *Walton's Angler*, Walpole wished that he had not, in his notes, treated angling as so very *innocent* an amusement. He adds: "We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house the other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for in the middle of conversation he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him that I did not know the Methodists had any principles so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear-garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon the two universities."

SMOLLETT'S HUGH STRAP.

For many years lived at the lodge of Villiers-walk, at the foot of Buckingham-street, Adelphi, the identical Hugh Strap whom Smollet has so prominently portrayed in his *Roderick Random*. His real name was Hugh Hewson, and for more than forty years he kept a

hairdresser's shop in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in *Roderick Random* pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in Smollet's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in the barber's shop at Newcastle, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they received from Strap's friend, were all facts. Hewson left behind him an interlined copy of *Roderick Random*, showing how far we are indebted to the genius of the doctor, and to what extent the incidents are founded in reality. Hewson was many years employed as the keeper of "Villiers-walk," as the lime-tree walk in the rear of the water-gate is called. He died in the year 1809, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a loungee stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the loungee; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the loungee said—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the loungee.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the loungee, with book in hand, addressed him thus:—

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin; "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the

The loungee seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said—

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin; "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

Of Franklin's only son, William, little is generally known. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the valuable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the Revolutionary War he held several civil and military offices of importance. At the commencement of the war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favour of loyalty, and endeavoured to prevent the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favour of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained about two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813, at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune, and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.

GOLDSMITH'S "BEE."

The *Bee*, a periodical, like the *Citizen of the World* (says Mr. Pycroft), is the mine from which many a gem is drawn by modern writers and worn without acknowledgment, only a little disguised and varied in its setting. Let us give two or three instances. A very witty caricature lately appeared, representing one man quite drunk talking politics, with much patriotic fervour, to another man peeping through the bars of a gaol. "Mercy!" says the gaol-bird; "how horrible to think our liberty is in danger!"—"Aye—but what I am most of all consarned for," replies the drunkard, with an oath, "is our blessed Religion!" The point of this caricature is borrowed from the *Citizen of the World*. Some have claimed for Talleyrand, others for Rochefoucauld, the worldly-wise maxim that "the use of language is to conceal our thoughts." In the *Bee*, No. III., Saturday, October 20, 1759, "On the Use of Language," are these words—the argument being that to confess poverty is a slow way to obtain riches:—"He who best knows how to conceal his necessity and desires is the most likely person to find redress; and the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." In the *Life of William Wilberforce* that excellent man's well-meaning biographers were imposed on by an anecdote of a picture of the first Reformer of the World, the Redeemer on the Cross, being pointed out to Wilberforce as a warning of what he might expect in his worthy design of reforming the morals of the higher circles. The original is in the *Bee*:—"The old man takes his son by the hand, and drawing back a curtain at the end of the room, discovered a crucifix exquisitely painted. 'My son,' said he, 'you desire to change the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a Reformer!'"

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

Macaulay, in the memoir of Goldsmith, which he wrote for the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, thus demolishes the poet's artificial picture of "Sweet Auburn":—

"A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the waggons reeling under

the yellow sheaves, and the sunburned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boy sliding was also very fine? To such a picture, 'The Deserted Village' bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He has assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity as his 'Auburn.' He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent, the ejectionment he had probably seen in Munster, but by joining the two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world."

GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

There is no end to the delight afforded by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Moore read it to his wife Bessy, and notes:—"What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than *Joseph Andrews*." Again: "Finished the *Vicar of Wakefield* to Bessy; we both cried over it."

"We return" (says Sir Walter Scott) "to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we choose the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor, rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons, into whose company he had been thrust by his villanous creditor."

Goethe declared, in his eighty-first year, that the *Vicar of Wakefield* was his delight at the age of twenty; that it had, in a manner, formed part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life; and that he had recently read it again, from beginning to end, with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

GOLDSMITH'S "NATURAL HISTORY."

Cradock, in his Memoirs, relates—"When Goldsmith was near completing his *Natural History*, he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor, I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay

open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know anything about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he; 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Some time after the work appeared we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise our own share."

WORTH OF THE SERIOUS.

The great Lord Shaftesbury has said, "Gravity is the very essence of imposture." Walpole has said nearly the same thing in a livelier vein. "I have never yet," says Horace, "seen or heard anything serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt—are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honestier than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference."—*Walpole's Letters*, vol. iv.

GIBBON IN LOVE.

Gibbon, the historian, as is well known, spent his life in celibacy. There is a story representing him as falling in love, while at Lausanne, with a young lady of great beauty and merit, and which goes on to describe him as one day throwing himself at her feet, to declare his passion, when, he being very corpulent, it was found impossible for him to rise again till he was extricated by the laughing damsel from his ludicrous position. George Colman the Younger has thus painted the scene:

"—the fair pursued
Her prattle, which on literature flowed;
Now changed her author, now her attitude,
And much more symmetry than learning showed.
Eudoxus watched her features, while they glowed,
Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound;
And rescuing his cushion from its load,

Flounced on his knees, appearing like a round
Large fillet of hot veal just tumbled on the ground.

“Could such a lover be with scorn repulsed?
Oh no! disdain befitted not the case;
And Agnes at the sight was so convulsed
That tears of laughter trickled down her face.
Eudoxus felt his folly and disgrace,
Looked sheepish, nettled, or wished himself away;
And thrice he tried to quit his kneeling place;
But fat and corpulency seemed to say,
Here’s a petitioner that must for ever pray!”

The falling in love with a young lady at Lausanne is undoubtedly true; but it happens that the incident took place in Gibbon’s youth, when, so far from being fat or unwieldy, he was extremely slender—for, be it observed, the illustrious historian was in reality a small-boned man, and of more than usually slight figure in his young days. He was about twenty years of age, and was dwelling in Switzerland with a Protestant pastor by his father’s orders, that he might recover himself (as he ultimately did) from a tendency to Romanism which had beset him at College, when Mademoiselle Susan Curchod, the daughter of the pastor of Crassy in Burgundy, came on a visit to some relations in Lausanne. The father of the young lady, in the solitude of his village situation, had bestowed upon her a liberal education. “She surpassed,” says Gibbon, “his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make two or three visits at her father’s house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement, the vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but, on my return to England, I soon found that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report

of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem."

Susan Curchod eventually married M. Necker, the minister; and they were the parents of Madame de Stael Holstein.*

GIBBON AND WALPOLE QUARREL.

"You will be diverted," writes Walpole to Mason, "to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense; I gave it, but, alas! with too much sincerity. I added, 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry *you* should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have the patience to read it.' He coloured: all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, 'It had never been put together before'—*so well*, he meant to add—but gulped it. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week, nor has he sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably." Walpole allows the "History" to be admirably written; "but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

A poor nobleman was about to marry a rich heiress: he was asked by a friend, how long the honeymoon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me."

DEATH OF DR. HENRY, THE HISTORIAN.

About 1790, Dr. Henry was living at a place of his own, in his native county of Stirling. He was about seventy-two, and had been for some time very feeble. He wrote to Sir Harry Moncrieff that he was dying, and thus invited him for the last time—"Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week; I have got to die." Sir Harry went, and found his friend plainly sinking, but

* Abridged from Chambers's *Book of Days*.

resigned and cheerful. He had no children, and there was nobody with him except his wife. She and Sir Harry remained alone with him for about three days, being his last three; during a great part of which the reverend historian sat in his easy chair, and conversed, and listened to reading, and dozed. While engaged in this way, the hoofs of a horse were heard clattering in the court below. Mrs. Henry looked out, and exclaimed that it was "that wearisome body," meaning a neighbouring minister, who was famous for never leaving a house after he had once got into it. "Keep him out," cried the Doctor, "don't let the cratur in here." But before they could secure his exclusion, the cratur's steps were heard on the stair, and he was at the door. The Doctor instantly winked significantly, and signed to them to sit down and be quiet, and he would pretend to be sleeping. The hint was taken; and when the intruder entered, he found the patient asleep in his cushioned chair. Sir Harry and Mrs. Henry put their fingers to their lips, and pointing to the supposed slumberer as one not to be disturbed, shook their heads. The man sat down near the door, like one inclined to wait till the nap should be over. Once or twice he tried to speak; but was instantly repressed by another finger on the lip, and another shake of the head. So he sat on, all in perfect silence, for above a quarter of an hour, during which Sir Harry occasionally detected the dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eyelids, to see how his visitor was coming on. At last Sir Harry tired, and he and Mrs. Henry, pointing to the poor Doctor, fairly waved the visitor out of the room; on which the Doctor opened his eyes wide, and had a tolerably hearty laugh; which was renewed when the sound of the horse's feet made them certain that their friend was actually off the premises. Dr. Henry died that night.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

THEORIZING.

Dr. Robertson was a perfect master of conversation, and very desirous to lead it, and to make dissertations and raise theories that sometimes provoked the laugh against him. Once, when he had taken a jaunt into England with some of Henry Dundas's (Lord Melville's) family, he (Dundas) and Mr. Baron Cockburn and Robert Sinclair were on horseback, and seeing a gallows on a neighbouring hillock, they rode round to have a nearer view of the felon on the gibbet. When they met at the inn, Robertson immediately began a dissertation on the character of nations, and how much the English, like the Romans, were hardened by their cruel diversions of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, boxing, &c.; for had they not ob-

served three Englishmen on horseback do what, as Scotchmen, or—here Dundas compassionately interrupted him, and said, “What! did you not know, Principal, that it was Cockburn and Sinclair and me?” This put an end to theories, &c., for that day.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY GUESS.

John Home, the author of “*Douglas*,” was a very singular person. When he was travelling in England with Dr. Carlyle and some other friends, on reaching Warwick, the party put up at an inn, where Home, having thrown off his boots, would not put them on again, but pranced about the room in a truly poetical style. At this moment, he turned short upon the boot-catch (*boots*), who had brought in clean boots; and finding the fellow staring at him with seeming admiration,—“And am not I a pretty fellow?” said Home. “Ay,” said he, “sir,” with half a smile. “And who do you take me for?” said Home. “If you binna Jamy Dunlop, the Scotch pedlar, I dinna ken whar ye are; but your ways are very like his.”

Home, on reaching Birmingham, was so wearied with the details of its manufactures, that he said,—“It seemed there as if God had created man only for making buttons.”

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the well-known novelist, married four wives, by all of whom he had issue. The number of his children, and their unusual difference in age—a difference amounting, between the eldest and youngest, to more than forty years—gave him unusual opportunities of making experiments in Education, and watching their results. His family were brought up almost entirely at home, and with the greatest parental care. He was fond of mechanical pursuits, and new projects of all kinds. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan laid down in Rousseau’s *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body: the youth’s health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine,

this *child of nature* grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! This experience is detailed in *Practical Education*, a work written principally by Miss Edgeworth, but partly by her father: it is a valuable result for those engaged in domestic teaching. Mr. Edgeworth and his family, at Edgeworth-town, Longford, were involved in the troubles of the Irish Rebellion, in 1758, and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged, through one of the invaders, to whom Mr. Edgeworth had previously done some service. The return of the family home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth:—

“When we came near Edgeworth-town, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin-doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the road-side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade, and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates, we found all property safe: literally, ‘not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed.’ Within the house, everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library-table, with pencils and slips of paper, containing the first lessons in arithmetic in which some of the young people (Mr. Edgeworth’s children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home: a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream.”

A FEMALE ADMINISTRATION.

Mrs. Piozzi, in one of her Letters, relates the following Johnsonian pleasantry:—While there was much talk about the town concerning mal-administrations, some of the Streatham coterie, in a quibbling humour, professed themselves weary of *Male*-administration, as they pronounced it emphatically,—and proposing a *Fe*-male one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it—“Well then,” said he, “we will have—

Carter—for Archbishop of Canterbury.

Montague—First Lord of the Treasury.

Hon Sophia Byron—Head of the Admiralty.

Herald's Office—under care of *Miss Owen*.

Manager of the House of Commons—Mrs. Crewe.

Mrs. Wedderburne—Lord Chancellor.

Mrs. Wallace—Attorney General.

Preceptor to the Princes—Mrs. Chapone.

Poet Laureate—Hannah More."

—"And no place for *me*, Dr. Johnson?" cried Mrs. Piozzi.—"No, no! you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your own merit."—"And what shall I do?" exclaimed Fanny Burney.—"Oh, we will send you out for a *spy*,—and perhaps you will get *hanged*! Ha, ha, ha!"—with a loud laugh.

A HORRID BLUE-STOCKING.

Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defence of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation, "I do not care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little, except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's *Principia*, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity; and Madame de Stael, the bedchamber-woman of the Duchess de Maine, well known by her lively memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators, as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady, who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged; and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and,

methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised.—*Quarterly Review*.

ON A POETESS WHO SQUINTED.

To no one muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to all the nine.—*T. Moore*.

QUID PRO QUO.

Walpole relates that after Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the reply, "that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in *black and blue*."

ROUSSEAU AND GARRICK.

When Rousseau was in England, Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him: they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone, and as it was well known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified; but Mrs. Garrick complained that she never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life, for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat that he might not fall over into the pit.

LAUGHTER.

It was once remarked to Lord Chesterfield, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Peer, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

THE WITTINAGEMOT, AT THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE.

This noted resort of men of letters in the last century was situated at the corner of Canon-alley, on the south side of Paternoster-row; it was noted for its punch, pamphlets, and good supply of newspapers, and the upper portion of the house was a well-frequented hotel. It was closed as a coffee-house in 1854, and then altered to a general tavern.

The Chapter was, to the last, frequented by authors and pub-

lishers ; but its celebrity lay in the last century. It is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Connoisseur*, Jan. 31, 1754, as the resort of those encouragers of literature, and not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers, and is often referred to in the Correspondence of Chatterton. Forster relates an anecdote of Oliver Goldsmith being paymaster at the Chapter, for Churchill's friend, Lloyd, who, in his careless way, without a shilling to pay for the entertainment, had invited him to sup with some friends of Grub-street.

Alexander Stephens, editor of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, who died in 1824, left among his papers, printed in the *Monthly Magazine*, as "Stephensiana," his recollections of the Chapter, which he frequented from 1797 to 1805, where, he tells us, he always met with intelligent company. We give his reminiscences, almost in his own words.

The Box in the N.E. corner used to be called the *Wittinagemot*. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers when brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter ; a dry paper they viewed as a stale commodity. In the afternoon, another party enjoyed the *net* evening papers ; and (says Stephens) it was these whom I met.

Dr. Buchan, author of *Domestic Medicine*, generally held a seat in this box ; and though he was a Tory, he heard the freest discussion with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy, and his white hairs, qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly forty-five years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French war, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was Socratic, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar or chronicler of the box was a Mr. Murray, an episcopal Scotch minister, who generally sat in one place from 9 in the morning till 9 at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited was Dr. Berdmore,

the Master of the Charter-house; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker (the Dictionary-maker), to the finest enunciation united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after taking his wine, and stayed about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy-and-water; it was then his habit to take another glass at the London Coffee-house, and a third at the Oxford, before he returned to his house in Essex-street, Strand.

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter punch, or brandy-and-water, as *aqua vite*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch could not be found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here, John or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he likes brandy-and-water better. Take that, sir, and I'll warrant you you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus, and if one glass wont do, call for a second."

There was a growling man of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle, that, deserted by his friends, he would have died for want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

Robinson, the king of the booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent; and Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuseli, came from St. Paul's Churchyard.

Phillips, then commencing his *Monthly Magazine*, was also on a keen look-out for recruits, and with his waistcoat-pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlistment money into their hand. Phillips, in the winter of 1795-6, lodged and boarded at the Chapter, and not only knew the characters referred to by Mr. Stephens, but many

others equally original—from the voracious glutton in politics, who waited for the wet papers in the morning twilight, to the comfortless bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out at half-past twelve at night, all of whom took their successive stations, like figures in a magic lanthorn.

Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons, and through their introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humour. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his namesake George, who, he used to say, carried "the leaden mace," and he was much provoked whenever he happened to be mistaken for his namesake.

Cahusac, a teacher of the classics; M'Leod, a writer in the newspapers; the two Parrys, of the *Courier*, then the organ of Jacobinism; and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One Baker, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but, having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby-street, it was discovered that, for some years, he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his daily subsistence, till, his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

Lowndes, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. Buchan, the younger, a son of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes; and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, were as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. Busby, the musician, and an ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the Tories. And Macfarlane, the author of the "History of George the Third," was generally admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during an election procession of Sir Francis Burdett from Brentford. Mr. W. Cooke, author of *Conversation*, constantly exemplified his own rules in his gentlemanly manners and well-timed anecdotes.

Kelly, an Irish schoolmaster, and a man of polished manners, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man named Wilson, who acquired the distinc-

tion of Long-bow, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton*, which he used to retail by the hour. He was an amusing person, who seemed likely to prove an acquisition to the Wittingagemot, but having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the Chapter, begged me, if I met with Wilson, to tell him she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch and more brandy-and-water, than from any other single cause whatever."

• Jacob, afterwards an alderman and M.P., was a frequent visitor, and then as remarkable for his heretical, as he was subsequently for his orthodox, opinions in his speeches and writings.

Waithman, the active and eloquent Common Councilman, often mixed with us, and was always clear-headed and agreeable. One James, who had made a large fortune by vending tea, contributed many good anecdotes of the age of Wilkes.

Several stockbrokers visited us; and among others of that description was Mr. Blake, the banker, of Lombard-street, a remarkably intelligent old gentleman; and there was a Mr. Paterson, a North Briton, a long-headed speculator, who taught mathematics to Pitt.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time, as Lovett, a militia officer; Hennell, a coal merchant, and some others; and these seemed likely to keep up the party; but all things have an end. Dr. Buchan died; some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented himself, after nearly fifty years' attendance; and the noisy box of the Wittingagemot was, for some years previously to 1820, remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no voice above a whisper; and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever.

GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER.

In 1805, Joseph Lancaster, the educationist, was admitted to an interview with George III., at Weymouth. On entering the Royal presence, the King said: "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy Majesty, by the same principle thy Ma-

jesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His Majesty replied, "Good, good; it does not require an aged generation to give the command; one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed that in his schools the teaching branch was performed by youths, who acted as monitors. The King assented, and said "Good." Lancaster then described his system; the King paid great attention, and was highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his Majesty said, "Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object." "Please thy Majesty," said Lancaster, "if the system meets thy Majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt but in a few months I shall be able to give thy Majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them." His Majesty immediately replied, "Lancaster, I will subscribe 100*l.* annually; and," addressing the Queen, "you shall subscribe 50*l.*, Charlotte; and the Princesses, 25*l.* each;" and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed, "Please thy Majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The Royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the Queen observed to his Majesty, "How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work!" To which the King replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.

Lancaster received great encouragement from many persons of the highest rank, which enabled him to travel over the kingdom, delivering lectures, giving instructions, and forming schools. Flattered by splendid patronage and by unrealized promises of support, he was induced to embark in an extensive school establishment at Tooting, to which his own resources proving unequal, he was thrown upon the mercy of cold calculators, who considered unpaid debts as unpardonable crimes. About this time we remember to have seen him frequently smoking his pipe at the door of a small inn at Dorking. Concessions were made to his merit, which not considering sufficient, he abandoned his old establishment, and left England in disgust; and about the year 1820 went to America, where his fame procured him friends and his industry rendered him useful. But his life was terminated by an accident: he died, Oct. 24, 1840, in his 68th year, at New York, in consequence of being run over by a waggon the day before,

A MISDELIVERED LETTER.

Madame de Stael made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honours of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach to a poet resident at Venice, whose name happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor —, the butcher, instead of to Signor —, the poet; and the former, anxious to secure so distinguished a customer, carefully watched her arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the Baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour plénier*, and her friends were convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the person of the other, and it was some time before an explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

USE AND ORNAMENT.

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended this brief record: "Glasgow to Nelson." "Juist so," said one of the billies; "and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we no juist say—'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone too."

MADAME DE STAEL'S FENCING.

When Madame de Stael was in London Mrs. Richard Trench seems frequently to have been in her company, and she observes that the envy excited in her own sex was painfully disclosed by their continual remarks on the foreigner's total want of grace and beauty. Mrs. Trench was disposed to defend her on this score, but a Mrs. Jones, a lively friend, put an end to the discussion in these words—"In short, she is most *consolingly* ugly;" thus, says the writer, "by one happy phrase criticising the critics with a light yet sharp touch." These critics, she adds, would have inveighed with far more justice against the tiresome uses De Stael often made of her powers, for she "turned (it is said) a drawing-room into a fencing-school." Certainly her fencing reached a high pitch of gladiatorial art when she praised Sheridan for his morality while he was extol-

ling her beauty, as happened on one occasion when Mrs. Trench saw them in company together.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S EXTRAVAGANCES.

Lady Hester Stanhope delighted in anecdotes that went to show how much and how justly we may be biassed in our opinions by the shape of any particular part of a person's body independent of the face. She used to tell a story of —, who fell in love with a lady on a glimpse of those charms which gave such renown to the Onidian Venus. This lady, luckily or unluckily, happened to tumble from her horse, and by that singular accident fixed the gazer's affections irrevocably. Another gentleman whom she knew, saw a lady at Rome get out of a carriage, her head being covered by an umbrella, which the servant held over her head on account of the rain; and seeing nothing but her foot and leg, vowed he would marry her—which he did.

Lady Hester held an implicit faith in the influence of the stars on the destiny of men, and brought her theories into a striking though rather ridiculous system. She had a remarkable talent for divining characters by the conformation of men. This every traveller testified who had visited her in Syria; for it was after she went to live in solitude that her penetration became so extraordinary. It was founded both on the features of the face and on the shape of the head, body, and limbs. Some indications she went by were taken from a resemblance to animals; and wherever such indications existed, she inferred that the dispositions peculiar to those animals were to be found in the person. But, independent of all this, her doctrine was that every creature is governed by the star under whose influence it was born.

"Animal magnetism," said Lady Hester, "is nothing but the sympathy of our stars. Those fools who go about magnetizing indifferently one person and another, why do they sometimes succeed and sometimes fail? Because, if they meet with those of the same star with themselves, their results will be satisfactory; but with opposite stars they can do nothing."

"What Lady Hester's own star was," says her physician, "may be gathered from what she said one day, when, having dwelt a long time on this her favourite subject, she got up from the sofa, and, approaching the window, she called me. 'Look,' said she, 'at the pupil of my eyes; there! my star is the sun—all sun—it is in my eyes: when the sun is a person's star it attracts everything.' I looked, and I replied that I saw a rim of yellow round the pupil. 'A rim!' cried she; 'it isn't a rim—it's a sun; there's a disk, and

from it goes rays all round : 'tis no more a rim than you are. No-body has got eyes like mine.' ”

Lady Hester described the eyes of her grandfather, Lord Chatham, to be grey; yet, by candlelight, from the expression that was in them, one would have thought them black.

MRS. PIOZZI'S GOSSIP.

In a letter written by Mrs. Piozzi in her 80th year, we find this entertaining specimen of her lively, rattling manner :—

“ Whilst we were living here (Weston-super-Mare) at the hotel, the waiter, with a grin upon his naturally sullen countenance, said, ‘ Here’s a man inquires for Mrs. Piozzi.’—‘ Bid him come in ;’ and, seeing the strange visitant, ‘ Be pleased to call my maid.’ Both entered. ‘ What’s all this ?’ cried I. ‘ Edwards !’—‘ Yes, sure !’—‘ Why, the poor fellow is half dead, I vow, in a smock-frock, and dirty ?’—‘ Yes, sure !’—‘ And hungry, too ! and mind what he says, Bessy ; he says he walked hither from Dymchurch, 228 miles ; and slept in the streets of Bath last night, and walked here to-day ! For what ! in the name of Heaven ! Ask him.’—‘ He is stone deaf. He came to see you, he says.’ ‘ See me, why he is blind, high *gravel* blind, at least ; and one eye quite extinguished.’—‘ I must get him some meat,’ says Bessy ; so she did ; and set what we call a Benjamin’s mess before him, which a dapper post-boy snatched away, and left my countryman a living study for Liston, a statue of dirt and despair, reversing Neddy Bray’s distress, who ate up other people’s food, and this fool lost his own. On close inquiry, the poor witless wanderer had gone to Brynbella upon Midsummer-day, it seems, to claim 2*l.*, which, as a superannuated labourer, he tells me I used to pay him annually. Salusbury drove him from the door. ‘ Ah, Sir John, your good aunt, God bless her ! would not have served me so.’ Where is the lady that was *Mistress* of this house ?—with a Welsh howl that naturally enough provoked the present *Master*. ‘ Why, she is at Bath ; go look for her, you dog !’ And the wretched creature took him literally. So I had to ship him off for Cardiff, which, though the wrong end of our Principality, was better for him to be lost in than England, and I hope he got safe home somehow.

* * * * *

“ Which of the Conrads known to historic truth is dramatized, I wonder ! The elder was proclaimed King of the Romans about the year 1220 or 30 ; but would absolutely be *Emperor* in spite of the Pope ; to annoy whose Italian dominions he drove into the Peninsula, and committed famous cruelties at Naples, Capua, &c., after having behaved beautifully the early part of his life ; and so they

compared him to *Nero*. He was poisoned by his brother Manfred, but left a son whom the Neapolitans called Conradino—the little Conrad; who had a great soul, however; set an army on foot at sixteen years of age, in order to recover some of his father's conquests, possessed by Charles of Anjou, who defeated him and his martial cousin, Frederick, at Lago Fucino—and as they crossed a river to escape, caught both the fugitives; and hapless Conrad lost his short life on a scaffold at eighteen years old. He was a youth of quite consummate beauty, which was the reason our King William the Third used to laugh when German friends and flatterers compared them; because, otherwise, the parallel ran happily enough; the same ardour in battle, the same hostility to Popes; and all at so unripe an age too! But, as Dr. Johnson said to Mr. Thrall, 'Oh, sir, stop my mistress! if once she begins naming her favourite heroes round we are undone! I hate historic talk; and when Charles Fox said something to me once about Catiline's conspiracy, I withdrew my attention and thought about Tom Thumb.' Poor dear Dr. Collier loved it no better. 'My sweet child,' he used to say, 'leave thy historians to moulder on the shelf; I have no hooks in my brains to hang their stories on.' And yet their adoring pupil distracts her latest found friend with it in the year 1811—and all out of her own head, as the children say; for ne'er a book have I. Send me the tragedy if 'tis good for anything, and you can do it without inconvenience. Once again, I wonder much who wrote it! Who acted it last night you have told me; and it was very kindly done; and I am now more easy about *your* health, and more careful of *my own*—that I may the longer enjoy the comfort of being considered as dear Mr. Conway's admiring and faithful friend. H. L. P."

Another of these charming Letters, thus strangely associates a well-known incident of friendship of the divine and the poet, with the writer's own personal regard for Mr. Conway:

"When Atterbury presented Mr. Pope, the poet, with a Bible—'Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?' said he—'We have not time to talk now,' replied the Bishop; 'but I do certainly, and ever will abide by it. Accept my book: I consider it as a legacy.' Pope's letter to him afterwards, just as poor Rochester set out for the Continent, is very tender, very touching; and I am always wishing when I read it that such may be dearest Mr. Conway's sentiments toward *me*. 'I shall never suffer to be forgotten—nay, to be only faintly remembered—the pleasure and pride which I must ever have in reflecting how frequently you have entertained me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me. In conversation I shall wish for you; in study I shall want

you ; in my most lively and most thoughtful hours I shall equally bear about me the *impression of you* ; and perhaps it may *not be in this life only* that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.' Alex. Pope *loquitur*.—Will you subscribe to them as your sentiments for poor H. L. P. ! abating the ideas of dignity annexed to Atterbury's superior station and superior learning ? More desire of your temporal and eternal welfare could not have animated *his* gentle bosom, had he known and conversed with you as I have done."

SYDNEY SMITH, AND HIS EDINBURGH FRIENDS.

When Smith was at Edinburgh, a certain gentleman was the paramount bore, and his favourite subject the North Pole. No one escaped him, and Sydney, as a protection, declared he should invent a slip button. Jeffrey fled from this bore whenever he could ; but one day his tormentor met him in a narrow lane, where escape was impossible, and he forthwith began on the North Pole. Jeffrey could not stand it—so he darted off, crying out, "D—n the North Pole !" Mr. Sydney Smith met the bore shortly after, very indignant at Jeffrey's contempt of the North Pole. "Oh, my dear fellow," said Smith, "never mind ; no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know ; he is a privileged person ; he respects nothing, absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator !"

Horner, another of Smith's Scottish friends, loved truth so much, that he could not bear any jesting on important subjects. One evening, Lord Dudley and Smith pretended to justify the conduct of the Government in stealing the Danish fleet. They carried on the argument with some wickedness against their graver friend ; he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room. They flung up the sash, and with a loud peal of laughter, professed themselves decided Scandinavians ; they offered him not only the ships but all the shot, powder, cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back ; but nothing could turn him ; he went home, and it took a fortnight of serious behaviour before they were forgiven.

Calling upon a fellow writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith found him, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office. "Oh," said Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it : it prejudices a man so."

FREE AND EASY.

Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged

by Smith's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone, and hearing him tell that he had to go that evening to the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace for the first time, the reverend Canon said, pathetically, "Pray don't clap him on the back, and call him Howley."

ERROR CORRECTED.

In preaching a charity sermon, the Rev. Sydney Smith frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to the preacher's expectations, when he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their *specie*.

"THE GREAT SIR SUDNEY."

One evening there came to supper at Mr. Smith's, in Orchard-street, Sir James Mackintosh, bringing with him a Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment. On hearing the name of his host, he turned round, and nudging Sir James, whispered, "Is that the great Sir Sudney?" "Yes, yes," said Sir James, much amused, and giving Mr. Smith the hint, he instantly assumed the military character, performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks, to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of "the great Sir Sudney," as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. Nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at twelve o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to "the great Sir Sudney," who said he had never heard the bagpipes: upon this, the party broke up, and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterwards, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were walking in the streets they met Mr. Sydney Smith with his wife on his arm. He introduced her, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at Mrs. Sydney, "I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married." "Why, no," said Sir James, a little embarrassed, "not ex-act-ly,—married,—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima—you know—you understand." Mrs. Smith was long known in the little circle as Fatima. We find this admirable anecdote in Lady Holland's *Memoir*.

VENDIBLE CRITICISM.

Criticism is a very marketable commodity in France, and openly so. When the celebrated singer, Nourrit, died, the editor of a Paris musical journal waited on his successor, Duprez, and with a profusion of compliments and apologies, intimated to him that Nourrit invariably allowed 2000 francs a-year to the Review. Duprez, taken rather aback, expressed his readiness to allow half that sum. "Agreed, sir," said the editor, with a shrug; "but I pledge my honour that I lose one thousand francs by the bargain."

THEODORE HOOK AT OXFORD.

Hook having been duly entered at Oxford, he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, head of Balliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for matriculation. The ceremony was well-nigh stopped *in limine*, in consequence of a piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate—ill-timed, to say the least of it. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "*forty*, if you please." The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who, fortunately, happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked up out of one of Foote's* farces, who makes *Mrs. Simony*, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband, the *Doctor* (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "He believes in *all* the Thirty-nine Articles; ay, and so he would if there were forty of them."

On the evening of Hook's arrival at the University, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old schoolfellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishop" and "egg-flip" having been discussed; songs, amatory and bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and, altogether, the jocularities having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the Proctor made his appearance, and, advancing to the table at which the "freshman" was presiding, put the usual question, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?" "No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; "pray, sir, are you?" A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his

* Foote, by the way, during his studentship, at Worcester College, *played Punch* at Oxford, in disguise, successfully, as might be expected from his cleverness in mimicry.

ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?" "Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive; Manchester velvet: and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?" The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions and the other occupants of the coffee-room.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

Hook was delighting a party at his cottage at Fulham, by an extempore comic song, when, in the middle of it, his servant entered with, "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the pianoforte, as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
Excuses wont do, he stands no sort of flummery,
Though Winter his name is, his presence is summary."

HOAXES BY THEODORE HOOK.

Hook, in an amusing account of his going to the Trial of Lord Melville, describes a hoax which he practised upon a country-looking lady and her daughters, from Rye, in Sussex, who were amongst the company, and sat on the same bench with Theodore. The lady having inquired of him who certain personages were, and one of the daughters expressed her astonishment at one of the youngest peers looking very old, "Human nature," says Hook, "could not stand this: any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax." "And pray, sir," continued the lady, pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz., the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes, "who are those gentlemen?" "Gentlemen, madam!" said Hook, "these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies—the dowager peeresses in their own right." The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying as plainly as an eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till, at last, tolerably well satisfied with the scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, "Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies and dowager peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that." All went on smoothly till the Speaker of the House

of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. "Pray, sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?" "That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey." "No, sir," cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year." "No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation: in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything." The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.

•But, Hook's most audacious piece of mischief was the Hoax planned and played off in 1810, upon one Mrs. Tottington, of No. 54, Berners-street, Oxford-street. It originated as follows:—Hook and a friend, (Mathews or Beazley,) were one day walking down Berners-street, when Theodore's attention was called to the particularly neat and modest appearance of No. 54. "I lay you a guinea," said Hook, "that in one week that nice quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, letters conveyed orders of every sort to tradesmen within the Bills of Mortality—all to be executed on one particular day, and, as nearly as possible, at one fixed hour—from waggons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry-tarts,—from scores of rival dealers, between Whitechapel and Paddington. At that time Oxford-road was not approachable, either from Westminster or from the City, otherwise than through narrow lanes, so that the crash and jam, and tumult of the day were tremendous. Hook provided himself with a lodging, nearly opposite the ill-fated No. 54; and there, with two friends, watched the strange scene. In one of the newspapers of the next day, the house was described as beset by tradespeople at one time, with their various commodities, and from the confusion altogether such crowds had collected, as to render the street impassable. Waggon, laden with coals from the Paddington wharves, upholsterers' goods in cartloads, organs, pianofortes, linen, jewellery, and every description of furniture, were lodged as near as possible to the door of No. 54, with anxious tradespeople and a laughing mob. About this time, the Lord Mayor arrived in his carriage; his lordship's stay was short, and he was driven to Marlborough-street Police-office, where his lordship informed the sitting magistrate that he had received a note purporting to come from Mrs. Tottington, which

stated that she had been summoned to appear before him, but that she was confined to her room by sickness, and requested his lordship would do her the honour to call on her. The officers of Marlborough-street were immediately sent to keep order. The first group witnessed by them was six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by wine-porters with permits, barbers with wigs, manteau-makers with band-boxes, opticians with instruments, &c. . . . The street was not cleared at a late hour, as servants wanting places began to assemble at five o'clock. The hoax exceeded by far that in Bedford-street some time since; for, besides a coffin which was brought to Mrs. Tottington's house, made to measure, agreeable to letter, 5 ft. 6 in. by 16 inches, there were accoucheurs, tooth-drawers, miniature-painters, and artists of every description.

Hook, in his own theatrical world, was instantly suspected—but no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He, however, found it convenient, after the hoax, to be laid up for a week or two, and then promoted convalescence by a country tour. By-and-by the storm blew over, and the great unknown reappeared in the green-room.

DR. MAGINN.

One of the finest humorists of our day was Dr. William Maginn, a native of Cork, who distinguished himself at Trinity College, Dublin; contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, almost from its commencement; and projected *Fraser's Magazine*, in association with Mr. Hugh Fraser.

Maginn first met with Mr. Blackwood in this manner. He had already contributed to his *Magazine* several biting papers, which had excited a considerable ferment both in Edinburgh and Cork; but the intercourse between him and his publisher had as yet been wholly epistolary, the latter not even knowing the name of his correspondent. Determined now to have an interview with Mr. Blackwood, Maginn set out for Edinburgh, where he arrived on a Sunday evening, and on the ensuing forenoon he presented himself in the shop in Princes-street, where the following conversation took place. It must be observed, in passing, that Mr. Blackwood had received numerous furious communications, more especially from Ireland, demanding the name of the writer of the obnoxious articles, and he now believed this was a visit from one of them to obtain redress *in propria persona*.

"You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume?"

"I am."

"I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you regard-

ing some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so" (mentioning them); "would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?"

"That requires consideration, and I must first be satisfied that —"

"Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."

"I decline at present giving any information on that head, before I know more of your business—of your purpose—and who you are."

"You are very shy, sir. I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott, of Cork" (the assumed name which he had used).

"I beg to decline giving any information on that subject."

"If you don't know him, then, perhaps you *could* know your own handwriting" (drawing forth a bundle of letters from his pocket). "You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

It is not generally known that Dr. Maginn wrote for Knight and Lacy, the publishers in Paternoster-row, a novel embodying the strange story of the Polstead Murder of 1828, under the title of the *Red Burn*, by which the publishers cleared many hundreds of pounds.

Dr. Maginn, it is to be regretted, died at an early age, of consumption. The following epitaph, written for him by his friend, John G. Lockhart, conveys a tolerably correct idea of his habits:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES, AUGUST, 1842.

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn—
He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your tories his fine Irish brains he would spin;
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
"Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting, for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin
(All the same to the doctor, from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to jail, and consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

▲▲▲

SALAR JUNG LIBRARY

DUEL OF MOORE WITH JEFFREY.

Francis Jeffrey, having, in 1806, attacked Thomas Moore's "Odes and Epistles," for their immorality, in the *Edinburgh Review*, the poet challenged the critic. Preliminaries were accordingly arranged for a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm. Moore borrowed his pistols from the Hon. William Robert Spencer, who sent the Bow-street officers to prevent the two little men from killing each other. The sequel is thus narrated by Moore in his Diary:—

"I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say 'his party,' for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him and were hovering about the spot. And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag which contained the pistols in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around. It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other at meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!'—'Yes,' I answered, with a slight smile; 'a morning made for better purposes:' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, that Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan, 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?' Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends,

issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised, and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey, and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another, running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed crest-fallen to Bow-street."

Moore and Jeffrey afterwards became cordial friends.

WHO KILLED JOHN KEATS?

Keats was the son of a livery-stable-keeper, and was born in 1795, at the Swan and Hoop livery-stables, in Moorfields. He was well educated, evinced early a taste for literature, and inherited family property to the amount of 2000*l*. He was articled to a surgeon, but took an early distaste to his profession. He wrote poems when very young, in lodgings, the second floor of No. 71, Cheap-side, over the passage leading to the Queen's Arms tavern: here he wrote his magnificent sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and all the poems in his first little volume. In 1818 he published his poetic romance of *Endymion*, which he himself termed an "immature and feverish work." This poem was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xix., where he is described as "unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry, which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." The review extends only to four pages, but is very stringent, and was said to have caused the poet's death.

"The first effects," says Shelley, "are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun." His mother died of consumption, after lingering for some years. He left England for Naples, and thence journeyed to Rome, where he died in February, 1821. He was of a remarkably sensitive disposition; his constitution was weak, and greatly impaired by the attentions which he bestowed on a dying brother. Upon a *post mortem* examination, it was found that poor Keats's lungs were entirely gone. It, nevertheless, suited the humour of Lord Byron, in his *Don Juan*, to say:

"John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
 Just as he really promised something great,
 If not intelligible, without Greek
 Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
 Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
 Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
 Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Shelley also wrote an elegiac parody, commencing—

"Who killed Jack Keats?
 I, says the Quarterly,
 So savage and tartarly,
 'Twas one of my feats."

WORDSWORTH'S "PETER BELL."

In the new edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works, the Poet tells us the poem is founded upon an anecdote, which he read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture. Upon examination, a dead body was found in the water, and proved to be the body of its master. "The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter, (continues Wordsworth,) were taken from a wild rover with whom I walked from Builth, on the river Wye, downwards nearly as far as the town of Hay. He told me strange stories. It has always been a pleasure to me through life to catch at every opportunity that has occurred in my rambles of becoming acquainted with this class of people. The number of Peter's wives was taken from the trespasses in this way of a lawless creature who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half-a-dozen, as disorderly as himself. Benoni, or the child of sorrow, I knew when I was a schoolboy. His mother had been deserted by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, she herself being a gentlewoman by birth. The circumstances of her story were told me by my dear old dame, Anne Tyson, who was her confidante. The lady died broken-hearted. In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused. The crescent-moon, which makes such a figure in the prologue, assumed this character one evening while I was watching its beauty in front of Alfoxden House. This poem was not published for more than twenty years afterwards. The worship of the Methodists or Ranters is often heard during the stillness of the summer evening in the country with affecting accompaniments of rural beauty. In both the psalmody and the voice of the preacher there is, not un-

frequently, much solemnity likely to impress the feelings of the rudest characters under favourable circumstances."

PUBLISHER'S LIBERALITY.

A bookseller, who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise, resolved to offer him 3000*f.* for a novel; but, on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2000*f.* On arriving at the house, he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh, in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1500*f.*" But when he entered a poorly-furnished room, and saw a young man sipping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300*f.*, and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterwards considered a *chef-d'œuvre*—the *Dernière Fée*.

ORIGIN OF THE LITERARY FUND.

This valuable Institution originated in the failure of a scholar of eminence to accomplish a labour for which his classical attainments fully qualified him. Such was Flower Sydenham, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, who undertook the toilsome and unproductive task of translating Plato into English: he issued proposals for publishing his work by subscription in 1759, accompanied by a "Synopsis, or General View of the Works of Plato:" the subscribers were few, and some, it is said, failed in their engagements: and, after a life of labour and want, Sydenham died in old age (April 1, 1787) imprisoned for a debt contracted at the eating-house which he frequented. Melancholy as was his end, it was honoured in its results; for, in consequence, "one of the members of a club at the Prince of Wales coffee-house proposed that it should adopt as its object some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving authors and their families in distress:" and this was the origin of the Literary Fund. In the published account from which the above quotation is taken, Sydenham is characterised as "a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candour of his temper and gentleness of his manners."

LORD CARLISLE AND LORD BYRON.

The first Earl of Carlisle, often mentioned by Boswell as gaining Johnson's praise for his literary performances, owes much of his immortality to the attacks made on him by Byron. He was guardian to the Poet, who dedicated to him his *Hours of Idleness*, which the Earl is said to have received coolly: the affront deeply rankled in Byron's breast, causing a wound which his mother did her best

to widen. Byron, however, seems to have forgotten his animosity; for in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, as originally intended for the press, he compliments Carlisle:—

“On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.”

But the intended honour was not permitted to endure. Receiving, as he considered, a fresh slight, Byron erased the praise, for the vituperative sarcasm still to be read:—

“Let Scott, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street and of Grosvenor-place the best
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain!
Or common sense asserts her right again.”

But the Poet regretted this severity, and afterwards, in his noble tribute to Major Howard, gave utterance to his repentance:—

“Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine,
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with their line,
And partly that I did the sire some wrong.”

And of the Major he writes with rapturous eloquence:—

“When showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thin files along,
E’en where the thickest of War’s tempests lour’d,
They reach’d no nobler heart than thine,
Young gallant Howard.”

Memorials of Knightsbridge.

POETRY OF CAMPBELL AND BYRON.

Mr. Cyrus Redding gives the following interesting *résumé* of the sums paid by publishers to Campbell and Byron, respectively, for their Poetical Works:—

“Campbell did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be received of the publishers. This is shown by the following documents belonging to Mundell and Son, in the course of the business transacted between them. It must be observed that the dedication of the first edition bore a date three months antecedent, or April 13, 1799.

“*Excerpt* from a letter dated July 13, 1799:—

“As the *Pleasures of Hope* are now published, it is proper that it be expressed in writing what bargain I made with you about the copyright of the work. It was settled that, for two hundred copies of the book in quires, Mundell and Son should have the entire copyright of the poem.

d) “‘THOMAS CAMPBELL.’

“ *Excerpt* from letter dated July 15, 1799 :—

“ ‘ I acknowledge having sold you the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope* for two hundred copies in quires.

(Signed)

“ ‘ THOMAS CAMPBELL.’

“ Now two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding, and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also was presented by his booksellers, of their own free will, with twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or, if two thousand were printed, fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman and Co., and sometimes paid to his mother. He was most generous and considerate to his relatives, and a truly excellent son and brother. On this score his receipts were one hundred and fifty pounds more. A misunderstanding taking place between the poet and Mundell and Son, these free payments were discontinued. Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or, in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope* alone.

“ More than half a century ago, such a profit upon a poem of eleven hundred lines was equal to that of Byron in a more vaunted literary era, a poet whose writings had a prodigious run, even, as it is well known, to the utmost of profit that the most popular author could expect to receive who does not retain his copyright. The *Pleasures of Hope* brought its author fifteen shillings and a fraction a line; and Byron, in receiving two thousand five hundred pounds for *Manfred*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and the third canto of *Childe Harold*, got no more per line. It is true that the booksellers, their heirs, executors, assigns, may, to their own advantage, quintuple such sums, but the author can have no ground to complain. The bargain made by the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* might have been bad, but the pecuniary worth of the poem could not be known until it was tested. It turned out that the author had no reason to censure the time in which he published, which appreciated his poem more correctly nearly half a century ago, and with half the present reading population of the British Isles, than it would have done had he written later. Byron then, with his astonishing popularity, and driving the bargain of a well-known author, got no more than Campbell received, merely through a concession of his publishers.”

LORD BYRON'S FIRST RHYME.

His faithful Scottish nurse, Mary Gray, relates that it was in Nottingham he first exhibited symptoms of rhyming. The occasion said to have given rise to the first effort was amusing enough. An elderly lady was in the habit of visiting his mother, and made use of an expression which much affronted his lordship, who resented the slight with all the violence of his fiery temperament. The old lady cherished some curious idea with regard to the soul, which she imagined took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before proceeding further. One day this ill-natured old lady having repeated the taunt, my lord appeared before his nurse almost distracted with rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him into a terrible passion, that he could not bear the sight of her;" and then he broke into the following doggrel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

"In Nottingham town, very near to swine-green,
Lives as crusty an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon!"

Byron dated his "first dash into poetry" a year later (1799); but the above is supposed to have been his earliest effusion.—*W. H. Wyllie's Old and New Nottingham.*

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron, when one of the Drury-lane Committee of Management, challenged the writer to sing alternately (like the swains in Virgil) the praises of Mrs. Mardyn, the actress, who, by-the-bye, was hissed of the stage for an imputed intimacy of which she was quite innocent.

The contest ran as follows:

"Wake, muse of fire, your ardent lyre,
Pour forth your amorous ditty,
But first profound, in duty bound,
Applaud the new Committee;
There scenic art from Thespis' cart
All jaded nags discarding,
To London drove this queen of love,
Enchanting Mrs. Mardyn.
Though tides of love around her rove,
I fear she'll choose Pactolus—
In that bright surge bards ne'er immerge,
So I must e'en swim solus.

'Out, out, alas!' ill-fated gas,
That shin'st round Covent Garden,
Thy ray how flat, compared with that
From eye of Mrs. Mardyn !"

And so on. The reader has, no doubt, already discovered "which is the justice, and which is the teeth."

Lord Byron at that time wore a very narrow cravat of white sarsnet, with the shirt-collar falling over it; a black coat and waistcoat, and very broad white trousers to hide his lame foot—these were of Russia duck in the morning, and jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat. His face was void of colour; he wore no whiskers. His eyes were grey, fringed with long black lashes; and his air was imposing, but rather supercilious.

He undervalued David Hume; denying his claim to genius on account of his bulk, and calling him, from the Heroic Epistle,

"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."

One of this extraordinary man's allegations was, that "fat is an oily dropsy." To stave off its visitation, he frequently chewed tobacco in lieu of dinner, alleging that it absorbed the gastric juice of the stomach, and prevented hunger. "Pass your hand down my side," said his Lordship to the writer; "can you count my ribs?" "Every one of them." "I am delighted to hear you say so. I called last week on Lady —; 'Ah, Lord Byron,' said she, 'how fat you grow!' But you know Lady — is fond of saying spiteful things!" Let this gossip be summed up with the words of Lord Chesterfield, in his character of Bolingbroke: "Upon the whole, on a survey of his extraordinary character, what can we say, but 'Alas, poor human nature!'"

The writer never heard Lord Byron allude to his deformed foot, except upon one occasion, when, entering the green-room of Drury-lane, he found Lord Byron alone, the younger Byrne and Miss Smith, the dancer, having just left him, after an angry conference about a *pas seul*. "Had you been here a minute sooner," said Lord B., "you would have heard a question about dancing referred to me—me (looking mournfully downward) whom fate from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step."*

In 1814 Byron re-visited Cambridge, on his way north, and entered the Senate House in company with Dr. E. D. Clarke. He had only proceeded a few paces when he was recognised, and a chorus of voices repeated aloud,—

* Notes to "Rejected Addresses."

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime!"

"I know not what possessed us," said the informant, who was then a student of Trinity, "but it was a sort of freemasonry feeling—we could not restrain ourselves. The 'Bride of Abydos' was then in every one's hand."

Literary fame, Lord Byron affected to despise, in the following entry in his *Ravenna Journal*, January 4th, 1821:—

"I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *fame* was, on reading in a case of murder that Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a book, the *Life of Pamela*, which he was *tearing* for waste paper, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf of Pamela, wrapped round the bacon*. What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (*i.e.* while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the prose Homer of human nature), and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's *Johnson*) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy murderess's bacon? What would he have said—what can anybody say—save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another—from the bookseller's to the other tradesmen's, grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship."

THOMAS CAMPBELL—UNIVERSITY SPREE.

A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had a shop in the Tron-gate of Glasgow (when Campbell, at the age of seventeen, was attending the University of that city in 1795), with this notice in his window, printed in large letters, "*Ears pierced by A Fife*;" meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing earrings. Mr. Fife's next-door neighbour was a citizen of the name of *Drum*, a spirit-dealer, whose windows exhibited various samples of the liquors which he sold. The worthy shopkeepers having become alienated by jealousy in trade, Thomas Campbell and two trusty college chums fell upon the following expedient for reconciling them. During the darkness of night, long before the streets of Glasgow were lighted with gas, Campbell and his two associates having procured a long fir-deal, had it extended from window to window of the two contiguous shops, with this inscrip-

tion from Othello, which it fell to the youthful poet, as his share of the practical joke, to paint in flaming capitals :—

“THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM, THE EAR-PIERCING PIPE.”

Hitherto (observes Campbell's biographer) the two neighbours had pursued very distinct callings; but, to their utter surprise, a sudden co-partnership had been struck during the night, and Fife and Drum were now united in the same martial line. A great sensation was produced in the morning, when, of course, the new co-partnery was suddenly dissolved. Campbell was, after some inquiry, found to have been the sign-painter, and threatened with pains and penalties, which were, however, commuted into a severe reprimand, suggesting to the poet the words of Parolles—

“I'll no more drumming : a plague of all Drums.”

LAST HOURS OF CAMPBELL.

On the 6th of June, 1844, Campbell was able to converse freely; but his strength had become reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences, so unconnected that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of “Hohenlinden,” and, pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, in a calm but distinct tone, “No; it was one Tom Campbell.” The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. “When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.” Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. A friend was thinking of the lines in “The Last Man,” when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief “in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour.” To his niece he said, “Come, let us sing praises to Christ;” then, pointing to the bedside, he added, “Sit here.” “Shall I pray for you?” she said. “Oh, yes,” he replied; “let us pray for each other.” The Liturgy of the Church of England

was read : he expressed himself "Soothed—comforted." The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, "*We shall see * * to-morrow,*" naming a long-departed friend. On the next day he expired without a struggle.

LETTERS OF SOUTHEY.

The Letters of this excellent man afford some of the most truthful experiences of an author to be found in any record of human life and character. At the age of thirty, when struggling with the world, he wrote thus reverentially :

"No man was ever more contented with his lot than I am ; for few have ever had more enjoyments, and none had ever better or worthier hopes. Life, therefore, is sufficiently dear to me, and long life desirable, that I may accomplish all which I design. But yet, I could be well content that the next century were over, and my part fairly at an end, having been gone well through. Just as at school one wished the school-days over, though we were happy enough there, because we expected more happiness and more liberty when we were to be our own masters, might lie as much later in the morning as we pleased, have no bounds, and do no exercise,—just so do I wish that my exercises were over, that that ugly chrysalis state were passed through to which we must all come, and that I had fairly burst my shell, and got into the new world, with wings upon my shoulders, or some inherent power like the wishing-cap, which should annihilate all the inconveniences of space."

There is scarcely on record a more touching instance of gratitude than is contained in a letter written by Southey to his friend, Joseph Cottle, dated April 20, 1808, from which the following is an extract : "Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them ? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage-fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left Edith during my six months' absence, and for the six months after my return ; it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of a cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters ; and if you were not, I would intreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am that there never was a more generous or kinder heart than yours ; and you will believe me, when I add, that there does not live a man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night ! my dear old friend and benefactor.

"R. S."

MEN OF LETTERS.

PHILOSOPHICAL MADMEN.

These unfortunate persons are in a somewhat similar position to that of theological madmen: they are mostly vain persons who have lost their way in matters too deep for them, and by reason of their vanity, and of the nature of the subject of their pursuits, are as difficult to deal with as those who speculate on religious mysteries. A deplorable instance of this class is afforded by Thomas Wirgmar, who, after making a large fortune as a goldsmith and silversmith, in St. James's-street, London, squandered it all as a regenerating philosopher. He had paper made specially for his books, the same sheet consisting of several different colours; and as he changed the work many times while it was printing, the cost was enormous: one book of 400 pages cost 227*6*l. He published a grammar of the five senses, which was a sort of system of metaphysics for the use of children, and maintained that when it was universally adopted in schools, peace and harmony would be restored to the earth, and virtue would everywhere replace crime. He complained much that people would not listen to him, and that, although he had devoted nearly half a century to the propagation of his ideas, he had asked in vain to be appointed Professor in some University or College—so little does the world appreciate those who labour unto death in its service. “Nevertheless,” exclaimed Wirgmar, after another useless application, “while life remains I will not cease to communicate this blessing to the rising world.”

William Martin, brother of the Jonathan Martin who set fire to York Minster, published several philosophical works, in which he announces himself as having overthrown the Newtonian philosophy. Being rather rudely treated by the critics, he defied them in a publication entitled, *William Martin's Challenge to all the World as a Philosopher and a Critic!* Another of his titles is: *A Critic on all False Men who pretend to be Critics, not being Men of Wisdom or genius.*

“Well they know that William Martin has outstript
Newton, Bacon, Boyle, and Lord Bolingbroke.”

He was “convinced that he was the man whom the Divine Majesty had selected to discover the great secondary cause of things, and the true perpetual motion.” “I supplicate the English Government to put an end to the abominable system that is practised under the eyes of God and man. A fool may rise and make a noise, but noise is not argument, and whoever from among the servants of the devil oppose the system of Martin, let them stand up one after another, and give a good reason for their opposition.” The irritated philosopher was evidently in earnest.

A certain John Steward, who died in 1822, travelled over a great

part of the world with the object of discovering the "Polarization of Moral as Truth." He published several books, and he was of opinion that the kings of the earth would form a league for the purpose of destroying them; he begged of his friends that they would carefully wrap up some copies, so as to preserve them from moisture, and bury them seven or eight feet deep, taking care on their death-bed to declare, under the seal of secrecy, the place where they had buried them.

EASE IN MONEY-MATTERS.

Godwin, the author and bookseller, enjoyed a remarkable share of this kind of balm. Talfourd, in his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, relates that—"He (Godwin) met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trusting simplicity which marked his course—he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when afforded, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed that he had a little bill for 150*l.* falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. 'O dear,' said the philosopher, "'I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune. Don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere:' and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem."

ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING.

Jacob Bryant said of Archdeacon Coxe's hieroglyphics, that they could be called neither a hand or a fist, but a foot, and that a club

one. They formed a clumsy, tangled, black skein, and ran across the paper in knots it was impossible to untie into a meaning. On one occasion Bishop Barrington, while expostulating with the Arch-deacon for sending him a letter he could not read, told him of a very bad writer, a Frenchman, who answered a letter thus: "Out of respect, sir, I write to you with my own hand: but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy, which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

John Bell, of the Chancery bar, wrote three hands; one which no one could read but himself; another which his clerk could read and he could not; and a third which nobody could read.

CHARLES LAMB AND THE COMPTROLLER OF STAMPS.

Haydon, in his Autobiography and Journals, relates many a droll story, but none exceeding in genuine fun the account of a dinner which he gave in his painting-room to Wordsworth, Lamb, Keats, and Ritchie the traveller. Wordsworth was in fine cue, Lamb got exceedingly mirthful and exquisitely witty; and his fun, in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. "Now," said Lamb, "you old Lake-poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" The party all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. "Well," said Lamb, "here's Voltaire, the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too." It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all these frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of the party.

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on Haydon. He said he knew his friends had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged an introduction. He added he was a Comptroller of Stamps, and often had correspondence with Wordsworth. Haydon thought it a liberty, but at length consented; and when the party retired to tea they found the Comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth Haydon forgot to say who he was.

After a little time the Man of Stamps looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at Haydon, Wordsworth looked at the Comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not." "O!" said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles, my dear Charles," said

Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause the Comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" Haydon could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the Comptroller he chaunted—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to his bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said, in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth; "not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I am a Comptroller of Stamps." There was a dead silence; the Comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While they were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out—

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

"My dear Charles," said Wordsworth:

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb; and then rising, exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs!" Keats and Haydon hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. They went back, but the Comptroller was irreconcilable. They soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a goodnatured man they parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed. All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, they could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, "Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more."

ROAST PIG.

The following inedited Letter of Charles Lamb, from the Collection of his friend, Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, and communicated to the *Illustrated London News*, in 1855, it may be interesting to compare with Lamb's famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig."

Twelfth-day, '23.

The pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. There

was some contention as to who should have the ears, but, in spite of his obstinacy (deaf as these little creatures are to advice), I contrived to get at one of them.

It came in boots, too, which I took as a favour. Generally these petty toes, pretty toes! are missing. But I suppose he wore them, to look taller.

He must have been the least of his race. His little foots would have gone into the silver slipper. I take him to have been a Chinese, and a female.

If Evelyn could have seen him, he would never have farrowed two such prodigious volumes, seeing how much good can be contained in—how small a compass!

He crackled delicately.

I left a blank at top of my letter, not being determined *which* to address it to, so farmer and farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks. May your granaries be full, and your rats empty, and your chickens plump, and your envious neighbours lean, and your labourers busy, and you as idle and as happy as the day is long!

VIVE L'AGRICULTURE!

How do you make your pigs so little?
They are vastly engaging at that age.

I was so myself.

Now I am a disagreeable old hog—
A middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half.

My faculties, thank God! are not much impaired.

I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect; and can read the Lord's Prayer in the common type, by the help of a candle, without making many mistakes.

Believe me, while my faculties last, a proper appreciator of your many kindnesses in this way; and that the last lingering relish of past flavours upon my dying memory will be the smack of that little ear. It was the left ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns (not of the pig) but of the New Year to both.

Mary, for her share of the pig and the memoirs, desires to send the same.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

A NIGHT WITH CHARLES LAMB.

Thomas Hood has left this charming picture of his visit to his brother humourist.

"I put on my great-coat, and in a few minutes found myself, for the first time, at a door that opened to me as frankly as its master's heart; for, without any preliminaries of hall, passage, or parlour,

was soon known to have been penned by Mr. John Leycester Adolphus. Previously to the publication of these Letters, the opinion that Scott was the author of *Waverley* had, indeed, been well settled in the English, to say nothing of the Scotch, mind; a great variety of circumstances, external as well as internal, had by degrees co-operated to this general establishment; yet there were not wanting persons who still dissented, or at least affected to dissent, from it. It was reserved (says Mr. Lockhart) for the enthusiastic industry and admirable ingenuity of this juvenile academic, to set the question at rest, by an accumulation of critical evidence which no sophistry could evade; and yet produced in a style of such high-bred delicacy, that it was impossible for the hitherto 'veiled prophet' to take the slightest offence with the hand that had for ever abolished the disguise. The only sceptical scruple that survived this exposition, was extinguished in due time by Scott's avowal of the *sole and unassisted* authorship of his novels; and now Mr. Adolphus's letters have shared the fate of other elaborate arguments, the thesis of which has ceased to be controverted. Hereafter, I am persuaded the volume will be revived for its own sake. I have it not in my power to produce the letter in which Scott conveyed to Heber his opinion of this work. I know, however, that it ended with a request that he should present Mr. Adolphus with his thanks for the handsome terms in which his poetical efforts had been spoken of throughout, and request him, in the name of the *Author of Marmion*, not to revisit Scotland without reserving a day for Abbotsford; and the *Eidolon* of the author of *Waverley* was made a few months afterwards, to speak as follows in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." "These letters to the member for the University of Oxford show the wit, the genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance."

An old lady, who lived not far from Abbotsford, and from whom the "Great Unknown" had derived many an ancient tale, was waited upon one day by the author of *Waverley*. On endeavouring to give the authorship the go-by, the old dame protested, "D'ye think, sir, I dinna ken my ain groats in ither folks' kail?"

Scott is known to have much profited by Constable's bibliographical knowledge, which was very extensive. The latter christened "Kenilworth," which Scott had named "Cumnor Hall." John Ballantyne objected to the former title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but the result proved the reverse. Mr. Cadell relates that Constable's vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestions gone into, that, in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his

room, and exclaim, "By Jove, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

POETRY AND PROSE.

One fine day in spring, Sir Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," returned Lady Scott, "especially with mint-sauce."

SCOTT'S DIVISION OF HIS TIME.

Division of time is the grand secret of successful industry. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, shows how effectually the illustrious subject of his memoir found opportunity for unequalled literary labour, even while enjoying all the amusements of a man of leisure. "Sir Walter Scott rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for," says his biographer, "he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

MISS EDGEWORTH AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. She not

only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations of her which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of observation. "Never," says Mr. Lockhart, "did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by Scott at his archway, and exclaimed, 'Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream.' The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety."

Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years after, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworth-town, in the county of Longford, Ireland, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found "neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about." Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for common business, and enjoyment of life. "We shall never," said Scott, "learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes, her tears were always ready when anything generous was touched—for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest") but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is: Dean Swift said he had written his books, in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter wrote his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EMBARRASMENTS.

The utterly unexpected bankruptcy of Scott fell on Edinburgh like a thunderbolt at the opening of the year 1826. "Well," says Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, "do I remember his first appearance after this calamity was divulged, when he walked into court, one day in January. There was no affectation, and no reality, of *facing it*; no look of indifference or defiance; but the manly and modest air of a gentleman conscious of some folly, but of perfect rectitude, and of the most heroic and honourable resolutions." [Scott says, in his *Diary*, "I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way."] "It was on that very day, I believe, that he said a

very fine thing. Some of his friends offered him, or rather proposed to offer him, enough of money, as was supposed, to enable him to arrange with his creditors. He paused for a moment, and then, recollecting his powers, said proudly—"No! this right hand shall work it all off!" His friend, William Clerk, supped with him one night after his ruin was declared. They discussed the whole affair, its causes and probable consequences, openly and playfully; till at last they laughed over their noggins at the change, and Sir Walter observed that he felt 'something like Lambert and the other regicides, who, Pepys says, when he saw them going to be hanged and quartered, were as cheerful and comfortable as any gentlemen could be in that situation.'

SCOTT'S POWER OF OBSERVATION.

Mr. Goodrich, (Peter Parley,) in one of his visits to England, dined at Mr. Lockhart's, where the following curious instance of Scott's accuracy and power of minute observation was related by Sir Walter himself.

"The most remarkable thing about the American Indians," said Blackwood, "is their being able to follow in the trail of their enemies, by their footprints left in the leaves, upon the grass, and even upon the moss of the rocks. The accounts given of this seem hardly credible."

"I can readily believe it, however," said Sir Walter. "You must remember that this is a part of their education. I have learned at Abbotsford to discriminate between the hoof-marks of all our neighbours' horses, and I taught the same thing to Mrs. Lockhart. It is, after all, not so difficult as you might think. Every horse's hoof has some peculiarity—either of size, shoeing, or manner of striking the earth. I was once walking with Southey—a mile or more from home—across the fields. At last we came to a bridle-path, leading toward Abbotsford, and here I noticed fresh hoof-prints. Of this I said nothing; but pausing and looking up with an inspired expression, I said to Southey—'I have a gift of second sight; we shall have a stranger to dinner!'"

"And what may be his name?" was the reply.

"Scott," said I.

"Ah, it is some relation of yours," he said; 'you have invited him, and you would pass off, as an example of your Scottish gift of prophecy, a matter previously agreed upon!'"

"Not at all," said I. "I assure you that till this moment I never thought of such a thing."

"When we got home, I was told that Mr. Scott, a farmer living

some three or four miles distant, and a relative of mine, was waiting to see me. Southey looked astounded. The man remained to dinner, and he was asked if he had given any intimation of his coming. He replied in the negative: that indeed he had no idea of visiting Abbotsford when he left home. After enjoying Southey's wonder for some time, I told him that I saw the tracks of Mr. Scott's horse in the bridle-path, and inferring that he was going to Abbotsford, easily foresaw that we should have him to dinner."

Mrs. Lockhart confirmed her father's statement, and told how, in walking over the country together, they had often amused themselves in studying the hoof-prints along the roads.

Lady Hester Stanhope used to relate the following instance of minute observation in her grandfather, Lord Chatham. His memory of things, even of a common nature, was very striking. On passing a place where he had been ten years before, he would observe that there used to be a tree, or a stone, or something that was gone, and on inquiry it was proved to be so; yet he travelled always with four horses at a great rate.

"SAY SOMETHING CLEVER."

Sir Walter Scott used to relate, that a friend of his once met in a stage-coach, a man that utterly baffled all efforts at conversation. Yet, this friend piqued himself on his conversational powers; he tried his fellow-traveller on many points, but in vain, and at length he expostulated; "I have talked to you, my friend, on all ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandize—gaming, game-laws, horse-races—suits-at-law—politics, and swindling, and blasphemy, and philosophy—is there any one subject you will favour me by opening upon?" The wight writhed his countenance into a grin—"Sir," said he, "can you say anything clever about bend-leather?" (thick leather for soleing).

SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

Sir Walter Scott, on being asked to sit for his portrait for Terry, the comedian, said, that both he and his dog, Maida, were tired of that sort of thing—Maida particularly so; for she had been so often sketched, that whenever she saw an artist unfurl his paper and arrange his brushes, she got up, and walked off with a dignity and an expression of loathing almost human.

AN INCOMPLETE CHARM.

John Bruce, Highland piper to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, prescribed, as a remedy for cramp, with which his master was often

afflicted, twelve stones taken from twelve south-running streams, on which Sir Walter was to sleep, and be of course restored. Sir Walter told the piper the receipt was infallible, but to make it entirely successful, the stones must be wrapped in a petticoat belonging to a widow who had never wished to marry again. This was hopeless, and the piper abandoned his efforts to complete the charm.

INDIFFERENCE TO MONEY.

Men who gloat over their money-bags will scarcely credit the following anecdote of Cavendish, the wealthy chemist, one of whose eccentricities was his entire disregard of money:—

“The bankers (says Mr. Pepys) where he kept his account, in looking over their affairs, found he had a considerable sum in their hands, some say nearly eighty thousand pounds, and one of them said, that he did not think it right that it should lie so without investment. He was therefore commissioned to wait upon Mr. Cavendish, who at that time resided at Clapham. Upon his arrival at the house he desired to speak to Mr. Cavendish. The servant said, ‘What is your business with him?’ He did not choose to tell the servant. The servant then said, ‘You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know.’ In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang, and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place. ‘Sir, there is a person below, who wants to speak to you.’ ‘Who is he? Who is he? What does he want with me?’ ‘He says he is your banker, and must speak to you.’ Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up, and, before he entered the room, cries, ‘What do you come here for? What do you want with me?’ ‘Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and wish for your orders respecting it.’ ‘If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me.’ ‘Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.’ ‘Well! well! What do you want to do?’ ‘Perhaps you would like to have forty thousand pounds invested.’ ‘Do so! Do so; and don’t come here and trouble me, or I will remove it.’”

Cavendish lived a retired life, and to strangers he was very reserved. His library was immense, and he fixed it at a distance from his own residence, that he might not be disturbed by those who came to consult it. His friends were allowed to take books, and he himself never withdrew a book without giving a receipt for it. Cavendish died in 1810, leaving more than a million sterling among different relations.

IMPROVIDENCE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Mr. Justice Talfourd's liberality in money matters was unbounded, and this was a dangerous virtue to practise amongst the circle in which he acquired his first experience of literary life in London. More than one of the most famous of these were wont to regard their friends' purses as common property, and as Talfourd's was seldom quite empty, he was constantly laid under contribution, with slender chance of reciprocation or return. On one occasion, Haydon, the painter, applied for pecuniary aid in what he represented as unforeseen and pressing distress. Talfourd had laid aside a sum for a holiday trip to Ramsgate with his family, but deeming a friend's necessities a paramount call, he at once handed over the whole of his reserve to the painter, who thanked him with tears, as for a deliverance from disgrace and misery. The credulous donor happening, a day or two after, to go to the Tower Stairs to see a friend's family (with whom his own meditated trip had been concocted) off by the packet, one of the first persons he met upon deck was Haydon, who, having reasons of his own for wishing to spend a month by the sea-side, had got up his sad story and his rueful countenance to raise the required funds.

Talfourd was fond of relating also the following illustration of the improvidence of a man of genius who has largely contributed to the intellectual enjoyments of most of us. This gentleman had invited a large party to dinner, and nothing seemed wanting to the festivity, when it was observed that, although wine was served in profusion, there were no two bottles of the same. The mystery was explained without hesitation or compunction by the Amphitryon. "I have no credit with my wine-merchant, nor, to say the truth, with any other man's wine-merchant; and I was sadly puzzled how to manage for you, when a fellow knocked at the door with specimens of Italian wines, or what he called wines; so I told him to leave a bottle of each on trial, and call again to-morrow." This announcement was far from reassuring, and as some of the company complained of incipient pains in the stomach, he was requested to send for some brandy by way of antidote. "With all my heart," was the reply, "but you must first club your sixpence apiece;" and the sixpences being clubbed accordingly, the threatened sickness was averted, and the half-empty bottles of wine were put aside to be returned to the composer.

TALFOURD AT THE THEATRE.

Nothing could exceed Talfourd's passion for the stage. If he took up a newspaper, his eye wandered instinctively to the theatrical

columns, and he may have been seen daily stopping to read one set of play-bills after another, on his way to and from Westminster Hall. The late Mr. Rogers used to relate that a literary friend, with whom he was walking on the sands near Broadstairs, happening to say that he should see Talfourd that evening, he (Rogers) asked, "Are you going to town or is he coming here?" "Neither one nor the other; but I see that *Glencoe* is to be acted to-night at the Dover Theatre. I am sure he will be there; and as I wish to see him, I shall go over upon the chance." He did go, and the first object that met his eye on entering the theatre, was Talfourd in a stage box, listening in wrapt attention to his own verses.

A WORDSWORTHIAN DISPUTE.

Next in order to Justice Talfourd's mania for the stage was his admiration for Wordsworth's poetry, "which," he maintained, "has exerted a purifying influence on the literature of this country, such as no other individual power has ever wrought." He was fond of telling an amusing illustration of his enthusiasm on this subject. During one of his visits to Edinburgh, he was dining with Professor Wilson, who professed the same taste, and when they were tolerably far advanced into the mirth and fun of a Nox Ambrosiana, a laughing dispute arose as to which recited Wordsworth best. A young Scotchman, who alone, of all the original party, had endured the pitiless pelting of the storm, having decided in the Professor's favour, the learned Serjeant protested against this judgment as unfair, and seizing his hat, rushed out to appeal to the watchman, who was crying "past two," before the door. He could never recall the terms of the Scotch Dogberry's award; but he well remembered waking and finding himself, the next afternoon, in bed, at his hotel, his intention having been to start at 8 A.M. for Loch Lomond.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

This popular poem by Wordsworth was composed while the author was walking in the grove at Alfoxden. As he paced to and fro, the poet produced the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. "When it was all but finished I" (says Wordsworth,) "came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished.' I mentioned in substance what I wished to express, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:

'A little child, dear brother Jem,'

I objected to the rhyme, 'dear brother Jem,' as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the *Lyrical Ballads*, as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, 'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.' I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said 'It is called "We are Seven."' 'Nay!' said I, 'that shall take its chance, however,' and he left me in despair."

"TOM CRINGLE'S LOG."

The author of the *Log* was a Mr. Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1789, and educated at the High School there. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies; he ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the *Log*. Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till the death of the author that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name.

The *Log* is, perhaps, the earliest specimen of that vicious plan of narrative writing in magazines and serials, which renders it indispensable that each month's number should have its "sensational" incidents; so that when the work is completed, and read in a volume, it generally tires you with its thickset catastrophes. When *Tom Cringle's Log* was finished, it was found to present this very unsatisfactory result.

COLERIDGE, A LIGHT DRAGOON.

When Coleridge was at Cambridge, he paid his addresses to a Mary Evans, who, rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he withdrew from the university to London; and, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted in the 15th regiment of Elliot's Light Dragoons. No objection having been taken to his height or age, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamschatkian, but having noticed that morning, over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Temple, the name "Cumberbatch" (not Cumberback), he thought this word suffi-

ciently outlandish, and replied "Silas Tomken Cumberbatch;" and such was the entry in the regimental book.

In one of the laborious duties of his new capacity—the drill,—the poet so failed that the drill-sergeant thought his professional character endangered; for, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, he expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he should never be able to make a *soldier of him*.

Mr. C., it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one.—This rubbing down of his horse was a constant source of annoyance to Mr. C., who thought the most rational way was—to let the horse rub himself down, shaking himself clean, and so to shine in all his native beauty; but on this subject there were two opinions, and his that was to decide carried most weight. Mr. C. overcame this difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him, and that on very easy terms, namely, by writing him some love stanzas to send his sweetheart.

There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. He often calculated, with so little precision, his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side—perhaps the wrong stirrup—the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other. Then the laugh spread amongst the men—"Silas is off again." Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service.

Some mitigation was now in store for Coleridge, arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed, as a sentinel, at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment near him, talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated.

• At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honour will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in their more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C., "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the *Cædipus* of Sophocles." "Why, man, who are you?" said the officer; "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am your honour's humble sentinel," said Coleridge, again touching his cap.

The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another about that "odd fish" at the door, when one of the mess—

it is believed the surgeon—told them that he had his eye upon him, but he could neither tell where he came from, nor anything about his family of the Cumberbatches; “but,” continued he, “instead of his being an ‘odd fish,’ I suspect he must be a ‘stray bird’ from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary.” They learned also the laughable fact that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse. “Ah!” said one of the officers, “we have had, at different times, two or three of these ‘university birds’ in our regiment.”

This suspicion was confirmed by one of the officers, Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, who observed that he had noticed a line of Latin chalked under one of the men’s saddles, and was told, on inquiring whose saddle it was, that it was Cumberbatch’s.

The officers now kindly took pity on the “poor scholar,” and had Coleridge removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in his condition; and happy was the day also, on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Cumberbatch’s amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor’s physic.

In one of these interesting conversations, when Mr. C. was sitting on the foot of the bed, surrounded by his gaping comrades, the door was suddenly burst open, and in came two or three gentlemen, his friends: looking some time in vain, amid the uniform dresses for their man, at length they pitched on Mr. C., and taking him by the arm, led him in silence out of the room. As the supposed *deserter* passed the threshold, one of the astonished auditors uttered, with a sigh, “Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred.” Coleridge’s ransom was soon joyfully adjusted by his friends, and he was soldier no more.

THE POETS IN A PUZZLE.

Cottle, in his Life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident:—“I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse’s neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse’s head must have grown since the collar was put on; for he said, ‘it was a downright impossibility for such a huge

as *frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant, a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha! master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

MEMORABILIA OF COLERIDGE.

He said of an old cathedral, that it always appeared to him like a *petrified religion*.

Hearing some one observe that the religious sentiments introduced in Sheridan's *Pizarro* met with great applause on the stage, he replied that he thought this a sure sign of the decay of religion; for when people began to patronise it as an amiable theatrical sentiment, they had no longer any real faith in it.

He said of a Mr. H—, a friend of Fox's, who always put himself forward to interpret the great orator's sentiments, and almost took the words out of his mouth, that it put him in mind of the steeple of St. Martin, on Ludgate-hill, which is constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's.

He observed of some friend, that he had thought himself out of a handsome face, and into a fine one.

He said of the French, that they received and gave out sensations too quickly to be a people of imagination. He thought Molière's father must have been an Englishman.

According to Mr. Coleridge, common rhetoricians argued by metaphors; Burke reasoned in them.

He considered acuteness as a shop-boy quality compared with subtlety of mind; and quoted Paine as an example of the first, Berkeley as the perfection of the last.

He extolled Bishop Butler's Sermons at the Rolls' Chapel as full of thought and sound views of philosophy; and conceived that he had proved the love of piety and virtue to be as natural to the mind of man as the delight it receives from the colour of a rose or the smell of a lily. He spoke of the Analysis as theological special pleading.

He had no opinion of Hume, and very idly disputed his originality. He said the whole of his argument on miracles was to be found stated (as an objection) somewhere in Barrow.

He said Thomson was a true poet, but an indolent one. He seldom wrote a good line, but he "rewarded resolution" by following it up with a bad one. Cowper he regarded as the reformer of

the Della Cruscan style in poetry, and the founder of the modern school.

Being asked which he thought the greater man, Milton or Shakspeare, he replied that he could hardly venture to pronounce an opinion—that Shakspeare appeared to him to have the strength, the stature of his rival, with infinitely more agility; but that he could not bring himself after all to look upon Shakspeare as anything more than a beardless stripling, and that if he had ever arrived at man's estate, he would not have been a man but a monster of intellect.

Being told that Mrs. Woolstonecroft exerted a very great ascendancy over the mind of her husband, he said—"It was always the case: people of imagination naturally took the lead of people of mere understanding and acquirement."

He spoke of Mackintosh as deficient in original resources: he was neither the great merchant nor manufacturer of intellectual riches; but the ready warehouseman, who had a large assortment of goods, not properly his own, and who knew where to lay his hand on whatever he wanted. An argument which he had sustained for three hours together with another erudite person on some grand question of philosophy, being boasted of in Coleridge's hearing as a mighty achievement, the latter bluntly answered, "Had there been a man of genius among you, he would have settled the point in five minutes."

He used to speak with some drollery and unction of his meeting in his tour in Germany with a Lutheran clergyman, who expressed a great curiosity about the fate of Dr. Dodd in a Latin gibberish which he could not at first understand. "*Doctorem Tott, Doctorem Tott! Infelix homo, collo suspensus!*"—he called out in an agony of anxiety, fitting the action to the word, and the idea of the reverend divine just then occurring to Mr. Coleridge's imagination. The Germans have a strange superstition that Dr. Dodd is still wandering in disguise in the Hartz forest in Germany; and his *Prison Thoughts* is a favourite book with the initiated.

He once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth—"Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

He was (as we have said) a remarkably awkward horseman. On a certain occasion he was riding along the turnpike road, in the

county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted him: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose*!"

Thelwall and Coleridge were sitting once in a beautiful recess in the Quantock hills, when the latter said: "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay, citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

"Alas!" says Coleridge, speaking of the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them, "the largest part of mankind are nowhere greater strangers than at home."

COLERIDGE "DONE UP."

"I have had a good deal to do with Jews, (Coleridge used to say,) although I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked that I said to him: "Pray, why can't you say, '*old clothes*' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, replied, in a clear and even fine accent: "Sir, I can say '*old clothes*' as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *ogh clo*, as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had."

Elsewhere he relates: "It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*. I was reciting, at a particular house, the *Remorse*, and was in the midst of Athadra's description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door, and cried out: 'Please, ma'am, master says, will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?'"

Coleridge, however, was a better preacher than practitioner of what he so urgently recommends. When in his younger days he was offered a share in the *London Journal*, by which he could have made two thousand pounds a year, provided he would devote his time seriously to the interest of the work, he declined,—making the reply, so often praised for its disinterestedness, "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times

two thousand pounds; in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider money a real evil." The "lazy reading of old folios" led to laziness, the indolent gratification of mind and sense. Degenerating into an opium-eater, and a mere purposeless theoriser, Coleridge wasted time, talents, and health; came to depend, in old age, on the charity of others; and died at last, with every one regretting, even his friends, that he had done nothing worthy of his genius.

COLERIDGE AND HIS SON HARTLEY.

Of Hartley Coleridge, Southey ominously foretold that "if he lives he will dream away life like his father; too much delighted over his own ideas ever to embody them or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed." Southey writes:—

"Moses grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forefeeling that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more in the old woman's saying, 'he is too clever to live,' than appears to a common observer. Diseases which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicken and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is for his father to talk metaphysics to him—few *men* understand him so perfectly;—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. 'The pity is,' said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow, 'the pity is that I *se* always thinking of my thoughts.' The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard—a history of the Kings of England who are to be. 'How do you know that this is to come to pass, Hartley?' 'Why, you know it must be something, or it would not be in my head;' and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallaton, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh; and he goes on with the oddest and most original inventions, till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, 'I *se* afraid of my own thoughts.' It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long."

THE AMBASSADOR FLOORED.

What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are (says Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*). I remember dining at Mr. Frere's, in company with Mr. Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French, all of us being genuine English; and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war. Of none of these things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little; and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioning the grandeur of the Deluge, and preservation of life in Genesis and the *Paradise Lost*, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his Noah's Flood:

And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud;
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the Ark brings down the fair-eyed cow, &c.

Hereupon Lord R—— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all walking two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the foreground. "Ah! no doubt, my Lord," said Canning: "your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.

RICHARD HEBER'S LIBRARY.

* The greatest book-sale, probably, that ever took place in the world was that of the collection of Richard Heber, in 1834. The Catalogue was bound up in five thick octavo volumes. Yet this magnificent collection had but a small beginning—one small chance volume picked up at a stall, entitled *The Vallie of Varietie*, about which he was for a time in doubt whether "to buy or not to buy." Heber lived to think nothing of going hundreds of miles any time in search of a book not in his collection. Nor would one copy suffice him. "No man," he used to say, "can comfortably do without three copies of a book—one for a show copy at his country house, a

second for his own use and reference, and a third to lend to his friends."

Heber lived and died in a small gloomy house within the gates of Elliot's Brewery, between Brewer-street, Pimlico, and York-street, Westminster: here he had a portion of his extensive and noble library—a second portion occupied the whole of a house, from kitchen to attic, in James-street, Buckingham-gate—a third portion was at Hodnet, his country-seat—and at Paris he had a fourth dépôt.

He had a library in the High-street, Oxford, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries, and in Germany. But Heber was no mere collector of books. He was a ripe scholar. The Church and literature at large owe him a debt which centuries will not repay; and many a modern library is now rich with spoils from the diligence, the perseverance, and learning of Richard Heber.*

Mr. Hill Burton, in his *Book-hunter*, relates the following incident of Heber's experience in the rarity-market. A celebrated dealer in old books was passing a chandler's shop, where he was stopped by a few filthy old volumes in the window. One of them he found to be a volume of old English poetry, which he—a practised hand in that line—saw was utterly unknown as existing, though not unrecorded. Three and sixpence was asked; he stood out for half-a-crown on first principles, but, not succeeding, he paid the larger sum and walked away, book in pocket, to a sale, where the first person he saw was Heber. Him the triumphant bookseller drew into a corner, with "Why do you come to auctions to look for scarce books, when you can pick up such things as this in a chandler's shop for three and sixpence?" "Bless me, —, where did you get this?" "That's tellings! I may get more there." "—, I must have this." "Not a penny under thirty guineas!" A cheque was drawn, and a profit of 17,900 per cent. cleared by the man who had his eyes about him; in whose estimation such a sum was paltry compared with the triumph over Heber.

PORSONIANA.

Moore, in his *Diary*, tells us that the coolness with which Porson received the intelligence of the destruction by fire of his long-laboured *Photius* was remarkable. He merely quoted "To each his sufferings—all are men;" adding "Let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again.

* Dr. Dibdin addressed to him a curious epistle, entitled, "Bibliomania, or Book-madness: containing some account of the history, symptoms, and cure of this fatal disease."

• At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

The Greek scholar and classical wit was extremely convivial; but *he never drank alone*. Porson lived in times much more lax than the present; yet his excesses, even in an age of hard drinking, were frightful. Dr. Parr and Horne Tooke were not addicted to thin potations. The Prince Regent was an excellent toss-pot. Sheridan bore his blushing honours upon his face. John Kemble drank claret from sunset to sunrise. "Seldom," says Sydney Smith, "did gentlemen in the last century come sober into the drawing-room." A three-bottle man at this moment is almost a prodigy. Porson, however, was scarcely more ahead of his contemporaries in Greek than he was in drinking. He had an almost superhuman power of doing without sleep. To be requested to take his hat and go to his lodgings, at two in the morning, was resented by him as inhospitable treatment. *He could drink anything*—ink, it was said. He once drank an embrocation. Here is another instance of this omnivorous drinking:—

When his friend Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be contented with a mutton-chop and beer from the next ale-house; and, accordingly, stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own bedroom; so pray try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such stores; but Porson, insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it!" cried she. "Good Heavens! it was *spirit of wine for the lamp*!"

Early in life, Porson accepted the situation of tutor to a young gentleman in the Isle of Wight; but he was soon forced to relinquish that office, having been found drunk in a ditch or turnip-field. When in company, he would not scruple to return to the

room after the guests had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the *omnium gatherum*. If he left the house soon after twelve o'clock, he would indignantly call it being "turned out of doors like a dog!" When living in the Middle Temple, he often came home dead-drunk, sometimes falling on the floor, to the disturbance of his neighbours; putting out the candle in his fall, then staggering down stairs to re-light it, and dodging and poking about the lantern, and cursing "the nature of things."

THE GOUTY SHOE.

James Smith used to relate this incident, showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds.

"Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?"

"Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one, too; but they are all out now."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you have really got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

A CLOSE ESCAPE.

One of James Smith's favourite anecdotes related to Colonel Greville. The Colonel requested young James to call at his lodgings, and in the course of their first interview related the particulars of the most curious circumstance in his life. He was taken prisoner, during the American war, along with three other officers of the same rank. One evening they were summoned into the presence of Washington, who announced to them that the conduct of their Government, in condemning one of his officers to death as a rebel, compelled him to make reprisals; and that, much to his regret, he was under the necessity of requiring them to cast lots, without delay, to decide which of them should be hanged. They were then bowed out, and returned to their quarters. Four slips of paper were put into a hat, and the shortest was drawn by Captain Asgill, who exclaimed, "I knew how it would be; I never won so much as a hit at backgammon in my life." As Greville told the story, he was selected to sit up with Captain Asgill, under the pretext of companionship, but in reality to prevent him from escaping, and leaving the honour amongst the remaining three. "And what," inquired Smith, "did you say to comfort him?" "Why, I remember saying to him,

when they left us, ‘*D—n it, old fellow, never mind!*’” But it may be doubted (added Smith) whether he drew much comfort from the exhortation. Lady Asgill persuaded the French Minister to interpose, and the Captain was permitted to escape.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—NICE SCRUPLES.

Mrs. Richard Trench tells the following story, much after the manner of Horace Walpole, about Lord John Russell, then a rising statesman and literary celebrity.

“The Bishop said, on going down to dinner with the *prima donna*, ‘Lord John Russell, take Mrs. Trench.’ I felt much pleasure at the thought of sitting by the historian, the political economist, the successful author, and prepared to treasure up his sayings and doings with that due degree of awe for his talents which is always a little unpleasant to me at first, though it soon subsides into a pleasant feeling of respect. Well, we sat down, and he talked of Harrow, and wished he had been at a private clergyman’s, saying that he should have read more there, and been much happier; that at Harrow he had been subdued, and that he always had wanted encouragement. ‘How amiable!’ thought I; ‘how modest!’ He went on to say, ‘if I had been at a private clergyman’s, I should have been quite a different person.’ Still more modesty! ‘How can a person who is so lauded,’ thought I, ‘have so moderate an opinion of himself?’ Well, he drank his due proportion of wine with everybody, and watched their wants with a scrupulous attention. ‘How very attentive to all the little forms of society,’ thought I; ‘this is so pleasing in an author of eminence.’ In the evening, he played cards, and I went into the music-room, and sang in quite another way from what I do when I am *afraid* you are *anxious* I should please. I came home, and gave such an account of the author of *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*, that all at home were dying to see him. ‘Not that he said much to mark him out,’ said I; ‘but you could see the possession of talent under the veil of simple and quiet manners it pleased him to assume.’

“Well, the Bishop had mistaken the *name*, and I had been led down by one who passes for the greatest prosier of his day, Lord John —, and I had all my feelings of awe for nothing. So much for a *name*.”

A few of Mrs. Trench’s best points are in her casual commentaries on more ordinary things and ordinary people. For example:

“Lady Buckingham has engaged me for a month’s *tête-à-tête*. If our friendship survives this ordeal, it may be immortal.” “At

Mrs. Walker's masquerade, we supped in the chapel. Some were shocked at this, who, when they heard it was a Roman Catholic chapel, felt their consciences perfectly at ease." In the case of a lady at Madame Recamier's, who was loud in applauding the dancing of another, Mrs. Trench interpellates, "Some women, conscious of envy, take this vulgar mode of hiding it. Frenchwomen, to do them justice, never do; you scarcely ever hear them admire another woman." When a friend of Mrs. Trench was stopping at an hotel in Cheltenham, and the propriety of certain other ladies would not allow them to visit her where they might meet so many men on the stairs, she observes, "What strange points people choose for their propriety, and how few are there who may not go up and down stairs with perfect security."

Mrs. Trench, in imparting her lively gossip to her husband, which she does with a very remarkable tact, to allay his apprehensions on account of her unprotected position, says very prettily: "I have a generosity of soul about a good story which makes me uneasy at having no one to tell it to. I feel about it like a hospitable epicure about a delicacy—quite uneasy if I must feast on it alone."

PRAYING BY ROTE.

Cyrus Redding relates not a bad story told of the sailors of the three nations, in a storm:—the Scotchman prayed extempore; the Irishman had his prayers by heart, to the Virgin, and the eleven thousand virgins, perhaps, into the bargain; but the Englishman went through the ship hunting for a prayer-book, and could not find one until the storm was over.

* * * * *

The foregoing story recalls one told by Mr. Polwhele, in whose parish I once resided. The storms from the Atlantic break with great fury upon the coast of Cornwall. There was a solitary inn, upon a cold exposed spot, in a hamlet on a cliff near the sea; one dark evening a tremendous storm of wind, thunder and lightning, rocked the houses to their foundations: there was but one little inn, the mistress of which was the oracle of the hamlet. The frightened cottagers all left their own homes and ran to the inn, the walls of which were substantial; and with such an oracle as the landlady, they could not but be safer there. The storm increased in fury, and terror was upon every face. At length it was proposed that some one should read prayers, and a lad of all-work, in the service of the landlady, was told to go upstairs and fetch the Prayer-book; he was the only one of the party who could read tolerably. The lad obeyed, and, on opening the book, all the party fell upon their

knees. The boy began, and read on for a little time uninterruptedly, until he came to the words, "and his man Friday," when the mistress called out,—

"Why, Jan, thee art reading *Robinson Crusoe*!"

Being piqued at the interruption, the boy replied—

"And if I be, missis, I 'spose *Robinson Crusoe* will keep away the thunder as well as the other book."

There were but two books (the Prayer-book and De Foe's novel) in the house, and Jan, in his hurry, had brought the wrong one.

We remember a Commissioner of Bail in a country town to have similarly disregarded the identity of the Book for a long period: he had sworn the bail by Goldsmith's *History of England* instead of the New Testament, both volumes externally resembling each other.

A POET'S INVITATION TO DINNER.

The following was one of the latest productions of the poet Moore, addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne:—

"Some think we bards have nothing real—
That poets live among the stars, so
Their very dinners are ideal—
(And heaven knows, too oft they are so):
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar chops and stews, and hashes,
First course—a phoenix at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes:
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus—Minerva's owl,
Or any such like learned fowl.
Doves, such as heaven's poulterer gets
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
Larks stewed in morning's roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour;
And nightingales, be-rhymed to death—
Like young pigs whipp'd to make them tender.
Such fare may suit those bards who're able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table;
But as for me, who've long been taught
To eat and drink as other people,
And can put up with mutton, bought
Where Bromham rears its ancient steeple;
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, seasoned by that salt he brings
From Attica's salinest springs,
'Twill turn to dainties; while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Baucis, touched by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

MEANING IT.

After Mat. Lewis had produced his first novel he was courted in the highest circles, which was pleasing to his vanity, for his leading foible was a love of great people. "He had always dukes or duchesses in his mouth," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title." In corroboration of this Lord Byron relates that, at Oatlands, Lewis was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his hair sentimental. Being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply; "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that—" here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him, "never mind, don't cry; she could not mean it."

A SHARK STORY.

In his *Journal of a West India Proprietor*, Mat. Lewis tells us that "while lying in Black River Harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the time he was eating he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! 'She was perfectly consistent,' he said to himself; 'she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!' I doubt whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitual affection."

DELICATE CONTRADICTION.

Mat. Lewis, in reading *Don Quixote* was greatly pleased with this instance of the hero's politeness. The Princess Micomicona having fallen into a most egregious blunder, he never so much as hints a suspicion of her not having acted precisely as she had stated, but only begs to know her reason for taking a step so extraordinary.

"But pray, madam," says he, "why did your ladyship land at Ossima, seeing that it is not a seaport town?"

BOOKSELLERS, AUTHORS, AND CRITICS.

Walpole relates this droll story of Gibbon and a bookseller, when the former lodged at No. 76, St. James's-street, the house of Elmsley, the over-cautious man who would not enter upon "the perilous adventure of publishing 'the Decline and Fall.'" "One of those booksellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am now publishing a *History of England*, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack of them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement.' As soon as Gibbon had recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to show this messenger of learning down stairs."

Byron relates that Murray was congratulated by a brother publisher upon having such a poet as himself. As if, says the noble writer, one were a "packhorse, or ass, or anything that was his;" or, as Mr. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after "Odes on Razors," "Lord, sir, we keeps a poet." "Childe Harold and cookeries is much wanted," an Edinburgh bookseller wrote to Murray.

At the close of the first canto of *Don Juan*, its noble author, by way of propitiation, says—

"The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
As children cutting teeth receive a coral:
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel;
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.
I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post.
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle muse he please to roast,
And break a promise, after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money."

Canto I. st. ccix. ccx.

Now, *The British* was a certain staid and grave High Church Review, the editor of which received the poet's imputation of bribery as a serious accusation: accordingly, in his next number, after the publication of *Don Juan*, there appeared a postscript, in which the

receipt of any bribe was stoutly denied, and the idea of such connivance altogether repudiated; the editor adding that he should continue to exercise his own judgment as to the merits of Lord Byron, as he had hitherto done in every instance! However, the affair was too ludicrous to be at once altogether dropped; and so long as the prudish publication continued to exist, it enjoyed the sobriquet of "My Grandmother's Review."

By the way, there is another hoax connected with this poem: one day an old gentleman gravely inquired of a printseller for a portrait of "Admiral Noah" to illustrate *Don Juan*, canto the first.

Moore relates that having casually intimated, in a letter to his publishers (Longman & Co.), his opinion of one of Wordsworth's poems, the next letter on business he received from them concluded thus:—"We are very sorry you do not like Mr. Wordsworth's last poem, and remain, dear sir, yours obediently, L. H. R. O. and B."

Here is a story of earlier date than either of the preceding. An adventurous bookseller had printed a large edition of Drelincourt's *Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death*, which proved unsuccessful in sale, and lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency he applied to De Foe, whose genius and audacity devised a plan, which, for assurance and ingenuity, is unrivalled; for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? The apparition of Mrs. Veal is represented as appearing to a Mrs. Bargrave, her intimate friend, as she sat in her own house in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. After the ghostly visitor had announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, her friend and she began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs. Veal prosed concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs. Veal to talk of death and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedra*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that "Drelincourt's book on Death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work, and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr. Kenrick's *Ascetick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre (the Doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop), and Mr. Norris's poem on *Friendship*, a work which, though honoured with the ghost's approbation, we may now seek for in vain. The

whole account is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story. The effect was wonderful. *Drelincourt upon Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a fieldpiece. In short the object of Mrs. Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.—*Scott's Memoir of De Foe*.

When the *bon vivant* Duke of Norfolk lay at the point of death at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, in 1815, a servant was dispatched to a bookseller's in Pall Mall, for a copy of *Drelincourt's* book, which, being obtained, afforded the repentant Duke consolation in his last moments.

"Publishers now-a-days," says Mr. Pycroft, "employ critical readers, but this is only to report as to the execution of a work: whether the subject will command a sale, they can judge better for themselves. But for the most part, in the last century, every publisher was his own critic. We cannot therefore, be surprised to hear that some of the best works went begging from publisher to publisher. *Prideaux's Connexion between the Old and New Testament*, Mrs. Thompson reminds us, was bandied from hand to hand between five or six booksellers for two years. By one publisher the author was gravely told that the subject was too dry: it should 'be enlivened by a little humour.' *Robinson Crusoe* was refused by many publishers. *Tristram Shandy* was rejected as dear at 50*l*. Blair's *Sermons* and Burn's *Justice*, valuable copyrights both, with difficulty found a publisher. Fielding was on the point of taking 25*l*. for his *Tom Jones*, when Andrew Millar surprised him almost out of his senses by offering 200*l*. And yet for very easy and trifling work, when an author's name is established, he has earned as much, or more. For instance, Goldsmith received for his *Selections of English Poetry*, 200*l*. For this he did nothing but mark passages with a red-lead pencil; but then he used to add, with much gravity, 'A man shows his judgment in these selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'"

WILLIAM COBBETT. BY HIMSELF.

"At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave such a description

of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: 'Tale of a Tub; price 3d.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awakened me in the morning, when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King (William IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my 'Tale of a Tub,' which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

Equally touching are the following Recollections by Cobbett, at a late period of his life :

“After living within a hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own window into St. James’s Park, all other buildings and spots appeared mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. *How small!* It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over called rivers. The Thames was but ‘a creek.’ But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my postchaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned, before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. ‘As high as Crooksbury Hill,’ meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sandhill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother. I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state’s, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries. I had had

nobody to assist me in the world; no teachers of any sort; nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and nobody to counsel me to good, behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England), I resolved never to bend before them."

COBBETT UPON BACON.

A certain utilitarian inductive philosopher had gravely propounded the view, how greatly to be hoped it was that the time might come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by reading Bacon. "Much more to the purpose," said Mr. Cobbett, "if the time could come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by *eating* bacon."

Cobbett had great contempt for those enthusiasts who gravely proposed "useful knowledge" as a panacea for the poor man's evils. Riding one day, in the country, Cobbett was passing a flour-mill, which had just been converted into a paper-mill; he remarked, "they seem to think the people can *eat books*."

LATE HOURS.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, (Ingoldsby,) when a student at Oxford, was taken to task by Mr. Hodson, afterwards Principal of Brazenose, for his continued absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, sir," urged his pupil, "you are too late for me." "Too late," repeated the tutor, in astonishment. "Yes, sir, I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning: I am a man of regular habits: and unless I get to bed by four or five, at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

GOOD ADVICE.

"What do you mean to do with K.?" said a friend of Theodore Hook, alluding to a man who had grossly vilified him. "Do with him?" replied Hook; "why I mean to let him alone most severely."

VERY LIKE.

Two silly brothers about town, being twins, were nearly alike, and dressed similarly, to deceive their friends as to their identity. Tom Hill was expatiating on these modern Dromios, when Hook "pooh-pooh'd" them. "Well," said Hill, "you will admit that they resemble each other wonderfully. They are as like as two peas." "They are," rejoined Hook, "and quite as green."

FAMILY FAILINGS.

Hood has sketched a sea-topper, who never saw a flask, or pewter measure, that he did not seize it, and, gauger-like, try the depth

of it. He had a son equally fond of potations; on which a neighbour remarked, that he took after his father. Whereupon the would-be Trinculo retorted, "Father never leaves none to take."

BROKEN ENGLISH.

The editor of a new morning newspaper inquired of Alderman B—— one day, what he thought of his journal. "I like it all," said the Alderman, "but its broken English." The editor stared, and asked for an explanation. "Why the List of Bankrupts, to be sure."—*T. Hood.*

PUNS AND FANCIES BY THOMAS HOOD.

Enjoyable as ever (says a reviewer in the *Athenæum* journal,) are his old perfectest of puns, whether in picture or verse. Hood's puns flash every time they go off,—being for all, not one, time. As for example,—

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell.

Or, speaking of Orient nations,

Where woman goes to mart the same as Mangoes.

Who ever tires of that scene where the heads of two Quakers are visible just above the ice on a bitter winter's day, and there they hang surveying each other in what he would call *an ice fix*, or state of suspended animation? This he entitles a "coolness between Friends." Or the view of a bald old gentleman who has just upset a beehive, and how doth the little busy bee improve each shining second on the bald head. This Hood calls an "Unfortunate Bee-ing."

Then, who can forget, "last in bed to put out the light," where the worthy couple, in all haste, dash at the bedclothes, making ends meet and heads clash at the same moment.

Hood's early punning propensity was shown in the "Lion's Head" of the *London Magazine*, wherein one writer is informed that his "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. The "Essay on Agricultural Distress would only increase it." The "Tears of Sensibility had better be dropped." "B is surely humming." The "Echo will not answer." Whilst it is suggested the "Sonnet to the Rising Sun must have been written for a Lark."

What fine antithetical passages are there in Hood's serious poems. In the "Song of the Shirt," the singer sat—

Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

And she exclaims—

Oh, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

In the *Dream of Eugene Aram*, he makes the murderer say of himself, and his victim—

A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

What exquisite fancy and feeling are there in this apology to one whose birthday was in November:—

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear;
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.

Hood is said to have written an entertainment for Mathews at Home: the bill upon the wall was “Two Faces under a Hood.”

The publisher's ledger shows that, for many years, Hood received large sums for the sales of his *Comic Annual*; and, as he was both author and artist, the profits must have been very considerable.

ORIGIN OF “THE PICKWICK PAPERS.”

The *Sketches by Boz* having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words, extracted from the preface to the cheap edition of *Pickwick*, published in 1847:—

“I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a “Nimrod Club,” the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer

range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows."

In the same preface Mr. Dickens clears up another point:—"Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humour. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

JOHN BLACK, THE MORNING CHRONICLE, AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

This fearlessly honest journalist, who was editor of the *Morning Chronicle* nearly a third of a century, was one of the old school, and

lived at his workshop, in the upper story of the then office, in Norfolk-street, Strand. He was twice married: his second wife was Miss Cromeck, sister of the artist of that name, in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and where Black temporarily lodged. Mrs. Black was herself a remarkable woman—something like *Meg Merrilies* in person. The garret habits of the couple were a frequent source of amusement to their friends. Black's rooms, including the bedroom, were so encumbered with books, both on the walls and on the floor—the gleanings of nearly half a century—that it was difficult to walk through them. At one time, the pair were obliged to creep into bed at the end, the bedsides being piled up with dusty volumes of divinity and politics.

Black had a very wide circle of political and literary associates, and personally knew every leading Liberal of his time. Every eminent man in the wide world of British and Irish politics sought his aid; and he kept the secrets entrusted to him with scrupulous fidelity: he never professionally betrayed his contributors. The Duke of Sussex was an active purveyor for him, especially during the illness of George III., and the Regency. His other frequent writers were Sheridan, Adair, D. Kinnaird, General Palmer, Mr. E. Dubois, the Rev. Mr. Colton, Lord Holland (very often), John Allen, Porson, Jekyll, "Tommy Hill" (facetiously reported to have been older than the Monument, the Great Fire of 1666 having destroyed his baptismal register!), Horace Smith, and other worthies. To these especially, and as more eminent political writers, may be added the names of Albany Fonblanque, James Mill, David Ricardo, C. P. Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), Mr. McCulloch (one of his most steady and attached friends), and Mr. Senior. These gentlemen wrote chiefly on subjects of political economy. Mr. Chadwick provided Mr. Black with ample material on the Poor-laws. Mr. Francis Place, though a Charing-cross tailor, supplied Mr. Black, as also did Mr. Hume, with invaluable material in the discussion of the Repeal and Alteration of the Combination Laws, and the Export of Machinery, in 1824-5. Many members of the Upper House also favoured Mr. Black with contributions, especially the "Jockey of Norfolk" (called the first Protestant Duke), the Lords Erskine, Moira, Lauderdale, Essex, and Durham. Charles Buller, then a student in Mr. Coulson's chambers, first used his pen for Black. The supposed ghost of Junius also haunted the editor's room. Sir Philip Francis was the author of the "Historical Questions" which appeared in the *Chronicle*; and Proby, the sub-editor, was struck by the similitude of the handwriting to the facsimiles of the Letters of Junius in the *Public Ledger*.

Lord Brougham's handwriting was well known during the Queen's Trial, and for fully a quarter of a century afterwards. The Right Hon. Edward Ellice, the member for Coventry, was a frequent and valued correspondent. His handwriting could scarcely be deciphered by any one but by Black, and occasioned no little difficulty to the compositors. On one occasion, the overseer brought down the manuscript of the right honourable member into Black's room in despair: "Sir, I wish the gentleman of the hieroglyphics would write legibly—the men can't make out his signs." Black would reply, "The asses! let them try again; no man writes a finer hand or a more rocket leader!"

Mr. Joseph Parkes was a constant contributor on Tithes, and Municipal, Parliamentary, and Law Reforms; Colonel Thompson, on the Corn-law Question; and Colonel Jones, as "Radical." Tom Moore deposited with Black occasional leaders on Irish party subjects; he also contributed poetry to the *Chronicle*. Black's old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Thomas Young, was another invaluable friend, especially in the crisis of the Reform Acts, writing numerous articles for the *Chronicle*, and also keeping the press *au courant* in such information as Lord Melbourne (to whom Mr. Young was then Private Secretary) considered important for the right direction of public opinion. Sir Robert Peel, with all his prudery, did not think it inconsistent with his dignity to send a "communication," now and then, with "Sir Robert Peel's compliments." He also had communications from Windsor, in subsequent reigns. George III. was more than suspected by Mr. Black of the perpetration of a leading article, the subject being himself. Nor was Black's useful connexion confined only to noblemen and gentlemen: he had a powerful corps of female contributors, amongst whom were Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Marcet, and Lady Caroline Lamb.

Our editor was twice engaged in "affairs of honour"—the first time with a colleague on the press, for provocation arising out of a personal squabble or argumentation on politics; and the second time with Mr. Roebuck, in consequence of an article in the *Chronicle*, which, however, Mr. Black did not write. Both these affairs were, happily, bloodless.

Mr. Black retired from the management of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1844, when he was compelled to sell his valuable library, the collection of which had been the great charm of his life. Every reader of the *Chronicle* must remember it as an authority upon bibliographical matters. With the proceeds of the sale of the library, added to a sum contributed by the proprietors of the *Chronicle*, and other moneys raised for him among the leaders of the

Liberal party, Black bought himself a small annuity. Lords Melbourne and Campbell contributed the sum of 100*l.* each. The annuity thus purchased was amply sufficient for the simple tastes and moderate wants of Mr. Black; and from 1844 to his decease, in 1855, his years were passed in the calm and rational enjoyment of a well-earned repose. Mr. Coulson, it should be added, gave his friend a cottage, at a nominal rent, and a piece of land to cultivate. Here the ancient editor read Greek, walked with his dogs, fed pigs, weeded his garden, and heard afar off the roar of that great world which he had quitted for ever. It was here—at Birling, near Town Mall—*that the philosopher died, bequeathing to his friend Mr. Coulson his books and papers.*

Our editor was a great favourite with Lord Melbourne, who, on one occasion, said to him: “Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am.” The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. “You forget that I am the Prime Minister?” Mr. Black was about to apologise; but the Premier continued: “Everybody else takes especial care to remember it; but I wish they would forget it, for they only remember it to ask me for places and favours. Now, Mr. Black,” added his Lordship, “you never ask me for anything, and I wish you would; for, seriously, I should be most happy to do anything in my power to serve you.” “I am truly obliged,” said Mr. Black, “but I don’t want anything. I am editor of the *Morning Chronicle*—I like my business, and I live happily on my income.” “Then, by G—,” said the Peer, “I envy you; and you’re the only man I ever did!”

It should be noted that Mr. Black had a keen eye for the discovery of youthful genius—a warm heart to appreciate, a sound head to advise, and a liberal hand to reward it. It was Mr. Black who was among the first to discover and encourage the extraordinary gifts of the young Charles Dickens, when he was a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Many other instances might be mentioned, among living authors, of Black’s literary friendship and kind encouragement, bestowed upon them when support was most needed; to him they owed their first footing on the ladder of fortune.*

Mr. Black was distinguished by two or three *sobriquets*. In early life, his love of argumentation led to his being called “Professor of Logic,” and “The Flying Scotchman.” Cobbett abused him in his *Register* as the “Feelosopher,” and “Doctor Black.” The latter led to some droll mistakes. Mr. Place, of Charing-cross, having printed a political pamphlet, desired his publisher to send a copy to Black,

* Abridged from a Contribution to *The Illustrated London News*, July 7, 1855.

for review in the *Chronicle*. This was done; but the review appeared not. Another copy was sent, but with no better effect. It seemed that the publisher had been misled by Cobbett's *sobriquet*, and had addressed both pamphlets to "*Doctor Black*"—a mistake which converted the application into an affront.

TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

Many smart sayings are assigned to Mr. Rogers, with which he had nothing whatever to do. The Rev. Mr. Dyce* has selected the genuine from the false, of the many good things attributed to the banker-poet. The following, also, truly and unmistakably his, are given by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

Of Lord Holland, whose face was full of sunshine, Rogers observed most happily: "Lord Holland always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has just fallen." On another occasion, he exclaimed, (alluding to the same nobleman,)

"His was the smile that spoke the mind at ease,"

a line of Rogers's own composing, though not in his printed works.

He could, however, be severe upon his own friends. Of the same nobleman he observed: "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

"In Italy," he said, "the memory sees more than the eye."

Rogers envied no man of his time any saying, so much as he envied Lord John Russell that admirable definition of a proverb—"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

"What a lucky fellow you are," said Rogers to Moore; "surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed."

"There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—the Hollands and the Police."

Lady Holland was always lamenting that she had nothing to do—that she did not know what to be at, or how to employ her time. She was one day more on this subject than ever, and Rogers could not resist recommending her to try a novelty—try to do a little good.

Whenever Lady Holland heard that a person of any consequence had said an ill word of her, she immediately invited him to dinner.

Rogers said: "When Croker wrote his review in the *Quarterly* of Macaulay's *History*, he intended murder, but committed suicide."

Of Sydney Smith, Rogers observed: "Whenever the conversation

* *Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers*, 2 vols., to which we are considerably indebted.

is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. There is this difference between Luttrell and Smith: after Luttrell you remembered what good things he said—after Smith you merely remembered how much you laughed."

On some one remarking that Payne Knight had become very deaf—"Tis from want of practice," replied Rogers; "he is the worst listener I know."

An old gentleman asleep before the fire was awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons at his feet. "What! going to bed without one kiss?" he exclaimed. He mistook one noise for another.

When Dean Milman observed, in Rogers's hearing, that he should read no more prose translations from poets—"What," exclaimed Rogers, "not the Psalms of David to your congregation?"

That was a happy reply of Sydney Smith. "When I began to light my dinner-table from the reflection of the pictures about me, I was not very successful. The light was thrown above the table, and not on it. I asked Sydney what he thought of the attempt. We were at dinner at the time. 'I do not like it at all,' was the reply; 'all is light above, and all below is darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"I was pleased with what I saw you about this morning," Rogers observed once at Broadstairs to an artist, who naturally expected, from such a commencement, some reference to the labours of his pencil: "I was greatly pleased: I saw you brushing your own coat. A gentleman who can brush his own coat is very independent."

Sheridan told Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love-scene between Charles and Maria, in the *School for Scandal*, and would have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do justice to such a scene.

J. T. Smith told Rogers that the little landscape by Claude, for which the Poet gave at West's sale two hundred guineas, was bought by West at an old iron-shop for ten shillings and sixpence.

Mr. West said that Beckford called upon him before he went to Spain to borrow two small pictures, to take in his carriage with him, wherever he went, and that the two pictures he selected were the little Octagon Claude, and the Domenichino [afterwards in Mr. Rogers's collection].

Lord Holland read to Rogers his character of Sheridan. The wind-up he particularly remembered:—"He died with great Christian resignation, joining fervently in the prayers that were read to him when the sacrament was administered." Now Rogers

asked Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, what Sheridan's end was like; "He was insensible," said Howley; "Mrs. Sheridan put his hands together in the attitude of supplication, and I read the prayers."

There is a couplet in Cowper which Rogers admired exceedingly:—

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Rogers adds: "When I am at Fine Arts Commissions, where good paper and pens abound, I copy out these lines for the people who trouble me for my autograph.—'How much he improves,' was the remark of one who mistook them for mine. These lines (and they are very good)—

Oh! if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavour, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy!

I transcribe in the same manner."

Lady Holland, who was always inquisitive, was particularly anxious to have Sir Philip Francis asked if he was Junius. She would not ask him herself, and it fell, I know not how, says Rogers, to my lot to ask him. I asked the question, and met with this brief answer:—"Ask that again, sir, at your peril." This was enough. Next time I saw Lady Holland, she asked, "What success?—is Francis Junius?" To which I replied, "I don't know whether he is Junius, but I know he is Brutus."

Rogers was observing one day to Sydney Smith, that he should not sit again for his portrait unless he was taken in an attitude of prayer. "Yes," said Sydney, "yes, with *your face in your hat*."

"Here is Hallam, who has spent a whole life in contradicting everybody, is now obliged to publish a volume to contradict himself." [Mr. Rogers referred to the Supplemental volume to the *Middle Ages*.]

Lord Byron wrote the following verses on Mr. Rogers, in Question and Answer:—

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you,
In the place that most may wring you;

Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
 Carcase pick'd out from some mummy;
 Bowels (but they were forgotten,
 Save the liver, and that's rotten);
 Skin all fallow, flesh all sodden—
 From the Devil would frighten God in.
 Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
 Galvanized at times to go?
 With the Scripture in connexion,
 New proof of the resurrection?
 Vampire, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
 I would walk ten miles to miss it.

Many passengers arrest one,
 To demand the same free question.
 Shorter's my reply, and franker—
 That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
 Yet if you could bring about,
 Just to turn him inside out,
 Satan's self would seem less sooty,
 And his present aspect—Beauty.
 Mark that (as he marks the bilious
 Air so softly supercilious)
 Chastened bow, and mock humility,
 Almost sickened to servility;
 Hear his tone (which is to talking
 That which creeping is to walking:
 Now on all-fours, now on tiptoe;)
 Hear the tales he lends his lips to;
 Little hints of heavy scandals;
 Every friend in turn he handles;
 All which women, or which men do,
 Glides forth in an inuendo,
 Clothed in odds and ends of humour—
 Herald of each paltry rumour,
 From divorces, down to dresses,
 Women's frailties, men's excesses,
 All which life presents of evil
 Make for him a constant revel.
 You're his foe, for that he fears you,
 And in absence blasts and sears you;
 You're his friend, for that he hates you,
 First caresses, and then baits you;
 Darting on the opportunity;
 When to do it with impunity.
 You are neither—then he'll flatter
 Till he finds some trait for satire;
 Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
 Where it injures to disclose it,
 In the mode that's most invidious,
 Adding every trait that's hideous,
 From the bile whose black'ning river
 Rushes through his Stygian liver.

Then he thinks himself a lover—
 Why, I really can't discover,
 In his mind, eye, face, or figure ;
 Viper-broth might give him vigour ;
 Let him keep the cauldron steady,
 He the venom has already.
 For his faults—he has but *one*—
 'Tis but envy, when all's done.
 He but pays the pain he suffers ;
 Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
 Lights which ought to burn the brighter
 For this temporary blighter.
 He's the cancer of his species :
 And will eat himself to pieces,
 Plague personified, and famine ;
 Devil, whose sole delight is damning !
 For his merits, would you know 'em ?
 Once he wrote a pretty poem.

Rogers was silent about these verses, while he would turn with satisfaction to the following entry in the Diary of Sir Walter Scott :
 "At parting, [they were at Holland House together,] Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

Boddington had a wretchedly bad memory ; and, in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's lectures on the Art of Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer ; and, for his life, he could not recollect it. When Rogers was asked if he had attended the said lectures on the Art of Memory, he replied—"No : I wished to learn the Art of Forgetting."

Witticisms are often attributed to the wrong people. It was Lord Chesterfield, not Sheridan, who said, on occasion of a certain marriage, that "Nobody's son had married Everybody's daughter." Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid." Rogers once observed to a Scotch lady, "how desirable it was in any danger to have *presence of mind*." "I had rather," she rejoined, "*have absence of body*."

We first hear of Rogers as an author in print in the year 1786, when he published with Cadell, in the Strand, his *Ode to Superstition*, leaving his poem at the shop of the publisher, with a bank-note to pay for any loss by the publication.

Lord Byron wrote the following complimentary lines on a blank leaf of a copy of the *Pleasures of Memory*, presented to him by the author :

Absent, or present, still to thee,
 My friend, what magic spells belong!
 As all can tell, who share, like me,
 In turn, thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come,
 By friendship ever deemed too nigh,
 And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
 Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
 Thy homage offered at her shrine,
 And blend, while ages roll away,
 Her name immortally with thine.

The *Pleasures of Memory* was the means of introducing Mr. Rogers to Mr. Fox—an introduction that coloured the whole career of the poet. No one could be ten minutes in Mr. Rogers's company without hearing some friendly reference to the name of Fox. He really loved him on this side of idolatry, and Mr. Fox is known to have evinced a sincere regard for the poet. Mr. Fox brought him from Highbury Barn and Ball's Pond to the Court-end of the town—to Conduit-street, and St. James's-place. When Mr. Rogers removed to the latter, Mr. Fox was the leading guest at the house-warming dinner; and when [1806] Mr. Fox was buried in Westminster Abbey, the poet of "Memory" gave expression to his grief in some of the best-turned and most tender of his verses.

Mr. Rogers relates that—Fox used to read Homer through once every year. On R. asking him, "Which poem had you rather have written, the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey?'" he answered, "I know which I had rather read" (meaning the "Odyssey").

He was a constant reader of Virgil, and had been so from a very early period. There is at Holland House a copy of Virgil covered with Fox's manuscript notes, written when he was a boy, and expressing the most enthusiastic admiration of the poet.

Fox said that *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, were the best of Shakespeare's works; that the first act of *Hamlet* was pre-eminent; that the ghost in that play was quite unequalled—there was nothing like it, and that *Hamlet* was *not* mad. On another occasion he said that the character of *Macbeth* was very striking and original—that at first he is an object of our pity, and that he becomes gradually worse and worse, till at last he has no virtue left except courage.

One of Rogers's poems, *Jacqueline*, glided into public notice anonymously. In August, 1814, appeared from the shop of Mr. Murray a thin duodecimo volume, entitled "*Lara, a Tale*;" "*Jacqueline, a Tale*;" to which was prefixed a brief advertisement, written anonymously by Lord Byron, in which he hints at his own

authorship of "Lara," and states that "Jacqueline" is the production of a different author; "added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the volume." The union was not thought happy. Murray, the publisher, solicited a divorce. "Jacqueline," Jeffrey wrote to Moore, "is not advantageously placed with Lara as a companion." Byron himself was fond of making fun of this joint production—"Lary and Jacky," as he delighted to nickname them. An acquaintance of Byron, who was reading the book in the Brighton coach, was asked by a passenger the name of the author, and on replying that there were two, "Ay, ay," rejoined the querist, "a joint concern, I suppose—*summat* like Sternhold and Hopkins."

In Rogers's third publication, his *Epistle to a Friend*, the poet had admitted the description of an ice-house, of very inferior description to other parts of the poem, and somewhat out of place. That no lines of so careful a writer may be lost, Mr. Peter Cunningham has transcribed them from the quarto copy of the first edition:—

But hence away! yon rocky cave forbear!
A sullen captive broods in silence there.
There though the dog-star flame, condemn'd to dwell,
In the dark centre of its inmost cell,
Wild winter ministers his dread control,
To cool and crystallize the nectar'd bowl!
His faded form an awful grace retains;
Stern though subdued, majestic yet in chains!

Few will recognise in this description a cartload of ice from an adjoining pond, packed for summer use in a solitary ice-house, half concealed at the end of an overgrown shrubbery.

Our nonagenarian poet's recollections of changes in Dress and Manners are curious. He remembered when gentlemen wore cocked hats, and he himself used to chase butterflies in a cocked hat. He recollected also when it was the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords, and had seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie-wig with a sword at his side. Looking on the plain *bandeaux* of ladies' hair before him as they graced his pleasant breakfasts, he could recall the preposterous head-dresses of their grandmothers; and could remember having gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat.

Their tight lacing was equally absurd. Lady Crewe told Rogers, that, on returning home from Ranelagh, she had rushed up

to her bedroom, and desired her maid to cut her laces without a moment's delay, for fear she should faint.

Further, he could remember how, during his youth, umbrellas were far from common. At that time every gentleman's family had *one umbrella*—a huge thing made of coarse cotton—which used to be taken out with the carriage; and which, if there was rain, the footman held over the ladies' heads, as they entered, or alighted from, the carriage.

He also recollected how, at Paris, a bottle of English porter was placed on the table by a French nobleman as a great rarity, the dark "Entire" being sipped from tiny glasses as if it were Tokay.

The poet's recollections of Sheridan are very characteristic. Mr. Rogers was present on the second day of Hastings' Trial in Westminster Hall, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. Rogers had seen Sheridan in company with the famous Pamela, Madame de Genlis's adopted daughter, who was married at Tournay, in 1792, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She was lovely—quite radiant with beauty; and Sheridan either was, or pretended to be, violently in love with her. On one occasion he kept labouring the whole evening at a copy of verses in French, which he intended to present to her, every now and then writing down a word or two on a slip of paper with a pencil. The best of it was, that he understood French very imperfectly. Sheridan was in the habit of putting by, not only all papers written by himself, but all others that came into his hands. Ogle said that, after his death, he found in his desk sundry unopened letters written by his (Ogle's) mother, who had sent them to Sheridan to be franked. Sheridan, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, and Moore were one day dining with Rogers, and Sheridan was talking in his very best style, when, to Rogers's great vexation, Moore (who had that sort of restlessness which never allowed him to be happy where he was) suddenly interrupted Sheridan by exclaiming, "Isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?" Sheridan had very fine eyes, and he was not a little vain of them; he said to Rogers on his death-bed, "Tell Lady Bessborough that my eyes will look up to the coffin-lid as brightly as ever."

"At a great party given by Henry Hope in Cavendish-square, Lady Jersey said she had something particular to tell me; so, not to be interrupted, we went into the gallery. As we were walking along it, we met the Prince of Wales, who, on seeing Lady Jersey, stopped for a moment, and then, drawing himself up, marched past her with a look of the utmost disdain. Lady Jersey returned the

look to the full; and, as soon as the Prince was gone, said to me with a smile, "Didn't I do it well?" I was taking a drive with Lady Jersey in her carriage, when I expressed (with great sincerity) my regret at being unmarried, saying that "if I had a wife, I should have somebody to care about me." "Pray, Mr. Rogers," said Lady J., "how could you be sure that your wife would not care more about somebody else than about you?"

Mrs. Richard Trench tells the following characteristic dialogue story of Rogers, and a gentleman whom he did not estimate very highly:

"So, Mr. Wilmot, you are going to the Duchess of ——'s? Mr. Wilmot.—Yes, immediately. R.—How fat you'll grow! Mr. W.—Fat! how so? R.—You will sleep so much. They go to bed so early. Mr. W.—No, I never go to bed early. R.—You will, indeed. Mr. W.—No. I always read in my own room. R.—You will not. *Measure your candle.* (Exit Mr. Wilmot.) Rogers (to the remaining circle).—That Mr. Wilmot is a sensible man. I don't say so from my own knowledge; not the least. He wrote a book, too. That, you'll say, was *nothing*. And printed it. I don't say that from my own knowledge either, for I never read it—never met anybody that had."

Mr. Rogers left several Reminiscences of the Metropolis which are curious. He tells us that before his going abroad, Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing Garrick; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit, before the doors were open to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them "be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance."

At the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, General Oglethorpe, then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment, told Rogers that he had shot snipes in Conduit street!

It is curious how fashion changes pronunciation. In Rogers's youth everybody said "Lonnon," not "London." Fox said "Lonnon" to the last; and so did Crowe.

As Mr. Rogers advanced in life, the colour retreated altogether from his face, and his looks afforded a fine field for sarcastic comment. Theodore Hook recommended his friends to induce him to abstain from attending Lord Byron's funeral. He stood in danger, he said, of being recognised by the undertaker as a corpse he had screwed down some six weeks before.

A critic annoyed Mr. Rogers in the *Quarterly Review* by asserting that his author was a hasty writer : yet his literary life extended over sixty years, and the produce of his life only fills a pocket volume : his were hard-bound brains, and not a line he ever wrote was produced at a single sitting. This was well exemplified in a favourite saying of Sydney Smith : "When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied up, and straw is laid down, and the candle is made, and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Captain Gronow relates that, at an evening party, at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B——, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration to this effect :—"Everything is in his favour; he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year." Rogers listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner, "Thank God, he has got bad teeth !" His well-known epigram on Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley,

They say that Ward's no heart, but I deny it,
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it,—

was provoked by a remark made at table by Mr. Ward. On Rogers observing that his carriage had broken down, and that he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach, Mr. Ward grumbled out in a very audible whisper, "In a hearse, I should think;" alluding to the poet's corpse-like appearance. This remark Rogers never forgave; and he is said to have pored for days over the retaliatory epigram.

Comparatively few men have attained very great age, and enjoyed it to the end, like Mr. Rogers. Even so late as 1843, four years before his death, Rogers continued his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera, and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age had then begun to bow him down, but his intellect was clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society were in full vigour. He would sit for two or three hours continually conversing, and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who had figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he had been on terms of intimacy. He had refined upon the art of telling a story, until he had brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there was not a word too much or too little, and where every word had its effect.

In his 90th year, Rogers's memory began to fail in a manner that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his

shortest stories, or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last forgot that he had ever been a poet.

On the morning of the 18th of December, 1855, the Tithonus of living poets was taken from among us, in his 93rd year: he died in his own house, surrounded by the works of art which his fine taste had brought about him.

"He expired," writes Dr. Beattie, who was with him, "at half-past twelve this morning. A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping round his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of Campbell; but *this* was more calm, solemn, and impressive—quite in keeping with the scene in his 'Human Life.'" He rests in his chosen grave in Hornsey churchyard.

Mr. Rogers was a link between the days of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and our own time [1855]. He had rambled over St. Anne's Hill with Fox and Grattan. Sheridan addressed to him the last letter he ever wrote, begging for pecuniary assistance, that the blanket on which he was dying might not be torn from his bed by bailiffs; and Rogers answered the call with a remittance of 200*l*. No man had so many books dedicated to him. Byron inscribed to him his *Giaour*. Moore owed substantial favours to the old poet. By his mediation his quarrel with Byron was adjusted. His benefactions were almost of daily occurrence. "There is a happy and enviable poet," said Thomas Campbell, one day, on leaving Rogers's house: "he has some four or five thousand pounds a year, and he gives away fifteen hundred in charity." He enjoyed life—had money, fame, honour, love, and troops of friends. His recipe for long life was "temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and *don't fret*."

In the north garden of Holland House is a favourite retreat of the poet, in his frequent visits to this resort of wits, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. This is an arbour, inscribed with the following distich by Lord Holland:

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those "Pleasures" which he sang so well.

Beneath are some lines added, in 1818, by Henry Luttrell.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, A MIDSHIPMAN.

From Sheerness, his birthplace, Jerrold passed into His Majesty's service as midshipman. His son relates:

"He had gone ashore with Captain Hutchinson, and was left in

round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'how much does — want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied.—*Jerrold*: 'Well, put me down for one of the noughts.'

"An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, 'he really thought he should have died with laughter.'—*Jerrold*: 'I wish to heaven you had.'

"The 'Chain of Events,' playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. 'Humph!' says Douglas Jerrold, 'I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house.'

"Then some somewhat lack-a-daisical young members drop in. They opine that the club is not sufficiently west; they hint at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them. 'No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets.'

"Another of these young gentlemen, who has recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, and exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation, puts aside his antecedents. Having met Douglas Jerrold in the morning, while on horseback, he ostentatiously says to him, 'Well, you see I'm all right at last!' 'Yes,' is the reply, 'I see you now ride upon your cat's-meat.'

"The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. 'Why,' says a member, 'they'll soon say marriage is improper.' 'No, no,' replies Douglas Jerrold, 'they'll always consider marriage good breeding.'

"A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: 'Gentlemen, all I want is common sense —' 'Exactly,' Douglas Jerrold interrupts; 'that is precisely what you *do* want.' The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter.

"The talk lightly passes to writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that's the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful

posterity. D. J.: 'I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame.'

"Brown drops in. Brown is said, by all his friends, to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. D. J. to Brown: 'Have you heard the rumour that's flying about town?' 'No.' 'Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you.'

"Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment. *Friend*: 'I hear you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote.'—*Jerrold*: 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'

"Of Nelson he would talk by the hour, and some of his more passionate articles were written to scathe the government that left Horatio—Nelson's legacy to his country—in want. It was difficult to persuade him, nevertheless, that a man did wisely in sending his son to sea. A friend called on him one day to introduce a youth, who, smitten with a love for the salt, was about to abandon a position he held in a silk manufacturer's establishment, for the cockpit. "'Humph!' said the ex-midshipman of the *Ernest*, 'so you're going to sea. To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?' 'Silk,' briefly responded the youth. 'Well, go to sea, and it will be worsted.'"

A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!"—*Jerrold*: "There's egotism!"

From *Our Club*, a social weekly gathering, which Douglas Jerrold attended only three weeks before his death, some of his best sayings went forth to the world. Here, when some member, hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed, "That always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Douglas Jerrold.

"My father ordered a bottle of old port; not *elder* port," he said, Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "Oh!" was the reply; "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with."

Walking to the club, with a friend, from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentlemen reeled up to the dramatist, and said, "Can you tell us the way to the Judge and Jury?" "Keep on as you are, young gentlemen," was the reply; "you're sure to overtake them."

He took the chair at one of the anniversary dinners of the Eclectic Club—a debating society, consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *pièce de resistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner, the chairman rose and said, “Well, gentlemen; I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a woolsack for one among you.”

Jerrold defined dogmatism as “puppyism come to maturity.”

At a dinner of artists, a barrister present, having his health drunk in connexion with the law, began an embarrassed answer, by saying he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts, when Jerrold jerked in the word *black*, and threw the whole company into convulsions.

“Have you any railway shares?” said Jerrold to a friend, during the mania of 1846. “No,” was the reply. “When a river of gold is running by your door,” rejoined Jerrold, “why not put out your hat, and take a dip?”

When, in 1854, Jerrold proposed to visit Venice, the Austrian Kaiser forbad. “We have orders not to admit you into any part of the Austrian Empire,” said the official to whom Jerrold applied for a passport. “That shows your weakness, not my strength,” said the applicant.

“I should, perhaps, not have known dear old Jeremy Taylor so well,” said Jerrold to a friend, “if I had been taught as a boy what they teach *all* the tailors now.”

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Lessing, the German author, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home, one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, “the professor is not at home.” “Oh, very well,” replied Lessing; “no matter—I’ll call another time!”

NICE EVASION.

The subject of M. Thiers’s parentage was once discussed in his presence, and the question was mooted whether his mother was not a *cusiniere* (a cook). “She was,” he said, apologetically adding, with the view of showing she deserved a higher destiny, “but I assure you *she was a very bad one*.”

MACAULAY’S BOYHOOD.

Many a strong passage in Lord Macaulay’s writings shows how familiar he had been with Scripture phraseology in early youth.

He used himself to tell a droll story of a scene in his nursery. For every one who came to his father's house he had a Biblical nickname: Moses, Holofernes, Melchisedek, and the like. One visitor he called The Beast. Kind mamma, prudent papa, frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this offensive name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time the Beast made a morning call, the boy ran to the window which hung over the street—to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here, mother," cries the child, "you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!" Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach; and, behold, its number *was* 666!

ELECTION BALLAD. BY MACAULAY.

• Almost the only sprightly specimen of the verse of Macaulay is the following Ballad, which might have been mistaken at the time, as we know from a passage of *Moore's Diary* that it was, for a political squib of that superlative song-writer. The passage will be found under the date June, 1831. Moore says:—"Went (Lord John and I together in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. . . . In the course of conversation Campbell quoted a line—

'Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons;'

and looking over at me, said significantly, 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which every one attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said to our general surprise, 'That is mine;' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess."* The latter squib is the following:

* *Times* journal.

"THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE. AN ELECTION BALLAD. (1827.)

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
 At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
 With Betty beside me to wait,
 Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
 I laid down my basin of tea,
 And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
 'As sure as a gun, sir,' said she,
 'That must be the knock of the post.'
 A letter—and free—bring it here—
 I have no correspondent who franks.
 No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
 'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankers.
 Dear Sir, as I know you desire
 That the Church should receive due protection,
 I humbly presume to require
 Your aid at the Cambridge election.
 'It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
 That the ministers fully design
 To suppress each cathedral and college,
 And eject every learned divine.
 To assist this detestable scheme
 Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
 They left Calais on Monday by steam,
 And landed to dinner at Dover.
 'An army of grim Cordeliers,
 Well furnished with relics and vermin,
 Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
 To effect what their chiefs may determine.
 Lollards' bower, good authorities say,
 Is again fitting up for a prison;
 And a wood-merchant told me to-day
 'Tis a wonder how fagots have risen.
 'The Finance scheme of Canning contains
 A new Easter-offering tax;
 And he means to devote all the gains
 To a bounty on thumbscrews and racks.
 Your living so neat and compact—
 Pray, don't let the news give you pain!—
 Is promised, I know for a fact,
 To an olive-faced Padre from Spain!
 I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
 Sore wounded with horror and pity;
 So I flew with all possible speed,
 To our Protestant champion's committee.
 True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!
 No flatering! no distance! no scorn!
 They asked after my wife who is dead,
 And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
 Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
 And assailed him with scandalous stories
 Till the coach for the voters was ready.
 That coach might be well called a casket
 Of learning and brotherly love ;
 There were parsons in boot and in basket ;
 There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
 Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
 A snug chaplain of plausible air,
 Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.
 Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
 Who with arguments weighty as lead,
 Proves six times a week in the *Post*
 That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
 Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup ;
 Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
 Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup ;
 Dr. Rosygill, puffing and fanning,
 And wiping away perspiration ;
 Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
 The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion
 Of our wonderful talk on the road ;
 Of the learning, the wit, and devotion
 Which almost each syllable showed ;
 Why divided allegiance agrees
 So ill with our free constitution ;
 How Catholics swear as they please,
 In hope of the priest's absolution ;
 How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
 His faith for a legate's commission ;
 How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
 Had stooped to a base coalition ;
 How Papists are cased from compassion
 By bigotry, stronger than steel ;
 How burning would soon come in fashion,
 And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
 By a subject so direly sublime,
 That the rules of politeness were slighted,
 And we all of us talked at a time ;
 And in tones which each moment grew louder,
 Told how we should dress for the show,
 And where we should fasten the powder,
 And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
 And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,

Till at last Dr. Humdrum began ;
 From that time I remember no more.
 At Ware he commenced his prelection,
 In the dullest of clerical drones ;
 And when next I regained recollection
 We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones."

MR. MACAULAY AND THE BALLAD BOY.

In a paper on "Ballads for the People," in the *Westminster Review*, it was stated that our most brilliant historian, being lately desirous of obtaining information upon this subject as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads from a singing boy; happening to turn round as he reached home again, he perceived the youth, with a circle of young friends, was keeping close on his heels. 'Have I not given you your price, sir?' was the great man's indignant remonstrance. 'All right, guv'ner,' was the response, 'we're only waiting till you begin to sing.'"

Mr. Carruthers, in the *Inverness Courier*, however, gives the following more correct version of the above incident, as he heard it related at one of Mr. Rogers's breakfast parties, in St. James's-place. Mr. Macaulay had set off on a long solitary walk (an ordinary occurrence) from the Albany, and about Islington fell in with a singing boy, and purchased for 1s. or 1s. 6d. his stock of ballads. Dipping into the collection, and reading aloud to himself with energy, as is his wont, the warlike and military strains of the street minstrels, Mr. Macaulay observed that the boy still accompanied him. He stopped, and asked why he followed him? "I do like, sir," replied the urchin, "to hear you read the ballads—you read them so grand and fine." The historian pursued his journey, and the thought occurred—"What, if we had ballads of this kind respecting the old heroic deeds of Greece and Rome?" The idea gathered force, and ultimately a resolution was formed to attempt embodying in ballad poetry some of the legends related by Livy, and alluded to by Cicero and others. The result was *The Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Talking of Ballads, Mr. John Hill Burton, author of the *Book Hunter*, tells the following sad example of the way in which some ancient ballads have come into existence. Some mad young wags, wishing to test the critical powers of an experienced collector, sent him a new-made ballad, which they had been able to secure only in a fragmentary form. To the surprise of the fabricator it was duly printed; but what naturally raised his surprise to astonishment, and revealed to him a secret, was, that it was no longer a fragment, but a complete ballad—the collector, in the course of his industrious

inquiries among the peasantry, having been so fortunate as to recover the missing fragments! This ballad has been printed in more than one collection, and admired as an instance of the inimitable simplicity of the genuine old versions!

A GOOD TALKER.—MR. BUCKLE.

At Cairo, Miss Marguerite Power had the good fortune to meet, a few weeks before his premature death, in 1862, Mr. Buckle, who, in his researches for fresh materials for his *History of Civilization*, was now on his way back from a journey up the Nile. He had, on his arrival in Egypt, brought letters of introduction to the R—'s, so that as they were already acquainted he came almost immediately to call, and was asked to dinner on an early day. "I have known, (says Miss Power,) most of the celebrated talkers of—I will not say how many years back—of the time, in a word, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green bright old age; and Luttrell, and Rogers, and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash; and when the venerable Lord Brougham, and yet more venerable Lord Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables, whose hosts are now in their half-forgotten graves. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine and Dumas, and Cabarrus, and brightest, or at least most constantly bright of all, the late Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold; and I am still happy enough to claim acquaintance with certain men and women whose names, though well known, it were perhaps invidious now to mention. But, for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and self-confidence, I never met any one to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat, and drink, and sleep to him: he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us I may be permitted to give, say the hundred and first. 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly over-rated.' 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakspeare.'—'So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!' We met Buckle on several subsequent occasions, and his talk and his spirits never flagged; the same untiring energy marked all he said, and did, and thought, and fatigue and oppression appeared to be things unknown to him."

DIDEROT AND THE BLIND.

Diderot wrote a work, in which he said that *people who are born blind have some ideas different from those who are possessed of their eyesight*. This assertion is by no means improbable, and it contains nothing by which any one need be startled. The men, however, who then governed France, discovered in it some hidden danger. Whether they imagined that the mention of blindness was an allusion to themselves, or whether they were merely instigated by the perversity of their temper, is uncertain; at all events, the unfortunate Diderot, for having hazarded this opinion, was arrested, and without even the form of a trial, was confined in the dungeons of Vincennes.

Yet Dugald Stewart, who has collected some important evidence upon the subject, has confirmed several of the views put forward by Diderot. Since then, greater attention has been paid to the education of the blind, and it has been remarked that "it is an exceedingly difficult task to teach them to think accurately." These passages unconsciously testify to the sagacity of Diderot, and they also testify to the stupid ignorance of a Government which sought to put an end to such inquiries by punishing the author.—*Buckle's History of Civilization in England*, vol. i. p. 681.





CLERICAL LIFE.

SHORT PRAYERS.

• DR. KING relates that, in 1715, at a dinner-party at the Duke of Ormonde's, at Richmond, a jocular dispute arose concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham said, the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed, indecorously, by a general laugh. But Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who was present, addressing Sir W. Wyndham, said: "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short: but I remember another as short but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances—"O God, if, in the day of battle, I forget thee, do thou not forget me." This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the company.

AN OLD STUDENT.

Soon after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, the king asked the citizens how they liked the new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well." "Pretty well! why, what fault have you to find with him?" "To tell your majesty the truth, we should have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education; for, whenever we wait upon him, we are told that he is at his studies."

VIRTUES OF TAR-WATER.

Bishop Berkeley having received benefit from the use of Tar-Water, when ill of the colic, published a work *On the Virtues of Tar-Water*; and a few months before his death, a sequel, entitled *Further Thoughts on Tar-Water*; and when accused of fancying he had discovered a nostrum in Tar-Water, he replied, that, "to speak out, he freely owns he suspects Tar-Water is a panacea." Walpole has preserved the following epigram on Berkeley's remedy:

“Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done !
 The Church shall rise and vindicate her son ;
 She tells us all her bishops shepherds are,
 And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.”

In a letter, written by Mr. John Whishaw, solicitor, May 26, 1744, we find this note of Berkeley's panacea: “The Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, has published a book, of two shillings price, upon the excellences of Tar-Water, which is to keep ye bloud in due order, and a great remedy in many cases. His way of making it is to put, I think, a gallon of water to a quart of tar, and after stirring it together, to let it stand forty-eight hours, and then pour off the clear and drink a glass of about half a pint in ye morn, and as much at five in ye afternoon. So it's become as common to call for a glass of tar-water in a coffee-house, as a dish of tea or coffee.”

A PUNNING ARCHBISHOP.

Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his Lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be, in the time of poor *Mary*; and looking extremely sorrowful, added with a deep sigh—“She was, indeed, *Mare pacificum*.” A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out: “Aye, my Lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first.” Sir William gave him a living of 500*l.* per annum within two months afterwards.

AN INTRIGUING BISHOP.

Hinchliffe, bishop of Peterborough, was the son of a livery-stable keeper, and was educated at Westminster, of which school he was appointed head-master in 1764. He married the sister of his liberal friend and pupil, Mr. Crewe. Hinchliffe had been employed by the latter to persuade the lady not to entertain the suit of an officer in the Guards; and he did this so effectually that the lady graciously listened to his own, and bestowed on him a hand that carried a large fortune with it. The prelate was strongly opposed to the American war: he acquired the name of the “Bloody Bishop,” in 1774, being the only member of the episcopal bench who supported severe measures against the Arminians.

A BISHOP'S HUMOUR.

Bishop Marley had a good deal of the humour of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected, that *his* business was to *drive*, not to run on errands. “Well, then,” said Marley, “bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside,

and drive to the well;"—a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.

BISHOP WARBURTON'S MARRIAGE.

Pope was on a visit to his friend, Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, of whom he wrote

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

One day, during the visit, a letter was put into Pope's hands, which appeared to cause him some embarrassment. Allen, making some inquiry as to its contents, Pope informed him that the letter was from "a Lincolnshire parson," to whom he was under some obligation, who proposed to be with him in a day or two at Twickenham. The difficulty was immediately obviated by Allen, who suggested that "the Lincolnshire parson," who was no other but Warburton, should be invited to Prior Park, adding, that a carriage should meet him at Chippenham. The plan was approved of by Pope, and the invitation accepted by Warburton. The latter arrived in a few days, and shortly afterwards succeeded in gaining the affections of Allen's niece, Gertrude Tucker, who, in 1735, became the wife of Warburton; and in right of whom, after their marriage, he succeeded to the possession of Prior Park, and to the bulk of Allen's property.

WORLDLY DISTINCTION.

It is curious to see Warburton instructing Hurd how to make way in the world. "In your commerce with the great," he says, "if you would have it turn to your advantage, you should endeavour, when the person is of great abilities, to make him satisfied with *you*; when he is of none, to make him satisfied with *himself*."

WARBURTON AND LOWTH.

Lowth was a match for Warburton, and something more: he spoke of the Bishop contemptuously, as having been "hardly brought up in the keen atmosphere of wholesome severities;" when Lowth, remembering that Warburton had served five years' apprenticeship to the study of the law, replied: "Pray, my Lord, what is it to the purpose where I have been brought up? You charge me with principles of intolerance, adding a gentle insinuation also of disaffection to the present royal family and government; you infer these principles, it seems, from the place of my education. Is this a necessary consequence? Is it even a fair conclusion? May not one have had the good sense, or the good fortune, to have avoided, or to have gotten the better of the ordinary prejudices of education?"

. . . To have made a proper use of the advantages of a good education is a just praise; but to have overcome the disadvantages of a bad one, is a much greater. In short, my Lord, I cannot but think that this inquisition concerning my education is quite beside the purpose. Had I not your Lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire where you were bred; though one might justly plead in excuse for it a natural curiosity to know where and how such a phenomenon was produced."

WARBURTON AND QUIN.

Quin was another match for the Bishop, whom he scorched by the fire of his wit. When Warburton projected his edition of Shakspeare, the matter was mentioned in the greenroom. "He had better," growled Quin, "stick to his own Bible, and leave ours to us!" The prelate and the player met at Prior Park. Warburton, in his talk with Quin before the company, always addressed him in such a way as to remind him that he was but a player; and as some accounts say, took opportunities of admonishing him on his luxury and looseness of life. One evening, however, with much apparent civility, he requested Quin, whom he should never see on the stage, to give him a specimen of his acting, in presence of a large number of guests, in Mr. Allen's drawing-room. Quin replied carelessly, that plays were then almost out of his head, but that he believed he could repeat a few verses of "*Venice Preserved*," and standing up, declaimed, *ore rotundo*, the passage in which occur the lines,

"Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten;"

and as he pronounced the words "honest men" and "knaves," directed his looks so pointedly towards Allen and Warburton, that none of the hearers could mistake the intended application. Warburton never afterwards asked the actor for a specimen of his skill.—*Watson's Life of Warburton.*

WARBURTONIANA.

Warburton when a young man was sometimes exceedingly absent in company. He would often sit silent or doze in the chimney-corner. One evening, while the company was very lively, he seemed more than usually thoughtful—not a word dropped from his lips; when one of his acquaintance, with a view to raise another laugh, said, "Well, Mr. Warburton, where have you been? And what will you take for your thoughts?" He replied, with a firmness to which they had thought him an entire stranger: "I know very

well what you and others think of me; but I believe I shall one day or other convince the world that I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool, as I am taken to be."

In Warburton's time, few clergymen thought it incumbent on them to do more than perform the services of the Church decently; and Warburton might justly allege that he was more clerically employed in a ceaseless round of study than were not a few of his clerical neighbours in hunting thrice a-week, and getting drunk daily. Yet, as satire is generally the echo of some rumour, and a rumour has generally some basis in fact, the following lines of Churchill render it probable that Warburton was not the most watchful of shepherds:

"A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in—while he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock—
Of reading such a mighty stock
That he o'ercharged the weary brain
With more than she could well contain."

When Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, died, in 1768, Warburton wrote thus oddly of him to Dr. Hurd: "A bishop more or less in the world is nothing; and, perhaps, of as small amount in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."

Warburton said many smart things. When Lord Lyttelton, who had held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for a short time, was obliged to retire from incapacity, and was succeeded by Mr. Dowdeswell, Warburton observed to Hawkins Browne that there was a curious contrast between the two ministers; for "the one could never in his life learn that two and two made four, while the other knew nothing else." This is very similar to his sarcasm on Dean Tucker and Dr. Squire. His remark on Mallet's *Life of Bacon*, and projected *Life of Marlborough*, is well known,—that Mallet would perhaps forget that "Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher." To him also is attributed the saying, that "there are two things for which every man thinks himself competent, managing a small farm, and driving a whisky." He has the credit, too, of the famous distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

In one of his letters he says: "The people are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than on their ministers. Of their patriots they readily accept the will for the deed, but of their ministers they unjustly interpret the deed for the will!"

Warburton had an only child, a son. Being asked to what profession he should devote him, he said he would determine according to his ability. If he proved himself a lad of good parts, he should make him a lawyer; if but mediocre, he should breed him a physician; but that if he turned out a very dull fellow, he should put him into the Church. The boy gave such proofs of talent that he was destined for the law, but died in his nineteenth year.

About this time, Warburton became almost imbecile, and continued to take little interest in anything for several years, till, just before his death, a momentary revival of intellect took place, and he asked his attendant, in a quiet, rational tone, "Is my son really dead, or not?" The servant hesitated how to reply, when the Bishop repeated the question in a firmer voice. The attendant then answered, "As your Lordship presses the question, I must say, he is dead." "I thought so," said Warburton; and soon after expired. Cradock relates the above, but only as a report.—*Life, by Watson.*

"WITH THE STREAM."

When Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury, was Master of the Temple, the Sees of Canterbury and London were vacant about the same time (1748); which occasioned this epigram upon Sherlock:

"At the Temple one day Sherlock taking a boat,
The waterman asked him 'which way he would float!'
'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

The tide in favour of Sherlock was running to St. Paul's: he was made Bishop of London.

HEATHENISH TALK.

Walpole asked Prideaux, grandson of the Dean, if he had ever seen Stosch's collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he had never heard so much heathenish talk in his days. Walpole inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, that "the soul was only a little glue." "I laughed at this," says Walpole, "so much, that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too."

A RHYMING CANON.

The father of Miss Seward was a minor canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and Mrs. Delany calls him "a learned clergyman." Walpole has an amusing anecdote of the value he put upon his metrical compositions. He was travelling-tutor to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who was taken dangerously ill at Genoa. Through the remedies applied

by the physician, the crisis appeared to have passed; and Mr. Seward went to his room, and began a complimentary ode to the Esculapius; but before it was finished, a relapse took place, and the patient died. The tutor, however, was so well pleased with the commencement of his poem that he finished it, despite the failure in the moral of the tale.

SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANISM.

Professor Dalzel, of Edinburgh, used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he overheard the Professor muttering one dark night in the street to himself, "If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant we should have made as good longs and shorts as they."—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

In comparing the performances of two competitors, one man observed, "I think our minister did weel; ay, he gars the stour flee out o' the cushion;" to which the other rejoined, with a calm feeling of superiority, "Stour out o' the cushion! hout! our minister, sin' he cam' wi' us, has dung the guts out o' twa Bibles." So, also, when a minister who had been caught in the wet, and was solicitous about going damp into the pulpit, inquired of another, "Do you think I'm dry? do you think I'm dry eneuch noo?" his ingenious colleague could resist no longer, but, patting him on the shoulder, comforted him with the assurance, "Bide a wee, Doctor, and ye'se be dry eneuch when ye get into the pu'pit." (Charles Mathews, the elder, as an old Scotch woman, used to tell this story with wonderful effect.)

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCE.

In Scotland there is a tendency to a revolution of feeling as regards church ornament, which is conceived by Dean Ramsay to be symbolized in a conversation overheard by a friend of his; and in which an English gentleman was asking a person, who happened to be a building contractor, what was the difference between two places of worship which were springing up close to each other—meaning, of course, the difference in the theological tenets of the two congregations. The contractor, who thought only of architectural differences, innocently replied, "There may be a difference of sax feet in length, but there's no aboon a few inches in the breadth." But, as Dean Ramsay observes, there is still room for the aspiration, in which we join, that all our religious differences could be brought within so narrow a compass.

Here is another example in a conversation indicative of this feel-

ing, and which the Dean had overheard between an Edinburgh inhabitant and a friend from the country. They were passing St. John's, which had just been finished, and the countryman asked, "Whatna kirk was that?" "Oh," said the townsman, "that is an English chapel," meaning Episcopalian. "Aye," said his friend, "there'll be a walth o' images there." Another story is told of a Presbyterian nurse, who was taken by her mistress to church to hear a musical service, then recently instituted, and who, when asked on her return what she thought of the music, said, "Ou, it's varra bonny, varra bonny. But ou, my leddie, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath." The organ was then a great mark of distinction between Episcopalian and Presbyterian places of worship.

WEATHER PRAYER.

In one of the northern counties of Scotland, the harvest work had been seriously affected by continuous rains, and the crops being much laid, wind was desired in order to restore them into a condition fit for the sickle. A minister, in his Sabbath sermon, expressed their wants in prayer as follows:—"O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind, no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noohin' (noughin?), soughin', wiruin' wind." "More expressive words than these," says Dean Ramsay, "could not be found in any language."

WEeping FOR WANT OF WORDS.

Dr. Pitcairn, going about the streets of Edinburgh one Sunday, was obliged, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. The audience was scanty, and he sat down in a pew where there was only another sitter besides—a quiet, grave-looking countryman, listening to the sermon with a face of the utmost composure. The preacher was very emphatic—so much so, that at one passage he began to shed tears copiously, and to use his handkerchief. Interested in this as a physiological fact, for which he could not in the circumstances see any sufficient cause, Pitcairn turned to the countryman, and asked in a whisper, "What the deevil gars the man greet?" "Faith," says the man, slowly turning round, "ye wad maybe greet yoursel', if ye was up there, and had as little to say."

SCOTTISH MINISTERS.

In old times, when Scottish names carried with them the moral features as characteristic of each division, the morning litany of an old laird of Coltoquhay, when he took his early draught at the cauld well, was in these words: *Frae the ire o' the Drummonds, the pride*

o'the Græmes, the greed o' the Campbells, and the wind o' the Murrays, guid Lord deliver us." On being reproved by the Duke of Athole for taking such liberties with noble names, his answer was—"There, my lord, there's the wind o' the Murrays!"

The Rev. Mr. Laurie of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, was in the habit of giving an exhortation to those attending a funeral after the grave was filled up. On the last occasion that he thus addressed them, William M'Murtie, keeper of the village inn, was at the funeral, and had got something more than enough. He was on very intimate terms with the minister. William saw the trouble which it would take to replace a very large "through stane" on the grave, and when the minister began to intimate that though they had now put dust to dust, yet the day was not far distant when he would assuredly rise again, "My faith!" said William, "if ye ettle him to rise again, ye're no his freen to put that stane on him, for the rest will be up and past the Clawbag wood afore he gets frae 'neath it, and the stoor shaken off again."

An Episcopal clergyman married the widow of a blind gentleman, who fitted herself out with such a *trousseau* as made people wonder, for she said, "I was married to a moudiewart last, but now I am getting a husband who can see me."

A CUNNING ELDER.

A canny Scot had got himself installed in the eldership of the kirk, and, in consequence, had for some time carried round the ladle for the collections. He had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday, with a boll of meal at New Year's Day. When the time arrived, he claimed his meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he said, coolly, "but I took care of the saxpence mysel'."

A DOUBLE CURE.

Dr. Carlyle once, when at Carlisle, sent to invite his friend Chancellor Wedderburn to sup with him and his wife at his inn; but he learnt that the Chancellor was preparing to go to bed, as he was very hoarse. The Doctor, however, sent to say he would infallibly cure his hoarseness before the next morning. The Chancellor came, but was very hoarse. The supper was good enough, but the liquors were execrable—the wine and porter were not drinkable. They made a bowl of the worst punch Carlyle ever tasted. Wedderburn said, if they would mix it with a bottle of the bad porter, it would be improved. They did as he directed, and to their surprise it became drinkable, and they were a jolly company. The counsellor did

not forget the receipt to cure his hoarseness. This was nothing more than some Castille soap shaven into a spoon, and mixed with some white wine or water, so that it could be swallowed: this he took, and next morning he was perfectly cured, and as sound as a bell.—*Carlyle's Autobiography*.

A PIOUS JOKE.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some waggish persons, who secreted themselves on the opposite side, listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over him; when, scrambling out, he was heard to say, "Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world, this; a body canna say a thing in a joke but it's ta'en in earnest."

A BORDER MINISTER.

Some curious traits are related of the minister of Harwick, named Lawrie. It appears that a water-spout had fallen into a mountain-stream, had destroyed a mill, drowned one of the millers, and threatened the whole town with inundation; but as it had come down in the night, it abated early in the forenoon. Lawrie was not a little rallied for his having delayed calling the people to prayers on the morning of the inundation till he saw from his garden the flood a little abating; and then continuing so long in prayer, (for a full hour,) when it had fallen so much that a man on horseback could pass below the mill, which the good people ascribed to the fervency of their pastor, and would have continued to believe in the efficacy of his prayer, had not the surviving miller assured them that the inundation had fallen six inches before the church-bell rang. Lawrie was perfectly pleased with so much address being ascribed to him; though he lost a little in the article of interest in heaven which was imputed to him.

Lawrie, upon a visit to London, in 1739 or 1740, founded many marvellous stories of his intimacy with secretaries of state and courtiers, with whom he pretended to have become quite familiar. When he alleged that he had been quite at his ease with the Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and could call on them at any hour, and remain to dinner or supper, without being invited, Dr. Carlyle used to call to him, "Halt there, Lawrie; if you don't know the boundary between truth and falsehood, you should draw

the line between what is probable and what is not so.”—*See Carlyle's Autobiography.*

“THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.”

In Scottish church-discipline of old, offenders, previously convicted before the minister and his kirk-session, were made to receive public censure from the pulpit, in the time of divine service; the guilty person standing up before the congregation on a raised platform, called the *cutty-stool*, and receiving a rebuke. This, like the penance in a white sheet in England, went out of use; and “the stool of repentance” became a household phrase, without serious meaning.

Dean Ramsay relates an instance of the extermination of the repentance stool in Ayrshire. A young farmer being cited to appear upon it on a certain Sunday, on the previous evening, he called upon the beadle, whom he bribed to open the church-door, and having seized the abominable stool, he broke it into a thousand pieces, which was easily done, as it was far decayed. On the following day it could not be found, and it was never again replaced.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, Second Series.

SCOTTISH SABBATH.

An eminent professor of geology visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained in Ross-shire, had his pocket-hammer in his hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and going up to him quietly said, “Sir, ye’re breaking something there forbye the stanes!”

An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. In a walk in the environs, the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked its name of a countryman who was passing: the reply was—“It’s no’ the day to be speering sic things.”

A POPULAR CHAPLAIN.

Robert M’Pherson had been bred at Aberdeen for the Church, but before he passed trial as a probationer, was offered a company in his regiment of Highlanders by Simon Fraser, and accepted; but the captains’ commissions being all disposed of, he was offered a lieutenantancy, or a chaplaincy if he liked it better. He chose the last; and soon made himself acceptable to the superiors as well as the men; and after they landed in Nova Scotia, in every skirmish or battle it was observed that he always put himself on a line with

the officers at the head of the regiment. He was asked how he came to be so foolish. He answered, that being a grown man, while many of the lieutenants and ensigns were but boys, as well as some of the privates, and that they looked to him for example as well as precept, he had thought it his duty to advance with them, but that he discontinued the practice after the third time of danger, as he found that they were perfectly steady.

In one of the winters in which he was at Quebec, he had provided himself with a wooden house, which he had furnished well, and in which he had a tolerable soldier's library. While he was dining one day with the mess, his house took fire, and was burned to the ground. Next morning the two sergeant-majors of the two Highland regiments came to him, and lamenting the great loss he had sustained, told him that the lads, out of their great love and respect for him, had collected a purse of four hundred guineas, which they begged him to accept of. He was much moved by their generosity, and by-and-bye answered, "That he was never so much gratified in his life as by their offer, as a mark of kindness and respect, of which he should think himself entirely unworthy if he could rob them of the fruits of their wise and prudent frugality;" and added, that, by good fortune, he had no need of the exercise of their generosity. Dr. Carlyle, who relates the above, (in his *Autobiography*,) adds, "The annals of private men I have often thought as instructive and worthy of being recorded as those of their superiors."

PARENTHESIS.

Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and father of the Chief Justice Ellenborough, as a writer, indulged more frequently in parenthetical observations than Lord Clarendon himself. When one of his works was passing slowly through the press at Carlisle, the bishop complained of the delay. The printer excused himself on the ground that he had been compelled to wait till he had received from a type-foundry at Glasgow a *pound* of parentheses. Some one remarked that parentheses in a speech often have the effect of making an unskilful orator drunk. The speeches of Sir Francis Burdett abounded in parentheses, which have been compared to a nest of pill-boxes.

A DILIGENT BISHOP.

Harford relates of Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, that of his literary labours and self-denying life "few can have any conception." Harford was frequently admitted to see him on business, even as early as six in the morning. Often he kindly remarked, "Your time is not your own, and is as precious to you as mine;

scruple not to send to me when you really want to see me." On one of Harford's early morning visits, about eight o'clock, in the winter, he found the bishop seated in his great coat and hat, writing at a table, in a room without a carpet, the floor covered with old folios, his candles only just extinguished. "I have been writing and reading," he said, "since five o'clock." At another time Harford found him at eight o'clock, about Christmas, writing by candlelight; the whole room being strewed with old books collected from various places in the metropolis. The untiring perseverance with which he prosecuted his researches for evidence on any particular subject is inconceivable.

A GHOST STORY.

* In the hot summer of 1794, the Bishop of Chichester was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning by his bed-chamber door being opened, when a female figure, all in white, entered and sat down near him. The prelate, who protested he was not frightened, said in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration, "Who are you?" Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The bishop rang the bell; but the servants were so sound asleep that nobody heard him. He repeated his question: still no answer, but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the bishop had continued to ring and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did at length appear, the bishop cried, "Well, what have you seen?" "Seen, my lord?" "Ay, seen; or who, what is the woman that has been here?" "Woman, my lord?" In short, when my lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his lordship had been dreaming, and so did his whole family the next morning; yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story circulated, and diverted the ungodly at the prelate's expense, it got at last to the ears of the keeper of a madhouse in the diocese, who came and deposed that a female lunatic under his care had escaped from his custody, and, finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my lord's chamber. The deponent further said, that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers. "I have known stories of ghosts," says Walpole, "solemnly authenticated, less credible; and I hope you will believe this, attested by a father of our own Church."

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A Scottish minister one day inflicted upon his own wife a censure for the above offence. He had observed one of his flock asleep

during his sermon. He paused, and called him to order. "Jeems Robson, ye are sleepin'; I insist on your waking when God's word is preached to ye." "Weel, sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," answered Jeems, pointing to the clergyman's lady in the minister's pew. "Then, Jeems," said the minister, "when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand." By-and-bye the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair lady was caught in the act. Her husband solemnly called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offence. He thus addressed her: "Mrs. B., anybody kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty. Yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall have a pair bargain indeed." —*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Dr. Buchsel, in his *Ministerial Experiences*, relates the following instance:—"I was surprised to observe that, for some Sundays, a rustic, whom I had never seen there before, now regularly made his appearance in church, but in the most open way in the world settled himself to sleep as soon as he was seated, and snored so loud that one heard him even during the singing. A boy to whom I had often spoken, and who had an open, merry expression of face, was in the habit of placing himself not far from the snorer, and I now requested him to sit more immediately behind him, and to touch him from time to time in order to keep him awake. At first the lad refused to do this, but the promise of a *groschen* led him to comply. During the whole service I could see the contest carried on between the little fellow and his somnolent neighbour, and by a glance of my eye I tried to encourage the former to keep up the rousing process. On the following Sunday the rustic came again, and so did the boy, whom I begged to continue his good offices as before, but he declined; and when I held out the bribe of the *groschen*, told me that the peasant had already given him two, on condition that he should not be disturbed. When the service was over, throughout the whole of which the man had slumbered unmolested, I went up to him in the churchyard, and asked him what motive he could have for coming to church; to which he answered, quite unconcernedly, 'There are too many flies in the house for a man to get his rest, but in the church it's fine and cool; in winter there's never any need why I should come.'"

The reader, we daresay, will recollect Dean Swift's admirable sermon on sleeping in church. The humour of "opium is not so stupefying to many persons as an afternoon sermon."

LET WELL ALONE.

Malherbe, having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

A CLEAR CASE.

At King's College, Cambridge, one Sunday morning, when not above two of the Fellows had been at chapel with the Provost, Dr. Snape, the latter, at evening service said to Dr. Wilmot, the Vice-Provost, a man of wit, who wrote upon the English particles, "Upon my word, Mr. Vice-Provost, there was a scandalous appearance at chapel this morning!" "Why do you apply to me?" said Wilmot; "I did not contribute to make it."

A THIRD WIFE.

Dr. Middleton having taken a third wife, the relict of a Bristol merchant, Bishop Gooch called to make a matrimonial visit, when he told Mrs. Middleton that "he was glad she did not dislike the *ancients* so much as her husband did." She replied that she hoped his lordship did not reckon her husband among the *ancients* yet. The bishop answered, "You, madam, are the best judge of that."

BAPTISMAL BLUNDER.

Lucifer—the light-bringer—is a very good name, but few parents would desire so give it to a child; indeed, if the attempt were made the sponsor would probably meet with the treatment which was once suffered by mistake. "Name this child," said the parson. "Lucy, sir," replied the humble sponsor. "Lucifer! I shall give him no such name; I shall call him John!" and John the girl was for the rest of her life.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S CONNEXION.

We dare say the reader will recollect the large chapel in North-street, Brighton, to build which Lady Huntingdon sold all her jewels. Some years later she was in perplexity how to raise money for a chapel she wished to build at Birmingham. She was accustomed to keep in her house the sum of 300*l.* to defray the expenses of her funeral; and it was her wish to be buried in white satin. This money was considered so sacred that on no account was it to be touched. On this occasion she said to Lady Anne Erskine, her friend and companion, "I want 300*l.*; I have no money in the house but that put by for my funeral; for the first time in my life I feel inclined to let that go." Lady Anne said, "You can trust God

with your soul—why not with your funeral?" The Countess took the money; and the very day she did so a gentleman, who could know nothing of the circumstance, sent her a cheque for precisely 300*l*.

Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lord Chesterfield's sister, was an active Methodist: her brother, the Earl, being very ill, she went with her Primate, Lady Huntingdon, to try to tempt him to one of their seminaries in Wales, hoping to get at his soul by a cranny in his health. They extolled the prospects, and then there were such charming mountains! "Hold, ladies," said he, "I don't love mountains; when your Ladyships' faith has removed the mountains, I will go thither with all my heart!"

WESLEY AND THE MORAVIANS.

In the vessel which conveyed John Wesley and his associates to America were several families of the Moravians, or (as they called themselves) the United Brethren, who, under the patronage of Government, were proceeding to join some of their society already established in Georgia. During the voyage, which was tedious and stormy, Wesley had been greatly impressed and affected by their humility, meekness, and patience. Southey tells us that "Those servile offices, which none of the English would perform for the other passengers, they offered themselves to undertake, and would receive no recompense; saying, it was good for their proud hearts, and their Saviour had done more for them. No injury could move their meekness; if they were struck or thrown down, they made no complaint, nor suffered the slightest indication of resentment to appear. Wesley was curious to see whether they were equally delivered from the spirit of fear, and this he had an opportunity of ascertaining. In the midst of the psalm with which they began their service, the sea broke over, split the main-sail, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if, he says, the great deep had already swallowed us up. A dreadful screaming was heard among the English colonists: the Moravians calmly sung on. Wesley afterwards asked one of them if he was not afraid at that time. He replied, 'I thank God, no.' He was then asked if the women and children were not afraid. His answer was, 'No; our women and children are not afraid to die.'"

This good opinion was confirmed by all which Wesley observed in their conduct and manners after his arrival in the new world.

WESLEY'S RECLAMATIONS.

With all the enthusiasm, and the incidental evil consequences, of Wesley's system, he might boast of much direct and evident good

produced, of many sinners reclaimed, of many ignorant persons enlightened, of many disappointed and broken hearts relieved by the balm of religion. Southey relates that a woman, overwhelmed with affliction, went out one night with the determination of throwing herself into the New River. As she was passing the Foundry, she heard the people singing: she stopped, and went in; listened, learnt where to look for consolation and support, and was thereby preserved from suicide.

Wesley had been disappointed of a room at Grimsby, and when the appointed hour for preaching came, the rain prevented him from preaching at the Cross. In the perplexity which this occasioned, a convenient place was offered him by a woman, "which was a sinner." Of this, however, he was ignorant at the time, and the woman listened to him without any apparent emotion. But in the evening he preached eloquently upon the sins and the faith of her who washed our Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; and that discourse, by which the whole congregation were affected, touched her to the heart. She followed him to his lodging, crying out, "O, sir, what must I do to be saved?" Wesley, who now understood that she had forsaken her husband, and was living in adultery, replied, "Escape for your life! Return instantly to your husband!" She said she knew not how to go; she had just heard from him, and he was at Newcastle, above a hundred miles off. Wesley made answer, that he was going to Newcastle himself the next morning; she might go with him, and his companion should take her behind him. It was late in October: she performed the journey under this protection, and in a state of mind which beseeemed her condition. "During our whole journey," he says, "I scarce observed her to smile; nor did she ever complain of anything, or appear moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burden of sin, and was groaning after salvation."—"Glory be to the Friend of sinners!" he exclaims, when he relates the story; "He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire! Thou poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet, and thou art found of Him that sent him." The husband did not turn away the penitent; and her reformation appeared to be sincere and permanent.

OPPOSITION TO METHODISM.

It may well be supposed, that exertions of a nature so novel as those made in the early days of Methodism, were not likely to be

carried on in England without great and violent opposition. Nor was this opposition confined to the bloodless weapons of argument or verbal censure. Furious mobs arose against them in many places both of England and Ireland; and the magistrates, in some instances, showed a scandalous neglect of their duty, and even encouraged whatever excesses had the suppression of Methodism for their object. Whitefield, while preaching in Moorfields, was not only assailed with all the usual missiles of a brutal rabble, but was attacked with a drawn sword by a person with the appearance of a gentleman; and Wesley was twice in very serious danger, once at Walsall, in Staffordshire, where some of the mob cried out "Crucify him!"—once in Cornwall, where a crowd, headed by the crews of some privateers, broke into the house where he was visiting a sick lady, with avowed intentions of killing him, which were only prevented by his firm and quiet manner of addressing them.

In Ireland some of his helpers were exposed, if possible, to still greater danger: a mob paraded the streets of Dublin armed with swords, staves, and pistols, wounding many persons, and offering five pounds for the head of a Methodist; and a Grand Jury, instead of affording justice to the injured party, preferred bills against Charles Wesley and nine of his friends, as persons of ill-fame, vagabonds, and common disturbers of his Majesty's peace, praying that they might be transported.

Nor was the life of an itinerant without trials of another kind. Wesley's long journeys on horseback, at a time when turnpikes were unknown, and accommodation of all kinds execrable, were often wearisome, and sometimes even dangerous, when they led him through the fens of his own county when the waters were out, and over the hills of Northumberland when they were covered with snow. Southey tells us that he and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?" They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. "All that time," says John, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my great-coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks,

one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but one side.'

BURIAL OF JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley's decay was gradual and without suffering, till in the middle of the year 1790, he confessed that "though he felt no pain, yet nature was exhausted, and, humanly speaking, would sink more and more, till

'The weary springs of life stand still at last.'

In the following February, he had still strength to write a long letter to America, in which he enjoined those who desired to say anything to him to lose no opportunity, "for Time," he continued, "has shaken me by the hand, and death is not far behind;" words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. He died, in fact, peaceably and without pain, in little more than a fortnight afterwards, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel opposite Bunhill Fields burial-ground, the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

This warm-hearted pastor of Calvinistic Dissenters, (who had been admitted to deacon's orders in the Church of England,) con-

stantly preached in Surrey Chapel for nearly fifty years; and dying in 1833, he was buried in a vault under the chapel.

During this long ministry, he interlarded his sermons with many piquant anecdotes and witticisms, and sallies of humour unorthodox. However, he thought the end justified the means, and certain it is that it drew very large congregations.

On one occasion he was preaching for a public charity, when a note was handed up to him, inquiring if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. He noticed the matter in the course of his sermon, and pronounced decidedly that such a person could not do so in Christian honesty. "But, my friends," he added, "I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as the people will be sure to say: 'There goes the bankrupt!'" At St. John's church, Wapping, he declared: "I am come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners, profane sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners." And one day, on announcing from the pulpit the amount of a liberal collection, he remarked: "You have behaved so well on this occasion, that we mean to have another collection next Sunday. I have heard it said of a good cow, that the more you milk her the more she will give."

One wet day a number of persons entered his chapel to take shelter from a heavy shower of rain, when he remarked, that many people were blamed for making religion a *cloak*, but he did not think those were much better who made it an *umbrella*! Petitions were frequently handed to him in the pulpit, requesting the prayers of the congregation for certain persons. A wag handed up, "The prayers of the congregation are requested for the Reverend Rowland Hill, that he will not ride in his carriage on Sunday." Not being aware of the peculiar nature of the request till he had read it too far to recede, he went on to the end, and then added: "If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is at present in the congregation, and will come into the vestry after service, and allow me to put a saddle on his back, I shall be willing to ride home upon him instead of in my carriage."

He was very kind and charitable to the poor, but had a great intolerance of dirt and slovenliness. On noticing anything of the kind, he would say: "Here, mistress, is a trifle for you to buy some soap and a scrubbing-brush: there is plenty of water to be had for nothing." In impressing upon his hearers the duty of owing no man anything, he would remark: "I never pay my debts, and for the best of all reasons, because I never have any debts to pay." Speaking to tradesmen he would say: "You are sometimes more in the path of duty in looking into your ledgers than into your Bibles. All things should be done decently and in order."

but he generally declined pressing invitations, on the plea that it would be incompatible with his mission to take up his residence in a private mansion. A member of the Society of Friends, however, managed to evade this rule in a most ingenious manner :

"The Quaker invited him to stay at his house, and received the usual reply—that he was to stop at the hotel for the convenience of those who required to see him at all hours. The Friend would not be put off, but intimated that his house was an hotel, whereon Father Mathew gladly consented to 'put up' at it while in Wakefield. A board with the word 'hotel' was placed on the outside of the mansion, and the private residence for the time became a most comfortable inn. Father Mathew was greatly pleased with the quiet and order, the wonderful neatness, and simple elegance which pervaded the entire establishment; while the agreeable manners of its master, which combined the cordiality of a friend with the politeness of the most gentlemanly host, filled him with astonishment. The servants of the house were also different from the usual class to be found in ordinary hotels; they were kind, attentive, and respectful; and, though they seemed to anticipate his every wish, they were neither fussy nor obtrusive. Then the bells of this Quaker hotel were singularly quiet, so that the 'boots,' and the 'chambermaids,' and the 'waiters' must have known by intuition when and where their services were required. Truly it was a model establishment, which any visitor might leave with very natural regret. The kindly deceit was not discovered until the time of his departure drew near, when the master of the house, no longer fearing the abrupt departure of his guest, appeared in his true character—as a generous and thoughtful host."—*Life, by Mr. Maguire, M.P.*

HOMAGE TO FATHER MATHEW.

"The Missionary of Temperance had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of the county Galway, where he was to preach in aid of the funds of a school, convent, or chapel, and afterwards administer the pledge. The best room in the house was prepared for the honoured guest, who was conducted to it by his host. The room was on the ground-floor, and was lighted by a large bay window, which was without blind or curtain of any kind. Father Mathew, whose bed-room was as plain and simple as this apartment, only thought of preparing himself, by a good night's rest, for the labours of the following day; and turning his face to the wall and his back to the window, he soon fell into a deep slumber. Awaking, as was usual with him, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, blessed himself, repeated a prayer, and turned towards the window. But imagine his dismay when he

beheld a crowd of people—men, women, and children—in front of the blindless and curtainless bay window, and at least a score of noses flattened against the glass, the better to enable their respective proprietors to obtain a peep at his reverence.

“A more modest man did not exist than Father Mathew; and great was his embarrassment at this indication of his popularity. He glanced at the head of the bed, and at the table near him, to see if a bell were in reach; but such a luxury in the house of a priest, in a mountain parish of Galway, was not to be thought of. No help, therefore, from that quarter. There was something resembling a bell-pull at one side of the fireplace; but if it were a real bell-pull, and not a mockery and a delusion, it might as well have been twenty miles away for any practical advantage at that moment; for it would be difficult to say what *would* induce Father Mathew to quit the shelter of the bed-clothes and walk across the room to grasp that tantalizing cord. The crowd outside was momentarily on the increase, and the deepening murmur of their voices testified to the animation of the conversation carried on. Occasionally might be heard such as the following:—“Do ye see him, Mary, asthore?”—“Danny, agra, lave me take a look, an’ God bless you, child!”—“Where are you pushing with yerself?—hould off ov my foot, will ye?”—“Oh, wisha: there’s the blessed priest!”—“Honest man, would ye be placed to lift off ov our back—one ’ud think ’tis a horse I was.”—“’Tis a shame for ye to be there—what curiosity is in yes all?”—“Mammy, mammy! there he is!—I sees his poll!”—“Whisht, an’ don’t be after wakin’ him.” Father Mathew ventured another peep; but the slightest movement on his part only evoked increased anxiety outside; and it seemed to him as if the window-panes were every moment accommodating a larger number of flattened noses. The poor man felt himself a prisoner, and listened with eagerness for any sound which gave hope or promise of deliverance; but it was not till after three mortal hours of his guest’s comical captivity that the considerate host, who would not “disturb” his guest too early, entered the apartment, and thus became aware of the presence of the admiring crowd, who, it need scarcely be said, were quickly dispersed, to Father Mathew’s ineffable relief.”—*Life, by Mr. Maguire, M.P.*

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—“I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits; and, as I wished

to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."—*The Doctor*.

PIETY AND LEARNING.

"Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," he answered: "they can cheat me as to their *piety*, but they can't as to their learning."

THE BISHOP AND THE PREMIER.

Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and Lord Palmerston were on a visit in the country. The Premier offered to take the Bishop to church in his carriage; the Bishop chose to go on foot. A shower came on just as the carriage overtook the pedestrian: the Prime Minister put his head out of the window, with—

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to *walk*;

and the Bishop immediately retorted with—

Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

—*From the Athenæum*.

NOT AT CHURCH.

"What keeps our friend farmer B—— away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by a vigilant minister to his clerk. "I have not seen him amongst us," continued he, "these three weeks."

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I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away." "No, your honour," replied the clerk; "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism? God forbid it should be Deism!" "No, your honour; it is something worse than that." "Worse than Deism? Good heavens! I trust it is not Atheism?" "No, your honour; it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism? Impossible!—nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes it is, your honour; it is *Rheumatism!*"

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Dr. Whately, after he had received the mitre, still continued the same jovial, free-and-easy man in manners that he had been as a Fellow and College Master at Oxford. With an abundant fund of anecdote, enlivened with humour and brilliant flashes of wit, he was quite at home in convivial meetings of an intellectual kind in Dublin. All sorts of stories are current about his love of fun—how he got rid of a pompous professor of grammar, by challenging him to decline the word "cat," and, when the professor came to the vocative case, "O cat," laughing at him, and asking him who ever called to a cat "O cat," and not "puss!" How, on another occasion, he invited the Provost of Trinity, the Commander of the Forces, and all sorts of big-wigs to dinner, and then gravely asked the company, as a scientific question, "Why the white sheep eat more than the black sheep?"—the answer being one which a *savan* would certainly not expect from a distinguished theologian—"Simply because there are more of them." To these stories may be added that of the English clergyman on a visit to Dublin, who, on being chaffed by the Archbishop more than he thought proper, stopped him by saying, "You forget, your Grace, that I am not in your Diocese." In 1831, when he was appointed to the Archbishopric, Dr. Arnold could write of him thus:—"In point of essential holiness there does not live a truer Christian than Whately. It grieves me that he is spoken of as dangerous and latitudinarian, because his intellectual nature keeps pace with his spiritual, instead of being left as Low Churchmen leave it—a fallow field for all unsightly creeds to flourish in. He is a truly great man in the truest sense of the word; and if the safety and welfare of the Protestant Church in Ireland depended on human instruments, none could be found in the whole empire so likely to maintain it." Blanco White called Whately a "sensible and refined John Knox."—*Athenæum*.

SERMON ANECDOTES.

Sermons and sermon-makers have been favourite anecdotic topics from a very early date. We shall not, however, go further back than the seventeenth century.

Charles the Second had peculiar notions of sermon-making. His Majesty was altogether in favour of extempore preaching, and was unwilling to listen to the delivery of a written sermon. Patrick excused himself from a chaplaincy, "finding it very difficult to get a sermon without book." On one occasion, the King asked the famous Stillingfleet, "How it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed that he always preached without book elsewhere?" Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. "But pray," continued Stillingfleet, "will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, Doctor," replied the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

On one occasion, when unable or unwilling to sleep, Charles II. was so much pleased with a passage in a sermon by South, that he laughed outright; and, turning to Lawrence Hyde, Lord Rochester, "Odds fish! Lory," said he, "your chaplain must be a Bishop; therefore, put me in mind of him next vacancy." Of Barrow, he said that he was an unfair preacher, because as it had been explained, he exhausted every subject, and left no room for others to come after him; but the King's allusion was made somewhat slyly to the length as well as excellence of Barrow's sermons.

Charles had an odd notion on Nonconformist perception. Of Woolley, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, he observed that he was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead—that he had given him a living in Suffolk, swarming with Nonconformists—that he had gone from house to house, and brought them all to church—that he had made him a Bishop for his diligence; but what he could have said to the Nonconformists he could not imagine, except he believed that his nonsense suited their nonsense.

An undesigned piece of symbolism once lost an Irish divine the mitre. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Dean Swift, was requested by a country clergyman to take his duty for him on the next Sunday. The Doctor, then in high favour at Dublin Castle, complied, and preached an old sermon on the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Now, the Sunday in question was the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover, and the supposed insult was never forgiven.

An odd circumstance occurred in 1772. On Feb. 21, complaint was made in the House of Commons of Dr. Nowel's sermon, preached before them on the 30th of January, in which he vindicated Charles I., and drew a parallel between him and King George III. T. Townshend, jun., moved to have it burned by the hands of the common hangman; but as the House had, according to usual custom, thanked the parson for his sermon, without hearing or reading it, they could not censure it now, without exposing themselves to great ridicule. However, it was subsequently resolved in the House, by 152 to 41, to expunge the thanks; Gen. Keppel, Col. Fitzroy, and Charles Fox, all descendants of Charles I., voting against the sermon, as did even Dyson, and many other courtiers.

The pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, has been a very controversial one. Here, in Charles's time, all the Fast-day sermons were preached before Pym, Cromwell, Harrison (Praise God Barebones), and the rest of the then Parliament of England. Here, also, Hugh Peters preached, exciting the Parliament to bring Charles to trial; and from that same pulpit were subsequently delivered many brilliant discourses in execration of the Martyrdom. The sermon preached in this church by Dr. Croxall, before the House of Commons, on January 30, 1730, from the text, "Take away the wicked from before the King, and his throne shall be established in righteousness," however, so offended Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the House being presented to the preacher. This was not lost upon Henley, the tub-orator, who wrote for the motto of his next lecture:—

Away with the wicked before the king,
 Away with the wicked behind him;
 His throne it will bless
 With righteousness,
 And we shall know where to find him.

In the above year—a time of general distress—charity sermons were delivered from various pulpits in London, but with such small results as to excite the jokers. On nine-and-twenty shillings being collected after a charity sermon at a chapel in Bishopsgate, a copy was found posted on the wall:—

So little given at the chapel door!
 This people, doubtless, must be poor.
 So much at gaming thrown away!
 No nation, sure, so rich as they.
 Britons! 'twere greatly for your glory,
 Should those who shall transmit your story,
 Their notions of your grandeur frame
 Not as you give, but as you name.

We find a congenial oddity in the *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, by W. Creech, F.R.S.: "Abridgment of a Sermon, which took up an hour in delivering, from these words:—'Man is born to trouble.'

"MY FRIENDS,

"The subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man came into the world naked and bare,
2. His progress through it is trouble and care;
3. His exit from it none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here, he'll be well there.

Now I can say no more, my brethren dear,

Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen."

Another piece of pulpit eccentricity was the persuasive reminder preached by a curate named *Joseph*, at Dublin Cathedral, by permission of Swift, before an oblivious great man, *Butler*, Duke of Ormond, from the significant text, "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him."

Preaching at individuals has been carried to great lengths. Bishop Warburton, in a sermon at Court, asserted that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects; and, in speaking, turned himself about, and stared at the Bishop of London. He added, that if any arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. [Warburton expected the Bishopric of London himself when Terrick got it.]

Most persons, not very hard-hearted, can feel for the divine, who, on being asked to preach a funeral sermon, did not find out, till he was in the pulpit, that the manuscript which he had taken from his stock had for text, "And the beggar died." He at least, could sympathize with a friend of his who found himself in nearly as awkward a predicament, having to "improve" the death of a pious lady from the warning words, "Remember Lot's wife."

Then there was the curious specimen of electioneering zeal, preached by a clergyman of the Established Church, at Bradford, from the text, "Are not two *sparrows* sold for one farthing?" when Mr. Whitbread and Howard, the philanthropist, were candidates for the representation of that town, in opposition to a Mr. William Wake and a *Mr. Sparrow*; the comforting encouragement to the former pair being declared: "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many *sparrows*."

In another sermon, something like the following enigmatical questions are proposed: Who is it that was *not born*, but *died*?

Who was *born*, but did not *die*? Who went through both *birth* and *death*, but knew no corruption?—the respective answers being *Adam*, *Enoch*, and *Lot's Wife*.—Communicated to *Notes and Queries*, No. 321.

Dr. Warner, in a letter to Selwyn, tells of a trick of the neighbouring Lincolnshire parsons to hold a convocation on Saturdays—and then for whist, backgammon, and tobacco, till they could not see, hear, or speak. Roger, the servant of one of them, asked Humphrey, the servant of another, what the deuce could be the meaning that their masters met so on *Saturdays*, of all days? “Why! what do’st think, fool,” cried Numps, archly, “but to change sarmunts among one another?”—“Neay, then,” said Roger, “I am zure as how they uses my measter very badly, for he always has the worst.”

A clergyman preaching a wedding sermon, chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: “And let there be abundance of peace while the moon endureth.”

A dull preacher in a country church sent all the congregation to sleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth, listening. The parson enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, “What! all asleep but this poor idiot!” “Aye,” quoth the natural, “and if I had not been a poor idiot, I should have been asleep too.”

Short sermons have been patronized in high places. Bishop Newton relates that when George II. had to receive the Holy Eucharist, his main anxiety was that the sermon on that day might be a short one, since otherwise, he was, to use his own words, “in danger of falling asleep, and catching cold.” The Bishop had taken care in his sermons at Court to come within the compass of twenty minutes; but after this, especially on great festivals, he never exceeded fifteen minutes, so that the King sometimes said to the Clerk of the Closet, “a good short sermon.”

Sterne’s Sermons are, in general, very short, which circumstance gave rise to the following joke at Bull’s Library, at Bath:—A footman had been sent by his lady to purchase one of Smallbridge’s sermons, when, by mistake, he asked for a *small religious* sermon. The bookseller being puzzled how to reply to his request, a gentleman present suggested, “Give him one of Sterne’s.” Once he was invited to preach before the Ambassador, at Paris. The little chapel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, “*pres barrière du Louvre*,” had echoed the dull utterances of a Dr. Trail, who wearied Wilkes sadly. But now it was filled to overflowing with the most motley congregation: there were all nations, believers and unbelievers, Humes, Diderots,

D'Holbachs, all gathered to hear famous Parson Yorick. The sermon was worthy of the occasion, and was perhaps the strangest of all his strange sermons. He selected Hezekiah ("an odd subject, you and mother will say," he wrote to Lydia)—and giving out the following text—"And he said, *What have they seen in thine house? And Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among all my treasures that I have not showed them*"—startled the audience with, "And where was the harm, you'll say, in all this?" He then proceeded to explain the whole story in a pleasant discourse, admirable in style, and very practical in tone. Nothing can be more admirable than his remarks on the motive of human actions.—(Fitzpatrick's *Life of Sterne*.)—One of Sterne's congregation was heard to say he greatly admired his sermon, but he expected every moment to see the preacher throw his *mig*, in playful humour, at one of his hearers.

Of the wonderful preaching of George Whitefield we have many special records. The prodigious effects produced by his words are said to have been chiefly due to the tone and manner which set them off. Whitefield spoke so loudly, and with so perfect an intonation, that Franklin, by going to the furthest point at which he was distinctly audible, and allowing two square feet to each person in a semicircle, of which the pulpit was the centre, found he could be easily heard by 30,000 people. His voice was captivating as powerful. Franklin states that it produced the same kind of pleasure with beautiful music, and that without being interested in the subject it was impossible not to be gratified with the perfection of the elocution. His vehemence was excessive. A poor man said he preached like a lion. Sometimes he stamped; sometimes wept, sometimes stopped, exhausted by emotion, and appeared as if about to expire. He usually vomited after his exertions, and sometimes brought up blood. But all this tempest of passion was managed with art so admirable that it wore the appearance of uncontrollable nature. Passages which repel the reader by their extravagance and impropriety, entranced the most fastidious auditors by the sheer force of his extraordinary delivery. Nothing which was intended to be reverent could well seem less so than his address to the attendant angel, whom he supposed to be about to ascend from his station among the multitude without being able to report that a single person had been turned from error. He stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel! stop Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." This

impetuous apostrophe to an imaginary being as to a real messenger between heaven and earth, which appears to the cool judgment no less ludicrous than profane, was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that the philosophic Hume declared it to have surpassed anything he had ever witnessed. Another highly-wrought passage of questionable taste, in which, after exclaiming, "Look yonder, what is that I see?" he depicted the agony of the Saviour in the garden, as though the scene were passing before the eyes of his congregation, was frequently repeated in his addresses, and, strange to relate, those who were familiar with it were not less affected than the first time they were present.

Whitefield's first sermon was preached to a crowded audience in the church of his native parish. He had, when a boy, been no contemptible actor, a circumstance which, in his journals, he wishes to be able to record in tears of blood, but which was, probably, of great advantage to him on his first appearance in the pulpit. He had, indeed, many natural advantages. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour: in recovering from the measles he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable than any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator.

Whitefield made his first essay in *field-preaching* at Kingswood, near Bristol, to the poor colliers, February 17, 1739. The deep silence of his rude auditors was the first proof that he had impressed them; and it may well be imagined how greatly the consciousness and confidence of his own powers must have been increased, when, as he says, he saw the white gutters made by the tears which plentifully fell down their black cheeks—black as they came out of their coal-pits. "The open firmament above me," says he, "the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together; to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me."

Wesley's eloquence was recommended by a dignified manner, an

Harmonious voice, and a thorough persuasion of the truth and importance of all which he asserted, employed on the most awful truths; and deriving fresh effect from the apparent condescension of the speaker to persons little accustomed to tenderness or solicitude from those in a superior station, might well thrill the heart and give any direction to their feelings which he thought proper. "Oh!" said John Nelson, one of his most ardent converts, speaking of the first time he heard Wesley preach, "that was a blessed morning for my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand, he stroked back his hair and turned his face towards where I stood, and I thought he fixed his eyes on me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." Nelson might well think thus, for it was a peculiar characteristic of Wesley in his discourses, that in winding up his sermons—in pointing his exhortations and driving them home—he spoke as if he were addressing himself to an individual, so that everyone to whom the condition which he described was applicable, felt as if he were singled out; and the preacher's words were then like the eyes of a portrait which seem to look at every beholder. "Who," said the preacher, "Who art thou, that now seest and feelest both thine inward and outward ungodliness? Thou art the man! I want thee for my Lord, I challenge *thee* for a child of God by faith. The Lord hath need of *thee*. Thou who feelest thou are just fit for hell, art just fit to advance his glory—the glory of his free grace, justifying the ungodly and him that worketh not. O come quickly! Believe in the Lord Jesus: and *thou*, even *thou*, art reconciled to God."

This discourse must have been nearly akin to what has, in our times, been termed "terrific preaching." Mr. Leifchild, the Non-conformist, in one of his sermons, at the close of a striking description of the alarm felt by a sinner at the approach of death, exclaimed in a wild tone, "His friends rush to him—he is gone!" Then, with solemn impressiveness, the preacher added, "*He is dead!*" and at last, in a voice that came on the ear like low thunder, he pronounced, "*He is damned!*" Talfourd describes the effect as "petrifying and withering: it seemed as though he had actually witnessed, while he spoke, the passage of a soul into eternity, and the sealing of its irrevocable doom."

When Bishop Blomfield was Rector of Dunton, he had, in 1816, to preach the visitation sermon to the clergy at Aylesbury. In writing to a friend on the choice of a subject, he says, "I was

thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession, but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the Archdeaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negresses." This sort of smartness, combined with peremptory manners in transacting parochial business, made him as much feared as admired by the countryfolk, one of whom remarked, "I call him Mr. Snaptrace."

At Chesterford he preached on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He preached *ex tempore*, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse:—"Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there *be* a God!"

Dr. Blomfield confessed that he had never heard but one good preacher, and that was Rowland Hill. Dr. Maltby accompanied Dr. Blomfield, and greatly admired the discourse; but when Mr. Hill floundered in attempting two pieces of Greek criticism, the two future bishops sat and winked at each other. One clergyman, at least, paid the Bishop the compliment of stealing his sermon, in which he stoutly denied that the fall of the Brunswick Theatre was a divine judgment on the particular sufferers, and applied it to the visitation of the cholera.

Andrewes, of St. James's, Piccadilly, "had the merit of preaching not his own sermons; he used to preach Paley;" and when asked to publish his sermons, "declined, saying, he could not publish his manner with them."

When, in 1764, the Duke of York's remittances were stopped, and he was ordered home on account of the Prince's extravagance abroad having made a public clamour,—a popular preacher delivered a sermon on the following text: "The *younger son* gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."—*St. Luke* xv. 13.

Irish divines have ever been noted for their eccentricities. None but a clergyman from beyond the Channel would, on being appointed to preach a "condemned" sermon, have selected an old University discourse, and have promised the unfortunate criminal, who was to be hanged on the morrow, that the remainder of the homily should be given on the next Sunday. None but a son of Erin would have

CLERICAL LIFE.

divided his sermon into two parts, first addressing those who were present, then those who were absent. We doubt not that the dissenting minister, who declared that "God takes care of all His living creatures—animate and inanimate," was of Celtic origin, and own brother to him who said that "the heart of man is an empty vacuum, full of tigers and unclean deceits." The history of misquotation would form a goodly volume. Two instances must suffice. "My dear friends," said a female preacher of the sect *Trembleurs*, "never forget those beautiful words of Holy Writ, All's well that ends well." An unlucky parson intended to take for his text, "We shall not die, but be all changed; but, reading it from an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, he made it *not die, but be all hanged*."

Dr. Parr preached the Spital sermon, at Christ Church, on the invitation of the Lord Mayor, Harvey Combe, and, as they were coming out of the church together, "Well," said Parr, "how did you like the sermon?" "Why, Doctor," replied his Lordship, "there were four things in it that I did not like to hear." "State them." "Why, to speak frankly, then, they were the quarters of the church-clock, which struck four times before you had finished." Yet Parr's Spital Sermon, in 1799, occupied nearly three hours in its delivery!

Richard Baxter preached a sermon before Charles II., which is supposed to have occupied an hour and a half in the delivery; and, though the title-page states it to have been preached "contractedly," certain "enlargements" are stated to have been made. The length of Barrow's sermons has been alluded to at page 200. He is said to have once preached three hours and a half. (Pope's *Life of Bishop Ward*, quoted in Abraham Hill's "*Life of Barrow*," prefixed to the Oxford edition of his *Works*, 1830, i. xxi.)

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* observes: Very respectable precedents might be urged on this head. The Apostle Paul, as Eutychus knew to his cost, on one occasion, at least, was "so long preaching" as to keep his hearers until midnight. The Puritans were remarkable for the wordy and elaborate way in which they "opened" even a very simple text; and many of Bunyan's discourses would form a good-sized pocket volume. Hogarth has represented a clergyman preaching by the hour-glass, with the witty accompaniment of a copy of Warwick's *Spare Minutes*—a conceit that tells its own story very pleasantly. But what is the length of the above sermons compared with the test of a man's religious earnestness as suggested by some Puritan in *Old Mortality*: "Can he sit six hours on a wet hill-side listening to a sermon?"

Mr. Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why, it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh, yes," said the preacher; "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah, but," replied Canning, *you were tedious.*"

Speaking of a popular preacher, Lord Brougham once said: "His style is so inflated that one of his sermons would fill the Nassau Balloon!"

A woman in humble life was asked one day, on her way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "Well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day; for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson; "it is, indeed, a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and *thinks o' nothing.*"

Robert Hall was once rebuked by Matthew Wilks of the Tabernacle, for "talking nonsense" at a private party, after having just before preached an eloquent sermon. "Matthew," replied Hall, "the difference between us is this: I talk my nonsense in the parlour, thou talkest thine in the pulpit."

Dr. Arnold once preached a sermon against taking in the monthly numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby*. The sermon was not very effective; but the protest against uninterrupted excitement, which was the pith of the discourse, was not unneeded.

A friend accused another of sleeping in church, which he flatly denied, insisting that he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said the accuser, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," was the answer, "it was about half-an-hour too long."

Among pertinent texts is that which Paley had chosen to preach on Mr. Pitt's visit to Cambridge University, when he was Prime Minister: "There is a lad here who has two loaves and five small fishes—but what are they *among so many?*"

MIND YOUR FIGURES.

On the occasion of the death of the Duke of York, in 1827, funeral sermons were preached in the various churches in London, and amongst them, at St. Andrew's, Holborn; where the following

mistake arose in giving out the psalm to be sung. The rector, the Rev., W. Beresford, had directed, "three verses from the 62nd Psalm, beginning at the fifth verse;" when his curate, the Rev. Mr. Hoole, as was his custom, wrote down the number of the Psalm, &c., and handed it to the clerk. Hoole had written the figures badly, and the clerk gave out three verses from the 52nd Psalm, beginning at the fifth verse" (Brady and Tate, New Version):

God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away, &c.,

and the three verses were actually sung by the congregation, greatly to the annoyance of the rector; and of poor Hoole, who was not much relieved upon being shown his own handwriting by the clerk in explanation of the circumstance.

SCOTTISH PREACHERS.

The experiences of the Scottish ministry are chequered with more oddity than the habitual gravity of the people might lead us to expect. Here are a few instances.

A Scottish betteral (beadle), proud of the performance of his clergyman, said, in a triumphal tone to another beadle: "Eh, our minister had a great power o' watter, for he greet and spat, and wat like mischief." A beadle of one of the large churches in Glasgow, criticising the sermon of a minister from the country who had been preaching in the city church, characterized it as "Gude coarse country wark."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

The greatest scholars are not invariably the best preachers; indeed, the reverse appears to be common. Dr. MacKnight, the profound commentator, was nevertheless a heavy, dull preacher. His colleague, Dr. Henry, the author of the *History of England*, with all his pleasantry and abilities, had himself as little popularity in the pulpit as his coadjutor: he had been remarking to Dr. MacKnight what a blessing it was that they two were colleagues in one charge, and continued dwelling on the subject so long, that Dr. M., not quite pleased at the frequent reiteration of the remark, said that it certainly was a great pleasure to himself, but he did not see what great benefit it might be to the world. "Ah," said Dr. Henry, "an it hadna been for that, there wad hae been *twa toom* (empty) kirks this day."

A lengthy discourse is often provocative of a repartee. A preacher of an-hour-and-a-half discourses, being asked, as a gentle hint, of their possibly needless length, if he did not feel *tired* after preaching so long, he replied, "Na, na, I'm no tired;" adding, however, with much *naïveté*, "But, Lord, how tired the fook whiles are."

The old Scotch hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching *old sermons*. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. "Indeed, sir," replied the beadle, "they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it no sax months syne."—An old elder of Dr. Cook's said to him one day: "Now-a-days people make a work if a minister preach the same sermon over again in the course of two or three years. When I was a boy, we would have wondered if old Mr. W—— had preached anything else than what we had heard the Sunday before."

A dull sermon has often proved soporific. Dean Ramsay relates that the Earl of Lauderdale was alarmingly ill; one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which the medical men declared he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat daft, was seated under the table, and cried out, "Sen' for that preaching-man frae Livingstone, for he aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought the hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on, he recovered.

An old Fife gentleman had been to church at Elie, and listening to a young and perhaps bombastic preacher, who happened to be officiating for the Rev. Dr. Milligan, then in the church. After service, meeting the Doctor in the passage, he introduced the young clergyman, who, on being asked by the old man how he did, elevated his shirt-collar, and complained of fatigue, and being very much "*tired*." "Tired, did ye say, my man," said the old satirist, who was slightly deaf, "Lord, man! if you're *half* as tired as I am, I pity ye."

There is an eye to the economy of human life in the following. The Rev. Walter Dunlop, of Dumfries, while making his pastoral visitations, came to a farmhouse where he was expected; and the mistress, thinking that he would be in need of refreshment, proposed that he should take his tea before engaging in *exercises*, and said she would soon have it ready. Mr. Dunlop replied, "I aye tak' my tea better when my work's done. I'll just be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on, an' lea' the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the haam fizzin'."

A parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath-day, and thus saved the parishioners two journeys to church. A young girl, who accompanied her grandmother, was sufficiently wearied before the close of

the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame, this is a lang grace, and nae meat."

Very droll are the estimates of some congregations of the merits of their ministers. A worthy old clergyman having, upon the occasion of a communion Monday, taken a text involving a discussion of a strictly moral or practical question, was thus commented on by an ancient dame of the congregation, who was previously acquainted with his style of discourse:—"If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's aye sure to tak' it."

A poor woman was asked if she ever attended Dr. Chalmers's church, in the West Port, for Divine Service. "Ou ay," she replied; "there's a man ca' Chalmers preaches there, and I whiles gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, puir body!"

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I watna, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons bae that jumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

Canine intruders have been known to upset the gravity of many an audience. Dean Ramsay relates that a clergyman had been annoyed in the course of his sermon by restlessness and occasional whining of a dog, which at last began to bark outright. He looked out for the beadle, and directed him very peremptorily, "John, carry that dog out." John looked up to the pulpit, and with a very knowing expression said, "Na, na, sir; I'se just make him gae out on his ain four legs."

A dog had been very troublesome in one of the Glasgow churches, and disturbed the congregation for some time, when the minister at last gave orders to the beadle, "Take out that dog; he'd waken a Glasgow magistrate."





LAW AND LAWYERS.

CHANCES OF THE BAR.

LORD Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

This advice has also been attributed to Lord Thurlow, who with Dunning might be cited as practical examples of the stimulating effects of poverty. They used generally to "dine together in vacation time, at a small eating-house near Chancery-lane, where their meal was supplied to them at the charge of sevenpence-halfpenny a head." Horne Tooke, who frequently made a third, added, in telling this, "Dunning and myself were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise." Erskine often spoke of the incentive at home in his wife and children twitching at his gown, and constraining him to exertion.

Lord Abinger was so strongly impressed with the conviction, that independence in point of circumstances was requisite, as well to give the candidate a fair chance as to keep up the respectability of the calling, that at one time he had serious thoughts of proposing a property qualification for barristers. In his opinion, 400*l.* a-year was the smallest income on which a barrister should begin.

Sir Thomas Buxton relates that he once asked Lord Abinger what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much attention to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour I am always doing mischief to my client; if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important than I had previously lodged there."

STUDY OF THE LAW.

When Mr. Wilberforce had a long talk with Lord Eldon, on the best mode of study for some young friends of his to be lawyers, the

ly was not encouraging:—"I have no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit, and work like a horse." Nevertheless the real labour once mastered, we may "drive several accomplishments abreast."

Mr. Charles Butler tells us that Fearn, the author of the *Essay on Contingent Remainders*, was profoundly versed in medicine, chemistry, and mathematics—had obtained a patent for dyeing scarlet—and written a treatise on the Greek accent. The period of life at which students impair their health by study is generally from eighteen to twenty-five.

As to the overwhelming labour of the law, *when it has been learned*, the late Lord Abinger used to boast that he dined out every day during the whole of a long Guildhall sittings; and lawyers in full business spend evening after evening in the House of Commons.

In a long list of examples, nothing strikes us more than the variety of plans of study, modes of life, kinds of talent, and degrees of industry, presented by it. Thurlow at Nando's, and Wedderburn in the green-room; Murray before the looking-glass, and Eldon with the wet towel round his head; a judge's son (Camden) neglected for twelve years, and an attorney's (Hardwicke) fairly forced into the Solicitor-Generalship in five; Kenyon loving law, and Romilly detesting it; Dunning brought forward by an East India director, and Erskine by an old seaman; such things set all speculation at defiance, or bring us back at last to the sage remark of Vanvenargues, that "everything may be looked for from men and from events."

RISE OF LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

When Lord Loughborough first came to London, he was a constant attendant at the green-room, and associated with Macklin, Foote, and Sheridan (the father of Richard Brinsley), who assisted him to soften down his Scotch accent. But the main chance was not neglected. It is stated in Boswell's Johnson, that he solicited Strahan the printer, a countryman, to get him employed in city causes; and his brother-in-law, Sir Harry Erskine, procured him the patronage of Lord Bute. When a man of decided talent and good connexion does not stand on trifles, there is no necessity for speculating on the precise causes of his success.

By the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind, and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs

wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter, was put into Lord Loughborough's hand, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd man as the Chancellor; who forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said his Lordship, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—I am Ezekiel!"

THE CHANCELLOR'S PURSE.

Lady Hardwicke, the wife of the Chancellor, loved money as well as his lordship did, and what he got she saved. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during Lord Hardwicke's time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not become the Seal-bearer's perquisite, for she annually retained the purse herself; having previously ordered that the velvet of which it was made should be of the length of the height of one of the state rooms at Wimpole, Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire. So many of the old purses were thus saved, that Lady Hardwicke had enough velvet to hang the state-room throughout, and make curtains for the state bed.

Lord Hardwicke, on one occasion, made a warlike harangue on quitting the woolsack to address the House of Lords; carried away by the national enthusiasm, beyond his accustomed moderation and even gentleness of speech, he was declaiming with vehemence on the Spanish depredations in 1739, when Sir Robert Walpole, standing on the throne, said to those near him, "Bravo, Colonel Yorke, bravo!"

LORD FOLEY'S WILL.

Lord Foley, finding his two sons inordinately addicted to gambling, left the bulk of his property to the son of his eldest son, and only gave a life income to the two brothers. The sons, who had reckoned on their father's death to clear off their gambling debts, actually attempted to get an Act of Parliament passed to set aside the will; and so strong was the pressure exercised by a fashionable society, which thought it very hard on two fine young men to be kept from gambling, that the Bill all but passed through the Lords, and Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden retired rather than vote against

it. Charles Fox, for whom the two brothers were bound to the extent of 40,000*l.*, did not hesitate to use all his great social and Parliamentary influence in order to procure a vote sanctioning this monstrous invasion of law.

LORD NORTHINGTON.

Lord Northington was one of the "swearing chancellors." When his Lordship was chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well Mr. Bartlemy," said his Lordship, snuffing, "what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair an opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his Lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, saying, "By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." In his last illness he was recommended to avail himself of the services of a certain prelate. "He will never do," said the Chancellor; "I should have to acknowledge that one of my heaviest sins was in having made him a bishop."

Lady Northington, who was an ignorant woman, told George III. at a drawing-room, that their country-house was built by *Indigo* Jones. To this the King replied that he "thought so by the style." When her Ladyship related this conversation to Lord Northington, the latter remarked, to her surprise, that he could not well tell which was the greatest fool, she or his Majesty.

RISE OF THE GREAT LORD CAMDEN.

This illustrious judge, (Charles Pratt,) lost his father when only ten years old; and from the reduced circumstances of his family, was placed upon the foundation at Eton, where he had the good fortune to form a lasting friendship with William Pitt, afterwards "the great Commoner"; but, it was long before this or any other influence brightened Mr. Pratt's prospects. It was a remarkable circumstance, (says Lord Brougham,) that although Lord Camden entered the profession with all the advantages of elevated station, he was less successful in his pursuit, and came more slowly into the emoluments of the profession, than almost all others who can be mentioned, who have raised themselves to its more eminent heights, from humble and even obscure beginnings. One can hardly name any other chief-judge, except Bacon himself, who was the son of a chief-justice. Lord Camden's father presided in the Court of King's Bench. He himself was called to the Bar in his twenty-fourth

year, and he continued to await the arrival of clients—"their knocks at his door while the cock crew"—for fourteen long years; but to wait in vain. In his 38th year, he was, like Lord Eldon, on the point of retiring from Westminster Hall, and had resolved to shelter himself from the frowns of Fortune within the walls of his college, there to live upon a fellowship till a vacant living in the country should fall to his share.

This resolution he communicated to his friend, Lord Henley, afterwards Lord Northington, who vainly endeavoured to rally him out of a despondency for which, it must be confessed, there seemed good ground. He consented, however, at his friend's solicitation, to go once more the Western Circuit, and through his kind offices received a brief, as his junior, in an important cause. The leader's accidental illness threw upon Mr. Pratt the conduct of the cause, and his great eloquence, and his far more important qualifications of legal knowledge and practical expertness in the management of business, at once opened for him the way to a brilliant fortune. He obtained the verdict, and received several retainers before he left the Hall. He was made a King's Counsel in 1755, and in 1757 was appointed Attorney-General by his old friend Pitt, who was Prime Minister. He now had an opportunity of acting upon the great principles of justice for which he had contended so long. When John Wilkes was seized and committed to the Tower for the *North Briton*, No. 45, his Lordship granted him a *habeas corpus*, and on being brought before the Common Pleas, discharged him from his confinement, amid the shouts of the people, which were heard with dismay at St. James's. After the liberation of Wilkes, he condemned successfully "general warrants" and "search-warrants for papers," which rendered him the idol of the nation. Busts and prints of him were hawked through remote villages; a Reynolds' portrait of him was hung up in the Guildhall; he had the freedom of London presented to him in a gold box; he grimly laid down the law from sign-posts; English journals and travellers carried his fame over Europe. He was raised to the peerage, and next year made Lord Chancellor.

POPE AND LORD MANSFIELD.

For some time after Murray's call to the Bar, he was without any practice. There is a letter from Pope, in answer to one from him, in which he mentions this shortcoming with good humour. A speech which he made as counsel at the bar of the House of Lords first brought him into notice, to which Pope alludes in the following lines:—

Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.

The second of these lines is a great falling-off from the first; they were thus parodied by Colley Cibber :

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

To these chambers Pope has an allusion in one of the least read, but not least beautiful of his compositions—his imitation of the first ode of the fourth book of Horace :

To *Number Five* direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves ;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every dulcet part :
Equal the injur'd to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He with an hundred hearts refin'd,
Shall spread thy conquests over half the kind ;
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.

The two last verses allude to an unsuccessful address made by his lordship, in the early part of his life, to a lady of great wealth. Pope adverts to it in the following lines :—

Shall one, whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?

It has been argued that his knowledge of the law was by no means profound ; and that his great professional eminence was owing more to his oratory than his knowledge. To this early charge against him, Pope thus alludes :—

The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law ;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.

Imitations of Horace, book ii. epist. ii.

A CURIOUS TRIAL.

In 1771, a strange trial took place, before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, with the object of recovering the sum of a wager of five hundred guineas laid by the Duke of Queensbury (then Lord March) with a Mr. Pigot, whether Sir William Codrington or *old* Mr. Pigot should die first. It had singularly happened that Mr. Pigot died suddenly the same morning, of the gout in his head, but before either of the parties interested in the result of the wager could by any possibility have been made acquainted with the

fact. By the counsel for the defendant, it was agreed that (as in the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was to be run), the wager was invalid and annulled. Lord Mansfield, however, was of a different opinion; and after a brief charge from that great lawyer, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of five hundred guineas, and sentenced the defendant to pay the costs of the suit.

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Lord Sandwich said of Mansfield, that "his talents were more for common use, and more at his fingers' ends, than those of any other person he had known."

DUNNING, LORD ASHBURTON.

Dunning got nothing for some years after his call to the Bar, which was about 1756. "He travelled the Western Circuit," says the historian of Devonshire, Mr. Polwhele, "but had not a single brief; and had Lavater been at Exeter in the year 1759, he must have sent Counsellor Dunning to the hospital of idiots. Not a feature marked him for the son of wisdom." He was, notwithstanding, recommended by Mr. Hussey, a King's Counsel, to the Chairman of the East India Company, who was looking out for some one to draw up an answer to a memorial delivered by the Dutch government. The manner in which Dunning performed this piece of service gained him some useful connexions; and an opportune fit of the gout, which disabled one of the leaders of the Western Circuit, did still more for him. The leader in question handed over his briefs to Dunning; who made the most of the opportunity. His crowning triumph was his argument against the legality of "general warrants," delivered in 1765. He was indebted for his brief in this famous case to Wilkes, whose acquaintance he had formed at Nando's, the Grecian, and other coffeehouses about the Temple, which, at that time, were still the resort of men of wit and pleasure.

When Dunning was Solicitor-General, he diverted himself by making an excursion, in vacation-time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor-General, the king supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one

of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor-General through all the evolutions of the day, the "General" in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the *Horse's duty* never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he would never go abroad again as a general of any sort.

NOVEL-READING.

Lord Camden was a great reader of novels, upon which Charles Butler remarks: "Surely the hour of relaxation is as well employed in reading *Tom Jones*, or *Clarissa*, or any of the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, as in the perusal of the productions of party pens."

At a house of great distinction, ten gentlemen of taste were desired to frame, each of them, a list of the ten most entertaining works which they had read. One work only found its way into each list: it was *Gil Blas*.

LORD KENYON'S PARSIMONY AND ILL-TEMPER.

Lord Kenyon studied economy even in the hatchment put up over his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields after his death. The motto was certainly found to be "*Mors janua vite*"—this being at first supposed to be the mistake of the painter. But when it was mentioned to Lord Ellenborough, "Mistake!" exclaim his lordship, "it is no mistake. The considerate testator left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a *diphthong*!" Accordingly, he had the glory of dying very rich. After the loss of his eldest son, he said with great emotion to Mr. Justice Allan Park, who repeated the words soon after to the narrator—"How delighted George would be to take his poor brother from the earth, and restore him to life, although he receives 250,000*l.* by his decease!" Lord Kenyon occupied a large, gloomy house in Lincoln's-inn-fields: where, it was said,—“All the year through it is Lent in the kitchen and Passion-week in the parlour.” Some one having mentioned that, although the fire was very dull in the kitchen-grate, the *spits* were always bright,—“It is quite irrelevant,” said Jekyll, “to talk about the *spits*, for *nothing* ‘turns’ upon them.”

Chief-Justice Kenyon was curiously economical about the adornment of his head. It was observed for a number of years before he died, that he had two hats and two wigs—of the hats and the wigs one was dreadfully old and shabby, the other comparatively spruce. He always carried into court with him the very old hat and the

comparatively spruce wig, or the very old wig and the comparatively spruce hat. On the days of the very old hat and the comparatively spruce wig, he shoved his hat under the bench, and displayed his wig; but on the days of the very old wig and the comparatively spruce hat, he always continued covered. He might often be seen sitting with his hat over his wig, but the Rule of Court by which he was governed on this point is doubtful.

Lord Kenyon's hasty and ungovernable temper, and his partialities and antipathies, made him widely disliked by the Bar; while his absurd misapplication of a few stock Latin quotations made him notoriously ridiculous. He had, however, the singular good fortune to elicit two *bon-mots* from George III., who, on one occasion, said to him, "My Lord, by all I can hear, it would be well if you would stick to your good law, and leave off your bad Latin;" and on another occasion, the king remarked, "My Lord Chief-Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am very glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

BAR BLUNDERS.

The Bar has its misses. General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action "on a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent!"

A learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother "wig," who did not appear to understand them, "Don't you know the lines?" said he; "they are in Martial." "Marshall," replied his friend, "Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*." When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, "Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*."

CONSCIENTIOUS FEES.

A general retainer of 1000 guineas was brought to Topping, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty on the ordinary terms known to the profession (one guinea, particular, or five guineas general retainer,) or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty; and therefore he must decline it. His clerk then accepted the usual fee of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants.—*Lord Brougham.*

A certain Serjeant was once arraigned before the Circuit mess for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a client, when he defended himself by saying, "I took all the poor devil possessed in the world, and I hope you don't call that unprofessional." But the learned Serjeant was fined notwithstanding.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

"The usual defence of a thief, (says H. Fielding, on the *Increase of Robbers*,) especially at the Old Bailey, is an *alibi*: to prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar, when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery, I think, he was tried and executed."

"NO JUDGE."

A certain judge of our time, having somewhat hastily delivered judgment in a particular case, a king's counsel observed, in a tone loud enough to reach the bench, "Good heavens! every judgment of this court is a mere toss-up." "But heads seldom win," observed a learned barrister sitting behind him. On another occasion this wit proposed the following riddle for solution—"Why does — (the judge in question) commit an act of bankruptcy every day?" The answer was, "Because he daily gives judgment without consideration."

THE RULING PASSION.

A Mr. —, a Master in Chancery, was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit; and the attorney, missing one or two other masters, whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. — would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal

seemed to give him momentary strength : his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in his bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper. As he sunk down again he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace." "Sir!" "Your ear—lower : have you got the half-crown?" He was dead before morning.

HORSE-DEALING TRIALS.

In the art of cross-examining a witness Curran was pre-eminent. What could be cleverer than his repartee in a horse cause, when he asked the jockey's servant his master's age, and the man retorted, with ready gibe, "I never put my hand into his mouth to try!" The laugh was against the counsellor till he made the bitter reply—"You did perfectly right, friend; for your master is said to be a great bite."

Erskine displayed similar readiness in a case of breach of warranty. The horse taken on trial had become dead-lame, but the witness to prove it said he had a cataract in his eye. "A singular proof of lameness," suggested the Court. "It is cause and effect," remarked Erskine; "for what is a cataract but a fall?"

NORTHUMBRIAN WITNESSES.

Of the difficulty experienced at times by judges and counsel in making out the evidence of Northumbrian witnesses, these are comical illustrations. The inundation of 1771, which swept away the greater part of the old Tyne Bridge, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "*the flood*." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the Assizes. The counsel asking his name, received for answer—"Adam, sir; Adam Thompson."—"Where do you live?"—"At Paradise, sir" (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle).—"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.—"Ever since the flood" was the answer, made in all simplicity and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless so say that the Judge had to ask for explanations. On another occasion William Russel, deputy-surveyor of the town, said from the witness-box, "As I was going along I saw a hubblesheiw coming out of a chair-foot." His Lordship was amazed. What on earth was a "hubblesheiw" that it could come out of a chair-foot? "My Lord," explained a barrister, learned in the dialect of the natives, "a 'chair-foot' is the lower part of a narrow lane or alley; and 'hubblesheiw' is a term signifying riotous concourse of disorderly people."—*The Athenæum*.

ALMANACKS IN EVIDENCE.

The following anecdote serves to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinise the accuracy of a state-

ment before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried at the Old Bailey for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moon-light night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar; because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon: it was then during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack, with which the counsel came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

LAW OF LIBEL.

Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. “Well, then,” said the old man, “I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune who thought I was but 74; the newspapers have said I am 80, and she will not have me.”

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

In Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey* we find the following strange story, with a voucher for its truth. In Newington church is buried Mr. Sergeant Davy, who died in 1780. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; and a Sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he civilly asked him to drink; while the man was drinking Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then told the bailiff that if he did not eat the writ, which was of sheepskin and as good as mutton, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, and for contempt of their process committed him to the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, he acquired a taste for the law: on his discharge he applied himself to the study of it in earnest, was called to the bar, made a serjeant, and was for a long time in good practice.

WITNESSES TO CHARACTER.

“What do you know of his moral character?” asked the president of the court-martial of a sailor in Jerrold's dramatic version of *Black-*

eyed Susan. "A good deal," is the answer; "he plays on the fiddle like an angel."

The late Earl Dudley wound up an eloquent tribute to the virtues of a deceased Baron of the Exchequer with this pithy peroration: "He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

The term respectability was defined by one of the witnesses on the trial of John Thurtell for murder. The question was, "What sort of a person was Mr. Weare?" *Answer*—"Mr. Weare was respectable." *Counsel*—"What do you mean by respectability?" *Witness*—"He kept a gig."

A LAWYER'S TOAST.

At a dinner of a provincial Law Society, the president called upon the senior solicitor of the company to toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Then," responded he, "the man who makes his own will."

KEEPING THE ADVANTAGE.

Mr. T. O'Meara, an Irish attorney, well known for his conviviality, wit, and good nature, met at the house of a friend an Englishman of rank and fortune, whom he, according to the hospitable custom of that time, invited to his house in the country; and at the close of the visit the Englishman left Ireland with many expressions of obligation for the kindness and attention he had received. Shortly after, O'Meara, for the first time, visited London, and one day saw his English acquaintance walking on the opposite side of Bond-street; so he immediately crossed over, declared, with outstretched hand, how delighted he was to see him again. The gentleman was walking with two friends of highly aristocratic cast, and dressed in the utmost propriety of costume; and when he saw a wild-looking man, with soiled leather breeches, dirty top-boots, not over-clean linen, nor very closely-shaven beard, striding up to him, with a whip in his hand, and the lash twisted round his arm, he started back, and with a look of cold surprise, said, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "I have, sir," said O'Meara, looking at him coldly for a moment, and then walking away, "and by heaven I'll keep it."

A COURTEOUS JUDGE.

Justice Graham was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench. On one occasion it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the Court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh," he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back;" and putting on the

black cap, courteously apologised for his mistake, and consigned him to the gallows, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one found guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. &c. Among other peculiarities he had a custom of repeating the answers made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to observe on the subject?" "Eh, my lord?" "Eh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jem aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good; he'd knock the breath out of your body—and what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good; and then—" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open—good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good."—*London Review*.

THE CRIMINAL LAW.

The temper with which too many persons of rank and influence received any project of amelioration at the beginning of this century, is forcibly exhibited in this observation by Romilly: "If any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution, and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform, on humane and liberal principles. He will then find, not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit, it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. I have had several opportunities of observing this. It is but a few nights ago, that, while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, whose name is not worth setting down, came up to me, and, breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your Bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded; and, endeavouring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that I supposed he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. 'No, no,' he said; 'it is not that. There is no good done by mercy; they only get worse. I would hang them all up at once.'"

THE LAST ENGLISH GIBBET.

In March, 1856, the last gibbet erected in England was demolished by the workmen employed by the contractors making docks for the North-Eastern Railway Company, upon the Tyne. The

DRINKING ON CIRCUIT.

Lord Cockburn relates the opinion expressed by an old drunken writer of Selkirk, regarding his anticipation of professional success for Mr. Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Corehouse. Sir Walter Scott, William Erskine, and Cranstoun, had dined with this Selkirk writer, and Scott, of hardy, strong, and healthy frame, had matched the writer himself in the matter of whisky-punch. Poor Cranstoun, being delicate, was a bad hand at such work, and was soon off the field. On the party breaking up, the Selkirk writer expressed his admiration of Scott, assuring him that *he* would rise high in the profession, and adding,—“I’ll tell ye what, Maister Walter, that lad Cranstoun may get to the tap o’ the bar, if he can; but, tak my word for it, it’s no be by drinking.”

Cockburn was very fond of describing a circuit scene at Stirling, in his early days at the bar, under the presidency of Lord Hermand. After the circuit dinner, and when drinking had gone on for some time, young Cockburn observed places becoming vacant in the social circle, but no one going out at the door. He found that the individuals had dropped down under the table. He took the hint, and by this ruse retired from the scene. He lay quiet till the beams of the morning sun penetrated the apartment. The judge and some of his staunch friends coolly walked upstairs, washed their hands and faces, came down to breakfast, and went into Court, quite fresh, and fit for work. In these days, convivial attainments were points of character; the cautious approval being, “and he is a fair drinker.”

A Scottish judge had dined with a party of legal characters at Coalstoun, and on rising, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, which was open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping from off the house behind, the worthy judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, to regain his legs and reach the drawing-room, where the first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend, the host,—“Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sik lang steps to your *front* door?”

With Lord Hermand drinking was a virtue; he had a sincere respect for it—indeed, a high moral approbation—and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, with due contempt of those who could, but did not. No carouse ever injured his health, for he was never ill; nor did it impair his taste for home or quiet, or muddle his head: he slept the sounder for it, and rose the earlier and the cooler. It is told that he used very often to go direct from his club to the court on Saturday mornings.

When some degenerate youths were once protesting against more wine, he exclaimed mournfully, "What shall we come to at last? I believe I shall be left alone on the face of the earth—drinking claret!"

Hermard, when trying a man at Edinburgh who had killed a friend in a drunken fray, feeling that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told," said Hermard, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him, after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! my lairds, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he no do when he's sober?"

A SCOTCH VILLAGE.

Lord Gardenston, one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, founded, about a century ago, the present village of Laurencekirk, on his property in Kincardineshire. To encourage strangers to settle in it, he gave free rights (copyhold) at an unusually low rate, and consequently, got several of them taken by parties of questionable respectability. He built an inn in the village and placed in one of the rooms an album, inviting travellers to write in it any suggestions or observations; and he called frequently to look at the contents. It is said that he felt much nettled on finding in it one morning the following lines:—

From small beginnings Rome of old
Became a great and populous city,
Though peopled first, as we are told,
By outcasts, blackguards, and banditti:
Quoth Thomas, "Then the time may come
When Laurencekirk shall equal Rome."

JUDICIAL ABSURDITIES.

Lord Eskgrove, the Scottish judge, is described by Cockburn as cunning in old Scotch law, but a more ludicrous person could not exist. His lordship knew him in the zenith of his absurdity: people seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days, was famous for this particularly. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

A remark of his on the trial of Mr Fysche Palmer for sedition is one of the very few things that he ever said that had some little

merit of its own. Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect of the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. "Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client; for if kings be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kings."*

Of his absurdities some amusing specimens are given. In condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, the judge aggravated the offence thus: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's."

In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into Court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty—"Young woman! you will now consider yourself in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face."

In pronouncing sentence of death, he would console a prisoner by assuring him that "whatever your religious persuasion may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persuasion at all, there are plenty of reverend gentlemen who will be most happy to show you the way to eternal life." In condemning two or three persons to die for burglary and violence, after reminding them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, he came to this climax—"All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to their dinner!"

Lord Kames, an indefatigable but speculative coarse man, tried Matthew Hay, with whom he used to play at chess, for murder at Ayr, in September, 1780. When the verdict of Guilty was returned, "That's *checkmate* to you, Matthew," cried the judge. This fact Cockburn had from Lord Hermand, who was one of the counsel at the trial, and never forgot this piece of judicial cruelty. Sir Walter Scott is said to have told this story to the Prince Regent.

James Fergusson, Clerk of Session, had a habit of lending emphasis to his arguments, by violently beating with his clenched hand the bar before which he pleaded. Once, when stating a case to Lord Polkanner, with great energy of action, his lordship interposed, and exclaimed, "Maister Jemmy, dinna dunt; ye think ye're duntin't into me, and ye're just duntin't out of me."

* He always put the accent upon the last syllable: for example, syllable he called syllabill.

LORD MONBODDO.

Dean Ramsay relates of Lord Monboddo, that on one occasion of his being in London, he attended a trial in the Court of King's Bench. A cry was heard that the roof of the court-room was giving way, upon which judges, lawyers, and people made a rush to get to the door. Lord Monboddo viewed the scene from his corner with much composure. Being deaf and short-sighted, he knew nothing of the cause of the tumult. The alarm proved a false one; and on being asked why he had not bestirred himself to escape like the rest, he coolly answered that he supposed it was an *annual ceremony* with which, as an alien to the English laws, he had no concern, but he considered it interesting to witness as a remnant of antiquity.

Classical learning, good conversation, excellent suppers, and ingenious though unsound metaphysics, were the peculiarities of Monboddo. It is more common to hear anecdotes about his maintaining that men once had tails, and similar follies, than about his agreeable conversation and undoubted learning.

LORD THURLOW'S START IN LIFE.

Thurlow had travelled the circuit for some years with little notice, and with no opportunity to put forth his abilities; when the house-keeper of the Duke of N—— was prosecuted for stealing a great deal of linen with which she had been entrusted. An attorney of little note and practice conducted the woman's case. He knew full well that he could expect no hearty co-operation in employing any of the leading counsel; it was a poor case, and a low case; and it could not be expected that they, "the foremost men of all the Bar," would set themselves tooth-and-nail against the Duke, who, in himself, his agents, and his friends, made the greatest part of every high legal and political assemblage in the county. The attorney looked round, therefore, for some young barrister who had nothing to lose, and might have something to win; and he fixed upon Thurlow, who read over the brief with the highest glee, and had an interview with the prisoner. As he entered the court, he jogged a briefless one, and said, in his favourite slang language,— "Neck or nothing, my boy, to-day. I'll soar or tumble." The opening speech of the eminent counsel for the Duke, and the evidence, completely convicted the woman. But Thurlow, by his withering cross-examination of the witnesses, his sneers at the Duke and Duchess, and his powerful address to the jury upon "the grovelling prosecution," triumphed—the woman was acquitted, and from that day the powers of Thurlow, in voice, sarcasm, gesture, and all the superior intonations of brow-beating, which raised him to the

most dangerous pinnacle of legal greatness, became known, and rapidly advanced him to fame, and the grandchildren of his father to be enrolled among the established peers of the realm.

Thurlow dashed into practice with suddenness, and was indebted for his first lift to patronage. His favourite haunt was Nando's coffeehouse, (at the east corner of Inner Temple-lane,) where a large attendance of professional loungers was attracted by the fame of the punch and the charms of the landlady, which, the small wits said, were duly admired by and at the bar. One evening the *Douglas case* was the topic of discussion, and some gentlemen engaged in it were regretting the want of a competent person to digest a mass of documentary evidence. Thurlow being present, one of them, half in earnest, suggested him, and it was agreed to give him the job. A brief was delivered with the papers; but the cause did not come on for more than eight years afterwards, and it was a purely collateral incident to which he was indebted for his rise. This employment brought him acquainted with the famous Duchess of Queensberry, the friend of Pope, Gay, and Swift, and an excellent judge of talent. She saw at once the value of a man like Thurlow, and recommended Lord Bute to secure him by a silk-gown. He was made King's Counsel in 1761, rather less than seven years after his call to the Bar. He was an inveterate political intriguer, and was constantly in hot water.

THE GREAT SEAL STOLEN.

Lord Thurlow lived, during his Chancellorship, at No. 45, in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square. The Great Seal of England was stolen from this house, on the night of 24th March, 1784, the day before the dissolution of Parliament. The thieves got in by scaling the garden-wall, and forcing two iron bars out of the kitchen-window. They then made their way to the Chancellor's study, broke open the drawers of his Lordship's writing-table, ransacked the room, and carried away the Great Seal, rejecting the pouch as of little value, and the mace as too unwieldy. The thieves were discovered, but the Seal, being of silver, got into circulation through the melting-pot; and patents and important public documents were delayed until a new Seal was made.

THURLOW AND THE CURATE.

One day, when Thurlow was busy at home, in Great Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living, then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the Chancellor, turning from him, with a frowning brow; "don't you see that I am busy, and cannot listen to you?" The curate, in dejection, said, "he had no Lord to

recommend him but the Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" replied the Chancellor, "the Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from Him before; and so, do you hear, young man, you shall have the living;" and accordingly presented him with the preferment.

RISE OF LORD LYNDHURST.

Among the chances of the Bar, the holding of the first brief is usually a point of interest in the fortunes of great lawyers. The career of Lord Lyndhurst had a start of this kind. At Kesteven sessions, held at Falkingham in 1804, there was an appeal case entered, in which Messrs. Wyche and Torkington, attorneys of Stamford, were engaged. Their opponents had secured the services of Mr. D'Ewes Coke, barrister, who went the Midland circuit. Mr. Coke had a travelling companion who had that year been called to the Bar, and to whom the Stamford attorneys, not wishing to throw a chance away, gave a brief. The case was argued, and it resulted in Messrs. Wyche and Torkington proving victorious by the aid of the young barrister—John Singleton Copley, who for many years afterwards went the Midland circuit. Here he obtained such a position that in 1813 he assumed the coif. During the interval of his Chief Baronship in 1826, Lord Lyndhurst developed his high judicial powers, or rather he had fuller opportunities and a longer term for their exercise. It was during this interval that he delivered that great judgment on the colossal case of "*Small v. Attwood*," which elicited the admiration of the whole legal profession; and which he subsequently vindicated on appeal in the House of Lords, where the scale was turned against him by the vote of Lord Devon. The dimensions of the case may be inferred from the time its repeated argument occupied. For twenty-one days it was argued in the Court of Exchequer, commencing on the 21st of November, 1831; while Lord Lyndhurst did not deliver his judgment till the 1st November, 1832,—till he had had the opportunity of deliberating on the case for nearly an entire year. The first argument before the Lords lasted sixteen, and the second thirty days. The mass of papers, printed and written, was so enormous in bulk that Lord Brougham remarked that he had been furnished with copies of the arguments used in the House of Lords alone, amounting to about 10,000 brief-sheets. Through this tangled mass of disputed facts and of representations the purport of which was in issue, of minute and intricate details of transactions and accounts, Lord Lyndhurst on each occasion proceeded with apparent ease, diffusing light and bringing into order the chaos he encountered. His vast effort has, in fact, become

one of the traditional glories of the judicial bench, while the serenity with which he submitted to the reversal of his decree, when adhering to his original opinion, befitted the altitudes whence such efforts are occasionally expected, and the predominance of pure intellect, from which only they can proceed.—*Times journal.*

LORD ERSKINE'S EARLIEST SUCCESS.

Lord Erskine delighted in relating to his friends the following history of his first lucky hit:

"I had scarcely a shilling in my pocket when I got my first retainer. It was sent me by a Captain Baillie of the Navy, who held an office at the Board of Greenwich Hospital, and I was to show cause in the Michaelmas term against a rule that had been obtained in the preceding term, calling on him to show cause why a criminal information for a libel, reflecting on Lord Sandwich's conduct as governor of that charity, should not be filed against him. I had met, during the long vacation, this Captain Baillie at a friend's table, and after dinner I expressed myself with some warmth, probably with some eloquence, on the corruption of Lord Sandwich as First Lord of the Admiralty, and then adverted to the scandalous practices imputed to him with regard to Greenwich Hospital. Baillie nudged the person who sat next to him, and asked who I was. Being told that I had just been called to the Bar, and had been formerly in the Navy, Baillie exclaimed with an oath, 'Then I'll have him for my counsel!' I trudged down to Westminster Hall when I got the brief, and being the junior of five, who should be heard before me, never dreamt that the court would hear me at all. The argument came on. Dunning, Bearcroft, Wallace, Bower, Hargrave, were all heard at considerable length, and I was to follow. Hargrave was long-winded, and tired the court. It was a bad omen; but, as my good fortune would have it, he was afflicted with the strangury, and was obliged to retire once or twice in the course of his argument. This protracted the cause so long, that, when he had finished, Lord Mansfield said that the remaining counsel should be heard the next morning. This was exactly what I wished. I had the whole night to arrange in my chambers what I had to say the next morning, and I took the court with their faculties awake and freshened, succeeded quite to my own satisfaction, (sometimes the surest proof that you have satisfied others;) and as I marched along the Hall after the rising of the judges, the attorneys flocked around me with their retainers. I have since flourished, but I have always blessed God for the providential strangury of poor Hargrave."

Erskine turned his brief service in the Navy to good account. He was engaged to draw up Admiral Keppel's defence, which was spoken by the Admiral. For this service he received a bank-note for 1000*l.*, which he ran off to flourish in the eyes of his friend Reynolds, exclaiming, "*Voilà* the nonsuit of cow-beef!" He was employed in two or three other cases of public interest on account of his naval knowledge, and the extraordinary powers he displayed in them speedily led to a large general business. It is now acknowledged that Erskine's best quality was the one ordinary observers would be least likely to give him credit for—sagacity in the conduct of a cause.

LORD ERSKINE'S HUMOUR.

When induced to make a personal observation on a witness, Erskine divested it of asperity by a tone of jest and good humour. In a cause at Guildhall, brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone, a witness was called of impenetrable stupidity. There are two descriptions of whalebone of different value, the long and the thick. The defence turned on the quality delivered; that an inferior article had been charged at the price of the best. A witness for the defence baffled every attempt at explanation by his dulness. He confounded thick whalebone with long in such a manner that Erskine was forced to give it up. "Why, man, you don't seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now, I'll tell you the difference. You are a thick-headed fellow, and you are not a long-headed one!"

John Thelwall, when on his trial, kept up an incessant communication with his counsel. Dissatisfied with a part of his case, he passed a slip of paper, "I will plead my own cause;" to which Erskine scribbled, "If you do you'll be hanged." To this Thelwall instantly gave the quibbling rejoinder, "Then I'll be hanged if I do."

Erskine delighted in punning. He fired off a double-barrel when encountering his friend, Mr. Malem, at Ramsgate. The latter observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh, then," said Erskine, "you are *Malum prohibitum*." "My wife, however," rejoined the other, "does bathe." "Oh, then," said Erskine, perfectly delighted, "she is *Malum in se*."

It was once said by Erskine, on hearing Fox make, off-hand, a great display of augmentative power, "I shall complain of the Usher of the Black Rod: why did he not take Charley Fox into custody last night? What the deuce business has a member of the other House to come up and make his speeches here?"

A wager having been laid touching Erskine's legal acquirements,

one of the parties had the boldness to refer the decision to the ex-chancellor himself. His reply was characteristic. "If you think I was no lawyer, you may continue to think so. It is plain you are no lawyer yourself; but I wish every man to retain his opinion, though at the cost of three dozen of port. To save you from spending your money upon bets you are sure to lose, remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer—the thing is impossible."

Erskine used to say that when the hour came that all secrets should be revealed, we should know the reason why—shoes are always made too tight.

Latterly Erskine was very poor; and no wonder, for he always contrived to sell out of the funds when they were very low, and to buy in when they were very high. "By heaven," he would say, "I am a perfect kite, all paper; the boys might fly me." Yet, poor as he was, he still kept the best society.

L-A-W.

It is singular, but it is matter of fact, that there are persons who have a passion for being at law, and contrive to be never out of it. Of this description was a Mr. Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames. In the cause-paper of the sittings after every term, Bolt's name regularly appeared, either as a plaintiff or a defendant. In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay was counsel against him, and spoke of him in very harsh terms for his dishonest and litigious spirit. Erskine was counsel for him: "Gentlemen," said he to the jury, "the plaintiff's counsel has taken very unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He has represented him as litigious and dishonest: it is most unjust. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of *Bolt-Upright*." This was all invention.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S HUMOUR, AND POWER OF RIDICULE.

Lord Ellenborough sometimes read flippant pedantry, or hopeless imbecility, lectures of quaint and grave sarcasm peculiar to the man. An eminent conveyancer, who prided himself on having answered thirty thousand cases, came express from the Court of Chancery to the King's Bench to argue a question of real property. Taking for granted, rather too rashly, that common lawyers are little more acquainted with the Digest of Cruise than with the laws of China, he commenced his erudite harangue by observing that "an estate in fee simple was the highest estate known to the law of England." "Stay, stay," interrupted the Chief Justice, with consummate gravity, "let me write that down." He wrote, and read slowly and deliberately the note which he had taken of this A B C axiom.

"An estate in fee-simple is the highest estate known to the law of England. The Court, sir, is indebted to you for this information." There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony, and that was the learned counsel who incurred it. But though impervious to irony, it was impossible even for his self-love to avoid understanding the home-thrust lunged by the judge at the conclusion of his harangue. He had exhausted the year-books and all the mysteries of the real property law in a sleepy oration, which effectually cleared the Court, insensible alike to the grim repose of the bench and the yawning impatience of the ushers; when, at the close of some parenthetical and apparently interminable sentences, the clock struck four, and the judges started to their feet, he appealed to know when it would be their *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. "Mr. P.," rejoined the Chief Justice, "we are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday, but *pleasure* has long been out of the question."

Ellenborough was once strangely posed by a witness, a labouring bricklayer, who came to be sworn. "Really, witness," said the Lord Chief Justice, "when you have to appear before this Court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship come to that, I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship, angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you come here in your working-clothes, and I'm come in *mine*."

When Lord Ellenborough was Attorney-General, he was one day listening with some impatience to the judgment of a learned judge, afterwards his colleague, who said, "In — V.—, I rule that," &c. "You rule!" said the Attorney-General, in a tone of suppressed indignation, but loud enough to be heard by many of the bar,—“You rule! you were never fit for ruling anything but a copybook!”

A Quaker coming into the witness-box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittoes, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his *affirmation*. Lord Ellenborough asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

A witness dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, "What he was?" *Witness*.—"I employ myself as a surgeon." *Lord Ellenborough, C.J.*—"But does any one else employ you as a

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." Lord Ellenborough, C.J. (in a very mild tone)—"My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed, "Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

At the coming-in of the "Talents" in 1806, Erskine himself pressed the Great Seal upon Ellenborough, saying that "he would add to the splendour of his reputation as Lord Chancellor." Ellenborough, knowing that on his own refusal Erskine was to be the man, exclaimed, "How can you ask me to accept the office of Lord Chancellor, when I know as little of its duties as you do?"

Lord Ellenborough's manner was very peculiar, and was so closely imitated by Charles Mathews, the elder, in the character of Flexible, in the farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*, that soon after the production of that piece, Mathews received a hint from the Lord Chamberlain's office to desist from so telling a piece of mimicry.

Lord Ellenborough had no mean power of ridicule—as playful as a mind, more strong than refined, could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though perhaps more pungent than dignified. "Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?" When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—"Ain't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?"

The author of the clever *Criticisms on the Bar* (first printed in the *Examiner*, 1818) was no admirer of the general deportment of Lord Ellenborough, either on or off the Bench: "but," he adds, "it is not unfrequently a very useful lesson, and a very fine display of power, to witness the manner in which he drives directly onward to the just end of a cause—like a mighty elephant in a forest, trampling down the low brushwood under his feet, and tearing away all the minor branches that obstruct his impetuous progress."

Lord Ellenborough's reply to William Hone's "My Lord, I pro-

test, my Lord, I protest,"—was "Protest, and go about your business!" In one of his trials Hone asserted that there was not a single counsel who would venture to support his own convictions against the opinion of a presiding judge; and the author of *Criticisms on the Bar* ventures to say, "There was not a single Barrister present, whose hollow bosom did not echo the sentence, and silently admit its truth!"

JOHN SCOTT AND JAMES BOSWELL.

These capital stories are related in Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book*:—

"At an assize at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement—*inebriated*. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half-a-crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move, for what we denominated the writ of 'Quare adhæsit pavimento,' with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it, to the judge before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres *pavimento*?—Are any of you gentlemen at the Bar able to explain this?' The Bar laughed. At last one of them said, 'My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'

"Jemmy Boswell called upon me at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn, desiring to know what would be my definition of *Taste*. I told him I must decline informing him how I should define it;—because I knew he would publish what I said would be my definition of it, and I did not choose to subject my notion of it to public criticism. He continued, however, his importunities in frequent calls, and, in one, complained much that I would not give him my definition of taste, as he had that morning got Henry Dundas's (afterwards Lord Melville), Sir Archibald Macdonald's, and John Anstruther's definitions of taste. 'Well then,' I said, 'Boswell, we must have an end of this. Taste, according to my definition, is the judgment which Dundas, Macdonald, Anstruther, and you manifested, when you determined to quit Scotland, and to come into the south. You may publish this if you please.'

LORD ELDON'S BEGINNINGS.

Mr. Scott finally removed to London in 1775, considerably depressed in spirit as to his future prospects, which is not surprising, considering that he was almost without a sixpence he could call his own, to support himself, his wife, and by this time their infant child, John. His first house was in Cursitor-street, of which he used to say—"Many a time have I run down from Cursitor-street to Fleet-Market, to get sixpenny-worth of sprats for supper."

"When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be made almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement; and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

HERMAND AND ELDON.

These great lawyers, when young, were very intimate. They were counsel together in the latter's first important Scotch entail case in the House of Lords. Scott was so much alarmed that he wrote his intended speech, and begged Hermand to dine with him at a tavern, where he read the paper, and asked him if he thought it would do. "Do, sir, it is delightful—absolutely delightful! I could listen to it for ever; it is so beautifully written, and so beautifully read! But, sir, it's the greatest nonsense! It may do very well for an English chancellor; but it would disgrace a clerk with us."

A STRANGE STORY.

Lord Eldon, in his *Anecdote-Book*, relates the following extraordinary circumstances of the identifying of two murderers:—

"I remember, in one case where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot in the head; and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of the gun, which proved to be the half

of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.

"I remember one man taken up twelve years after the deed. He had made his escape; and though every search was made, he could not be found. Twelve years afterwards, the brother of the murdered man was at Liverpool in a public-house. He fell asleep, and was awoke by some one picking his pocket; he started, exclaiming, 'Good God! the man that killed my brother twelve years ago!' Assistance came to him, the man was secured, tried, and condemned. He had enlisted as a soldier and gone to India immediately after the deed was committed; and he had just landed at Liverpool on his return, when his first act was to pick the pocket of the brother of the man he had murdered twelve years before. It was very extraordinary that the man, waking out of his sleep, should so instantly know him."

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

In Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book*, too, we find also the following ludicrous case:—

"I was at the assizes for Cumberland in seven successive years before I had a brief. It happened that my old friend Mr. Lee, commonly called Jack Lee, was absent in the Criminal Court when a cause was called on in the Civil Court, and some attorney being by that absence deprived of his retained counsel, was obliged to procure another, and he gave me a guinea, with a scrap of paper as a brief, to defend an old woman in an action for an assault brought against her by another old woman. The plaintiff had been reposing in an arm-chair, when some words arising between her and my client, the latter took hold of the legs of the chair, and in fact threw the plaintiff head and heels over the top of the chair. This sort of assault of course admitted of easy proof, and a servant-maid of the plaintiff's proved the case. I then offered in Court that a chair should be brought in, and that my old female client should place herself in it, and that the lady (the plaintiff) should upset the chair and my old woman, as she had been upset herself. Upon the plaintiff's attorney refusing this compromise, the witness (the servant-maid) said that her mistress (the plaintiff) was always willing to make up the matter, but that her attorney would never allow her to do so; and that her mistress thought she must do as her attorney bid her do, and had no will of her own. 'So then,' observed I to the jury, knowing that her attorney's name was Hobson, 'this good lady has had nothing for it but Hobson's choice. And pray, then, gentlemen,' I added, 'as the good woman wants no damages, and the cause is Hobson's, give him but a penny, at most, if you please.'

This penny the jury gave. When I record that in the same assizes I received seventy guineas for this joke, for briefs came in rapidly, I record a fact which proves that a lawyer may begin to acquire wealth by a little pleasantry, who might wait long before professional knowledge introduced him into notice and business."

SCOTT'S FIRST GREAT SUCCESS.

Early in the third year occurred the case of *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, which laid the foundation of his fame.

" 'Might I ask you, Lord Eldon,' said Mr. Farrer, 'whether *Ackroyd v. Smithson* was not the first cause in which you distinguished yourself?'

" 'Did I ever tell you the history of that case? Come, help yourself to a glass of Newcastle port, and give me a little. You must know,' he went on, 'that the testator in that cause had directed his real estates to be sold, and, after paying his debts and funeral and testamentary expenses, the residue of the money to be divided into fifteen parts, which he gave to fifteen persons whom he named in his will. One of these persons died in the testator's lifetime. A bill was filed by the next of kin, claiming amongst other things the lapsed share. A brief was given me to consent for the heir-at-law, upon the hearing of the cause. I had nothing then to do but to pore over this brief. I went through all the cases in the books, and satisfied myself that the lapsed share was to be considered as real estate, and belonged to my client (the heir-at-law). The cause came on at the Rolls, before Sir Thomas Sewell. I told the solicitor who sent me the brief that I should consent for the heir-at-law so far as regarded the due execution of the will, but that I must support the title of the heir to the one-fifteenth which had lapsed. Accordingly I did argue it, and went through all the authorities. When Sir Thomas Sewell went out of court, he asked the registrar who that young man was? The registrar told him it was Mr. Scott. 'He has argued very well,' said Sir Thomas Sewell, 'but I cannot agree with him.' This the registrar told me. He decided against my client.

" 'You see, the lucky thing was, there being two other parties, and the disappointed one not being content, there was an appeal to Lord Thurlow. In the meanwhile they had written to Mr. Johnstone, Recorder of York, guardian to the young heir-at-law, and a clever man; but his answer was, 'Do not send good money after bad: let Mr. Scott have a guinea to give consent, and if he will argue, why, let him do so; but give him no more.' So I went into court, and when Lord Thurlow asked who was to appear for the heir-at-law, I rose and said modestly that I was, and as I could not

but think (with much deference to the Master of the Rolls, for I might be wrong) that my client had the right to the property, if his lordship would give me leave, I would argue it. It was rather arduous for me to rise against all the eminent counsel. Well, Thurlow took three days to consider, and then delivered his judgment in accordance with my speech; and that speech is in print, and has decided all similar questions ever since."

As he left the hall, a respectable solicitor, named Foster, came up to him, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Young man, your bread-and-butter is cut for life."

SIR JOHN SCOTT'S SILK GOWN.

When the Great Seal was put into commission under the Coalition Ministry of 1783, a silk gown was offered to Mr. Scott, and, after some hesitation, accepted. Next day he learned that Erskine and Pigott, his juniors at the bar, were also to have silk gowns, and were to be sworn in the day before himself, which would have given them precedence. Scott instantly wrote to retract his acceptance, and, on being called before the Commissioners, steadily persevered in refusing to waive his professional rank for anyone. One of them said, "Mr. Pigott was senior at the bar to Mr. Erskine, and yet he had consented to let Mr. Erskine take precedence of him. I answered," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Pigott is the best judge for himself; I cannot consent to give way either to Mr. Erskine or Mr. Pigott." Another said, "Mr. Scott, you are too proud." "My Lord, with all respect, I state it is not pride; I cannot accept the gown upon these terms." After much difficulty, the matter seems to have been arranged; for next day I received a patent, appointing me to be next in rank to Peckham, and placing Erskine and Pigott below me, though in fact both of them had been sworn in the day before me; and that patent I have to this day." "Did you think," said Mr. Farrer to him, "that it was so important to insist upon retaining your rank?" "It was everything," he replied, with great earnestness; "*I owed my future success to it.*"

When the Solicitor-Generalship was conferred upon Mr. Scott, the story goes that he did not wish to be knighted: but the King said, "Pooh, pooh! you must be served like the rest," and knighted him.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

During the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, in 1793, the populace were highly excited, and the Crown counsel had regularly to run the gauntlet between their own houses and the Old Bailey. One evening as the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, was about to leave the court, Garrow said,—"*Mr. Attorney, do not pass*

that tall man at the end of the table." "Why not pass him?" asked Law. "He has been here the whole trial," replied Garrow, "with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney-General." "I will pass him," said Law. "And so will I," said Scott; "happen what may, the King's Attorney-General must not show a white feather." The conclusion must be told in his own words:

"I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me till I came to Fleet-street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening: 'Down with him!—Now is the time, lads!—Do for him!' and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up and spoke as loud as I could: 'You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped.' Upon this one man shouted out,—'Say you so? you are right to tell us; let's give him three cheers, lads!' And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat: I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said,—'Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home, before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over; good evening, sir!' I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude." [It is stated in the *Law Magazine* that Lord Eldon had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father.]

This was the period of Erskine's greatest triumph, and he availed himself of his popularity to come to the rescue of his antagonist. "I will not go on without the Attorney-General," was his frequent call to the mob, as they crowded round his carriage to attend him home. Some years afterwards he was relating, in Lord Eldon's presence, how his horses were taken out by the mob at the conclusion of Hardy's trial. "Yes," added Lord Eldon, "and I hear you never saw more of them." The laugh was against Erskine, though the fact may be regarded as apocryphal.

A CRYING SCENE.

At the above trial, in concluding his speech against Horne Tooke, the Attorney-General (Scott) fell into the habitual error of justifying

his character. "It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears; and, to the astonishment of the Court, the Solicitor-General (Mitford), began to weep in concert. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" "He is crying to think of the *little* inheritance Scott's children are likely to get."

LORD ELDON'S DOUBT.

It has been humorously said that Eldon loved an *if* as much as Tristram Shandy hated one. At the Bar, he lost all his opinion-giving business, by his attachment to this little word; on the Bench, he did all that in him lay to neutralize his utility by means of it. In allusion to Lord Erskine's fondness for the first person singular, the wits of the *Anti-jacobin* apologized for not reporting the whole of one of his speeches, because the printer had no *I's* left—they might have apologized for not reporting Lord Eldon's judgments for want of types to print his innumerable *ifs*, *buts*, and *thoughts*. As he grew older he grew worse; and, latterly, there was hardly any chance of getting him to utter a sentence without a saving clause. Sir Samuel Romilly observes that this habit was the more provoking, because Lord Eldon was hardly ever known to differ from his first impression. So well was this understood, that it was not at all unusual for parties to settle causes out of court, as soon as his impression could be collected.

LENDING BOOKS.

Lord Eldon lent two large volumes of precedents to a friend, and could not recollect to whom. In allusion to such borrowers, he observed, that "though backward in *accounting*, they seemed to be practised in *book-keeping*."

HOW JEKYLL WAS MADE A MASTER IN CHANCERY.

Lord Chancellor Eldon lived in No. 6, Bedford-square, from 1804 to 1815, and here occurred the memorable interview between his Lordship and the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The Prince came alone to the Chancellor's house, and, upon the servant opening the door, observed, that as his Lordship had the gout, he knew he must be at home, and therefore desired that he might be shown up to the room where the Chancellor was. The servant said he was too ill to be seen, and that he had also positive orders to show in no one. The Prince then asked to be shown the staircase, which he immediately ascended, and pointing first to one door, then to another, asking, "Is that your master's room?" The servant answered "No."

until he came to the right one; upon which he opened the door, seated himself by the Chancellor's bedside, and asked him to appoint his friend Jekyll, the great wit, to the vacant office of Master in Chancery. The Chancellor refused—there could be no more unfit appointment. The Prince, perceiving the humour of the Chancellor, and that he was firm in his determination not to appoint him, threw himself back in the chair, and exclaimed, "How I do pity Lady Eldon!" "Good heaven!" said the Chancellor, "what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing," answered the Prince, "except that she will never see you again, for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." Jekyll, of course, obtained the appointment.—*P. Cunningham.*

LORD ELDON AS A WHIP.

We obtain a vivid idea of the bigoted but kindly old Chancellor, and the vast good humour of the Solicitor-General Campbell in his new honours—which, if Lord Eldon had had his way, he would never have reached—through an anecdote related by Lord Campbell himself. Eldon and his son are walking in Piccadilly, when some one drives past them in a cabriolet, takes off his hat, and makes a low bow. "Who is that who treats me with respect now I am nobody?" inquires Lord Eldon. His son replies, "It is Sir John Campbell, the Whig Solicitor-General." "I wonder what they would have said of me," exclaimed the ex-Chancellor, "if I had driven about in a cabriolet when I was Solicitor-General?" "I will tell you what they would have said,—'There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England.'"

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TENTERDEN.

Lord Tenterden is placed in a very amiable point of view by Macready, the celebrated tragedian, in a lecture which he delivered to a Mechanics' Institute after he had retired from the stage. The lecturer gives an account of a visit paid by him to Canterbury Cathedral, under the auspices of a verger, who, by reading and observation, had acquired considerable knowledge of architecture and mediæval antiquities. Having introduced us to his guide, the ex-tragedian thus proceeds:—"He directed my attention to everything worthy of notice; pointed out with the detective eye of taste the more recondite excellence of art throughout the building, and with convincing accuracy shed light on the historical traditions associated with it. It was opposite the western front that he stood with me before what seemed the site of a small shed or stall, then unoccupied, and said, 'Upon this spot a little barber's shop used to stand. The last time Lord Tenterden came down here he brought

his son Charles with him, and it was my duty, of course, to attend them over the cathedral. When we came to this side of it he led his son up to this very spot, and said to him, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! that is the proudest reflection of my life! While you live never forget that, my dear Charles." And this man, the son of a poor barber, was the Lord Chief Justice of England. For the very reason, therefore, that the chances of such great success are rare, we should surely spare no pains in improving the condition of all whom accident may depress or fortune may not befriend."

Of the few defects of Lord Tenterden, the greatest was his different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes—even for different individuals. It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons; though his conduct in this matter was confined to mere accident of outward behaviour and manners—nothing beyond that. When, on one occasion, he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately concluded, to "hold up his head, and speak out like a man," it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the chairman of the Honourable East India Company.

Mr. Brougham, when at the bar, opened before Lord Tenterden an action for the amount of a wager laid upon the event of a dog-fight, which, through some unwillingness of dogs or men, had not been brought to an issue. "We, my Lord," said the advocate, "were minded that the dogs should fight."—"Then I," replied the Judge, "am minded to hear no more of it:" and he called another cause.

Lord Tenterden had been strongly advised, some time before his death, not to attend his Court; but he replied, "I have public duties to perform; and while it pleases God to preserve my mental faculties. I will perform those duties—physical suffering I can and will bear." A little more than a week before his death, he was told were he to continue to set the advice of his medical attendants at defiance, it was impossible he could live; but a little rest and retirement would restore him to comparative health. "I know better," he replied; "my days are numbered; but I will perform my duty to the last." The following occurrence is stated to have happened previous to his death. He had been sinking the whole night, but generally retained his faculties. Towards morning he became restless and slightly delirious; all at once he sat up in his bed, and with a motion of his

hand, as if dipping his pen in the inkstand, as he had been accustomed to do on the bench, said distinctly, "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged." He then fell back in his bed, and almost immediately expired!

The last speech delivered by Lord Tenterden was upon the Reform Bill of 1831-2, when he concluded with his well-known vow: "Never, never, my Lords, shall I enter the doors of this House after it has become the phantom of its departed greatness."

A COOL HAND.

When Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldon,) was at the Bar, he was remarkable for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their Lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was "surprised at such a decision." This was construed into a contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologise for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John Clerk rose, and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal thus: "I am very sorry, my Lord, that my young friend has so forgotten himself as to treat your honourable bench with disrespect: he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your Lordships. Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised at anything you did."

CURRAN'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Curran is described as "the wildest, wittiest, dreamiest student of old Trinity," who, in the event of being called before the Fellows for wearing a dirty shirt, could only plead as an excuse that he had but one. Poverty followed his steps for some years after this; instead of briefs to argue before the judge, he was arousing the idle crowd in the path with his wit and eloquence.

When he lived upon Hog-hill, he used to say that his wife and children were the chief furniture of his apartments; and as to his rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National Debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth, she was determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady on the other hand, had no idea of gradation, except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. One

morning, Curran walked out to avoid the usual altercation upon this subject. He had a family for whom he had no dinner; and a landlady for whom he had no rent. He had gone abroad in despondence; he returned home in desperation! When he opened the door of his study, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of Robert Lyons marked on the back of it. Curran instantly paid his landlady, bought a dinner, gave Robert Lyons a share of it; and from that dinner dated the barrister's prosperity.

When he defended the prisoners after the Rebellion of 1798, he was reminded by Lord Carleton that he would lose his gown, whereupon Curran replied with scorn, "Well, my lord, his Majesty may take the silk, but he must leave the *stuff* behind."

"Curran," said a judge to him, whose wig being a little awry, caused some laughter in court, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head, my lord," was the reply. One day, at dinner, he sat opposite to Toler, who was called "the hanging judge." "Curran," said Toler, "is that hung-beef before you?" "Do you try it, my lord, and then it's sure to be." Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist, asked Curran for a Latin motto for his coach. "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will explain your profession, your elevation, and contempt for the people's ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up *Quid rides* upon your carriage." Curran's hatred for the Union is shown in the answer he gave to a lord who got his title for his support of the Government measure. Meeting Curran near the Parliament House, on College-green, he said, "Curran, what do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part, I hate the very sight of it." "I do not wonder at it, my lord," said Curran; "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*."

Judge Robinson, a coarse-minded man, had the bad taste to sneer at Curran's poverty, by telling him he suspected his "law-library was rather contracted." Curran replied, "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. [Judge Robinson was the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets; and, by his demerits, raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced.] My books may be few; but

the title-pages give me the authors' name, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and, should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." "Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Curran: "my Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority, with which, perhaps, you are not acquainted." He then briefly related the story of Strap in *Roderick Random*, who having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale: "So, my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, I'll commit you," replied the angry judge: to which Mr. C. retorted, "If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing that your Lordship has committed."

A piece of empty self-glorification was set down by Curran with this memorable congratulation: "The honourable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour; I wish him joy on his sinecure."

Curran has vividly described his first appearance at a debating society, after calculating upon the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of his little auditory, never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that *the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it*. "I stood up," says Curran; "my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface, the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; though, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my pain-

Stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather, like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Such was the *début* of "Stuttering Jack Curran," or, "Orator Mum," as he was waggishly styled; but not many months elapsed ere the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendour.

In an action brought by a priest of the Church of Rome against Lord Doneraile, at the Cork Assizes, Mr. Curran had to cross-examine Mr. St. Leger, brother to the defendant; and as it was his object to depreciate his evidence, he had described him in very gross and insulting language in his speech. In doing so, he had, however, not mentioned his name. When Mr. St. Leger came to the table, and took the Testament in his hand, the plaintiff's counsel, in a tone of affected respect, addressed him, saying, "Oh, Mr. St. Leger, the jury will, I am sure, believe you without the ceremony of swearing you; your character will justify us from insisting on your oath." The witness, described by this mild and complimentary language (his irritation evidently diverted his attention from the very palpable trap laid for him), replied, with mingled surprise and vexation, "I am happy, Sir, to see you have changed the opinion you entertained of me when you were describing me a while ago." "What, Sir! then you confess it was a description of yourself! Gentlemen, act as you please; but I leave it to you to say, whether a thousand oaths could bind the conscience of the man I have just described." A duel followed, in which Mr. Curran evinced great intrepidity.

Some great, big Irish counsellor said to Curran, "If you go on so, I'll put you in my pocket." "Egad! if you do," said Curran, "you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

Curran used to relate, with infinite humour, an adventure he had with a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's dog in the neighbourhood, *who would never let the boys rob the orchard*; but found to his sorrow that he had

a dog to deal with which did not care what end of a boy went fore^{most}, so that he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at that very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word," said Sir Jonah Barrington, to whom Curran related this story, "the mastiff may have left you your centre, but he could not have left much gravity behind him, among the bystanders."

Mr. Rogers relates that he once dined with Curran in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed vehemently, "I had rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets." "Don't you think, Sir, that one would be enough for you?" said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at a table next to Mr. Rogers, who adds:—"I wish you could have seen Curran's face: he was absolutely confounded—struck dumb." Sir Jonah Barrington relates:—"I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion; but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man, teasing him (half jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time; at length, Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted. "Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with *sang froid*, "I really never did hear anything so bad as your *prose*, except your *poetry*, my dear Curran!"

Curran having ordered a new bar wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, "Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all!" "How so, sir?" said Gahan, "it seems to fit." "Ay," replied Curran, "but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarce utter one word of common law in it; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

CURRAN PLAYING PUNCH.

The keeper of a street puppet-show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighbourhood; and the feats of Mr. Punch, and the eloquence of his man, soon superseded every other attraction. At length, however, Mr. Punch's man fell ill, and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had, with his eyes and ears, devoured the puppet-show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager, as Mr. Punch's man. The offer was gladly accepted, and the success of the substitute was miraculous. At length, before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon village politics, he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience, and after disclosing every amour, and detailing every scandal, turned with infinite ridicule upon the very priest of the parish. This was the signal for a general outcry. Every man and maid who laughed at their neighbours' picture, and pretended not to recognise their own, were outrageously scandalized at such familiarity with the clergy. By one and all, sentence of banishment was passed on Mr. Punch. He was honourable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence prevented any solicitation for such a dangerous celebrity.

GRATITUDE OF CURRAN.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran one evening to a large party, "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect: his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century just as he stood before me in the little Ball-alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet, and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years after-

wards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from the court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. ‘You are right, sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!’ He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!’—*Curran’s Life, by his Son.*

CHARLES PHILLIPS’S SKETCH OF CURRAN.

Mr. Charles Phillips, in his admirable *Life of Curran*, gives the following characteristic account of a visit to his friend:—“I caught the first glimpse of the little man through the vista of his garden. There he was—on a third time afterwards I saw him in a dress which you would have imagined he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands in his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon—and the important step, and the eternal attitude only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room. It was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o’clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me he took me by the hand; and said he would not have any one introduce me; and, with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarised me at the Priory. I had often seen Curran—often heard him—often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all—he touched everything, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin. You wept and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift that his rule was to allow a minute’s pause after he had con-

cluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence himself. Curran had no conversational rule whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one. Indeed nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanour. At the time I spoke of he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

Charles Mathews's imitation of Curran was a most life-like portrait—not an imitation, but a continuation.

CURRAN AND GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Curran dined abroad, for the last time, on the 9th of October, 1817, at 14, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, with Mr. Richard Jones, the comedian—the object of the dinner being to introduce Curran to George Colman the younger; and the party, besides the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Harris and Sir William Chatterton. Colman that evening was unusually brilliant, anticipating, by apt quotation and pointed remark, almost everything that Curran would have said. One comment of Curran's, however, made a deep impression on all present. Speaking of Lord Byron's "*Fare thee well, and if for ever,*" Curran observed that "his Lordship first weeps over his wife, and then *wipes his eyes with the newspapers.*" He left the dinner-table early, and on going upstairs to coffee, either affected not to know, or did not remember, George Colman's celebrity as a wit, and inquired of Mr. Jones who that Mr. Colman was? Mr. Harris joined them at this moment, and apologised for his friend Colman engrossing so much of the conversation to himself; adding that he was the spoilt child of society, and that even the Regent listened with attention when George Colman talked. "Ay," said Curran, with a melancholy smile, "I know now who Colman is; we must soon both sleep in the same bed." The next morning Curran was seized with apoplexy; he died on the 14th of October, at No. 7, Amelia Place, Brompton, then a small pleasant row of houses looking on a nursery-garden, now Pelham Crescent.

DEATH OF FOUR REMARKABLE MEN.

On the 2nd of November, 1818, Sir Samuel Romilly, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his wife, in a paroxysm of insanity, brought on by that severe shock falling upon a mind previously weakened and shattered by overburthening professional labours and anxieties, died by his own hand. He was sixty-one years of age; and he had attained the highest position, both in the courts of law and in parlia-

ment. His late triumphant return for Westminster, where he had been brought in at the head of the poll, without having either spent a shilling or asked a vote, or even once made his appearance on the hustings, was a sufficient testimony to his general popularity; and also, it may be added, to the purity of conduct, and elevation above all popularity-hunting arts, by which, or notwithstanding which, he had acquired it. But the charm of his beautiful nature won its way even where wide difference of political principle and sentiment might have been expected to create some prejudice against him. His death was acutely felt, we are told, by Lord Eldon, before whom he had been for many years in daily and pre-eminent practice. "The Chancellor," it is related, "came into court next morning obviously much affected. As he took his seat he was struck by the sight of the vacant place within the bar which Romilly was accustomed to occupy. His eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here,' he exclaimed; and, rising in great agitation, broke up his court."

Within little more than a month after Romilly, on the 13th of December, died another great lawyer, of equally opposite politics and temper, Lord Ellenborough, who seemed never to have recovered from his discomfiture by Hone in the preceding year. He wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the day after the last of the three trials and acquittals. The purpose of resignation which he announced in that letter, he had carried into effect about three months before his death.

In August, this same year, had died, at the age of eighty-five, Warren Hastings, whose leading counsel Lord Ellenborough, then Mr. Law, had been throughout the five years of his memorable trial before the House of Lords, since the termination of which a quarter of a century had now elapsed.

And, remarkably enough, before the year was out, Hastings had been followed to the grave by the most pertinacious and vindictive of his accusers and enemies, Sir Philip Francis. He died at the age of seventy-eight, on one of the last days of December, when there wanted only about a month to make exactly half a century since the appearance of the first of the famous *Letters of Junius*, of which he has been supposed to be the author.—*Harriet Martineau*.

AN O'CONNELL RUSE.

At the close of the year 1820, a county meeting was called at Dublin to address George the Fourth, its intention being to compliment his Majesty; but a counter-movement was determined on by the popular party, who were ultimately successful—the origi-

ngtors of the meeting being defeated, and a second meeting held, when Counsellor Burne moved the counter-address, which was read and seconded by Mr. O'Connell, and carried. In the confusion Mr. Burne, however, mislaid his counter-address, and when he was searching his pockets for it, after he had finished his speech, Mr. O'Connell, who was standing near, said, "Here it is," and put a paper into his hand which was moved and adopted, as described above, and duly forwarded to the King. It was, however, a composition of Mr. O'Connell's own, very much stronger than Mr. Burne's effusion.

It was *à propos* to this county of Dublin meeting, that the celebrated *môt* of the Duke of Wellington was uttered in the House of Lords: "County meetings," said his grace, "are farces." "On this occasion," retorted the Duke of Leinster, "it was not the fault of the authorities that the farce did not turn out a tragedy."

To the Duke of Leinster, in the previous year, the Duke of Wellington, on receiving a petition in favour of Catholic Emancipation, addressed this laconic reply: "I have received," wrote the noble Duke, "your grace's letter, accompanied by a tin case."

SIR WILLIAM GRANT'S LIVING.

Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, was a man of simple habits and somewhat remarkable for his taciturnity and reserve. As a politician, he was more narrow-minded than even several other distinguished lawyers. With him originated the phrase of "the wisdom of our ancestors." In his time the Rolls Court sat in the evening, from six to ten; and Sir William dined after the Court rose. His servant, it is said, when he went to bed, left two bottles of wine on the table, which he always found empty in the morning. Sir William occupied two or three rooms on the ground-floor of the Rolls house; and when showing them to his successor in the Rolls, he said, "Here are two or three good rooms; this is my dining-room; my library and bedroom are beyond; and, I am told," he added, "there are some good rooms upstairs, but I was never there."

"HONEST CHARLEY WETHERELL."

Sir Charles Wetherell was a tall man, with a considerable stoop and a swing in his gait—his face was intelligent and rather remarkable: the forehead expansive, the eyes not large, but expressive of humour; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice was good, but not musical, and his manner was sometimes calm and impres-

sive; but, for the greatest part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, were attended with a whimsicality, which was the most distinguished feature of his manner as an advocate.

His oratory was a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument, with out-of-the-way irrelevancy of what seemed irrelevant; until he, by some odd application, which no one under heaven but himself could have thought of, contrived to connect it with his argument. His violent excitement about matters of dry equity was of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning,—we find they all combine to make his character for eccentricity as a Chancery barrister.

When he went forth into the street he was even more strange than in Court. He wore clothes that seemed to have been suddenly "grabbed" from some shop-window in Monmouth-street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorned the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wore a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, was wont to sink below the ordinary level. His inside coat was old, his outside one of great antiquity, and commonly flew behind him in the breeze, while he strode along muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches-pockets; his cravat seemed as if it had not been folded, but rolled up and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest: he wore large shoes tied with great black tapes, or what would have been black except that, like his hat, the vicissitudes of time had turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume he moved along, cheery and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognised by others, who said, "There goes honest Charley Wetherell."

Many stories are told of the strange way in which he lived in chambers, when it was not his custom to come to Court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet; and sometimes, when a person would come in after he had commenced shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and perhaps be found in the evening with a *crust* of lather upon his face, which had remained from the morning without his being conscious of it.

Sir Charles Wetherell was the most staunch and unbending supporter of Ultra-Toryism. There was something amusing in his perseverance, to the very end, against the Reform Bill, especially as he

accompanied his hostility with much wit and humour. "This," said he, in his final address to the House of Commons on the subject, "is the last dying-speech and confession of the member for Boroughbridge."

SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT ON FREE-MASONRY.

In an agreeable volume of Sketches, published in 1846, by a Suffolk Rector, we find this story of Sir William Follett's early life. His schoolfellow, the Rector, relates, in the course of conversation, "I inferred, from a passing remark, that Sir William had become a Mason. I asked him if my conclusion was correct. 'It is,' was his reply; 'I was initiated at Cambridge.' *Light* had not then beamed upon myself, and I expressed, in scoffing terms, my astonishment. 'In your early struggles at the Bar,' remarked he, with quiet earnestness, 'you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of bitterness, and rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a system which creates, in all its varieties, kindly sympathy, cordial and widespread benevolence, and brotherly love.' 'But, surely,' said I, 'you do not go the length of asserting that Masonry does all this?' 'And more! the true Mason thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system itself annihilates parties. And as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which Masonic principle, duly carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue.' 'Well! well! you cannot connect it with religion: you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it, that Masonry is a religious system.' 'By-and-by you will know better,' was his reply. 'Now, I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a Mason's Lodge; that Masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and in point of fact never assemble for any purpose without performing acts of religion. I gave you credit,' continued he, with a smile, 'for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice.' 'You claim too much for your system,' was my rejoinder. 'Not at all! But hear me. Many clergymen were and are Masons. The well-known Dr. Dodd belonged to us.' 'I presume,' said I, jestingly, 'you attach but slight weight to his name? The selection is unfortunate.' 'It occurred to me,' said Sir William, 'from my having recently read some very curious letters connected with his case. The Masons, both individually and as a body, made the most extraordinary efforts to save him. They were unwearied: but—I must break off; when I can call you brother you shall see these letters. In the meantime, is it not worth while to belong to a fraternity whose principles, if universal, would put down

at once and for ever the selfish and rancorous feelings which now divide and distract society?"

CHARACTER OF FOLLETT.

For Sir William Follett Lord Tenterden expressed great admiration. He once observed, "At my age and in my office I can have few pleasures, but I have *two*—the first is hearing a young lawyer named Follett argue points of law; the second is playing a rubber of whist with old friends."

Lord Campbell says of Follett: "One most remarkable circumstance should be told respecting his rise to be the most popular advocate of his day, to be Attorney-General, and to be a powerful debater in the House of Commons—that it was wholly unaccompanied by envy. Those who have outstripped their competitors have often a great drawback upon their satisfaction by observing the grudging and ill-will with which, by some, their success is beheld. Such were Follett's inoffensive manners and unquestioned superiority, that all rejoiced at every step he attained—as all wept when he was snatched away from the still higher honours which awaited him."

"NEWLY-BORN VANITY."

After Fitzgibbon and Scott, of the Irish Bar, had been raised to the Attorney and Solicitor Generalship, they were invited to dine with an attorney who first brought them into notice in the Four Courts by giving them briefs. They both accepted his invitation, not wishing to discard an old friend; but as he lived in an unfashionable part of Dublin, they did not like to have noticed "the lowly means by which they did ascend." Fitzgibbon drove to an adjacent street, there alighted from his carriage, and walking sneakingly towards the attorney's house, he met Scott; they passed without recognition; to avoid detection, they walked to the end of the street in opposite directions, and turned; both met again, but finding they were engaged to the same host, Scott said to Fitzgibbon, "Ah! Mr. Attorney-General, I see we are both engaged to the same place, do not be ashamed; pray let me show you the way." They then took the alley which led to their old benefactor's house, which their newly-born vanity had taken such pains to conceal.

FITZGIBBON AND THE FEE.

An odd story is told of Fitzgibbon respecting a client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologise for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. "I assure you, Counsellor," said the client,

mournfully, "I am ashamed of its smallness; but, in fact, it is all I have in the world." "Oh, then," said Fitzgibbon, "you can do no more; as it's all you have in the world—why—*hum*—I must take it!"

DANGEROUS METAPHOR.

An Irish barrister pleading before Lord Clare, thought proper to introduce an eagle, and after vainly trying to carry out and apply his metaphor, broke down. "The next time, sir," said the Chancellor, "that you bring an eagle into court, I recommend you to clip his wings."

LORD NORBURY, AND HIS COURT.

Lord Norbury was at the head of an excellent company. The spirit of the judge extended itself naturally enough to the counsel; and men who were grave and considerate everywhere else, threw off all soberness and propriety, and became infected with the habits of the venerable manager of the court, the moment they entered the Common Pleas. His principal performers were Messrs. Grady, Wallace, O'Connell, and Gould, who instituted a sort of rivalry in uproar, and played against each other. With such a judge, and such auxiliaries to co-operate with him, some idea may be formed of the attractions which were held out to that numerous class who have no fixed occupation, and by whom, in the hope of laughing hunger away, the Four Courts are frequented in Dublin.

The Chief Justice, having despatched the junior, whom he was sure to make the luckless, but sometimes not inappropriate, victim of his encomiums, he suffered the leading counsel to proceed. As he was considered to have a strong bias towards the plaintiff, experimental attorneys brought into the Common Pleas the very worst and most discreditable adventures in litigation. The statement of the case, therefore, generally disclosed some paltry ground of action, which, however, did not prevent his Lordship from exclaiming in the outset, "A very important action, indeed! If you make out your facts in evidence, Mr. Wallace, there will be serious matter for the jury." The evidence was then produced; and the witnesses often consisted of wretches whose emaciated and discoloured countenances showed their want and their depravity, while their watchful and working eyes intimated that mixture of sagacity and humour by which the lower order of Irish attestators is distinguished. They generally appeared in coats and breeches, the external decency of which, as they were hired for the occasion, was ludicrously contrasted with the ragged and filthy shirt, which Mr. Henry Deane Grady, who was well acquainted with "the inner man" of an Irish

witness, though not without repeated injunctions to unbutton, at last compelled them to disclose.

Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warm, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and, to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into complete chaos, was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gould upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witnesses, the counsel, and parties, and the audience, were involved in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury, predominated. At length, however, his Lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like *Æolus* in his cavern (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model), he shouted his stormy subjects into peace.

NORBURY'S HUMOUR.

Lord Norbury was perhaps the most inveterate punster that ever sat upon the bench. When Cobbett brought over the remains of Tom Paine's bones, Lord Norbury, on being asked what could be meant by such an importation of bones, is said to have answered that he supposed that Cobbett "wanted to make a broil."

A counsel thought that he could overcome the punster on the bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, and the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey: "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury.—"'Tis only the echo of the court, my lord," answered Counsellor Readytongue. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

On pressing a reluctant witness, one day, to get at his profession, and being, at length, told he kept a racket-court; "And a very good trade, too," replied the judge; "so do I, so do I."

- The registrar of one of the Irish criminal courts complained to his lordship, that the witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his lordship; "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny will do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grand-fathers, may make them behave themselves." This strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set afoot, to pay the expense of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" said Toler; "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

JUDGE MAULE—HIS STRAW-SPLITTING AND IRONY.

Sir William Maule was noted for *splitting straws* on the bench, an instance of which is related in connexion with special demurrers. A man was described in a plea as "I. Jones," and the pleader, probably, not knowing his name, referred, in another part of the plea to "I" as an initial. The plaintiff demurred; (*i.e.* said that the plea was bad,) because "I" was not an initial. Sir W. Maule said that there was no reason why a man might not be christened "I" as well as Isaac, inasmuch as either could be pronounced alone. The counsel for the plaintiff then objected that the plea admitted that "I" was not a name by describing it as an initial. "Yes," retorted the judge, "but it does not aver that it is not a *final* as well as an *initial* letter."

Judge Maule's humour, though often coarse, was genuine, and very amusing. An admirable specimen of it is given in one of the wittiest speeches ever made. A man being convicted of bigamy, the following conversation took place:—

Clerk of Assize.—What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

Prisoner.—Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker, and ran away five years ago, and I have never seen her since, and I married this other woman last winter.

Mr. Justice Maule.—I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law con-

clusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about 100*l*. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*. That would have cost you 200*l*. or 300*l*. more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; and altogether you would have had to spend about 1000*l*. or 1200*l*. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that *this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor*.

Here is a specimen of his irony, in addressing a jury:—"Gentlemen,—The learned counsel is perfectly right in his law, there is *some* evidence upon that point; but he's a lawyer, and you're not, and you don't know what he means by *some* evidence, so I'll tell you. Suppose there was an action on a bill of exchange, and six people swore that they saw the defendant accept it, and six others swore they heard him say he should have to pay it, and six others knew him intimately, and swore to his handwriting; and suppose, on the other side, they called a poor old man, who had been at school with the defendant forty years before, and had not seen him since, and he said he rather thought the acceptance was not his writing, why there'd be *some* evidence that it was not, and that's what Mr. — means in this case."

A very stupid jury were called upon to convict a man on the plainest evidence. A previous conviction was proved against him by the production of the usual certificate, and by the evidence of the policeman who had had him in charge. The Judge summed up it great length. He told the jury that the certificate was not conclusive; that the question was entirely for them; that policemen sometimes told lies, and much else of the same kind, concluding as follows: "And, gentlemen, never forget that you are a British jury, and if you have any reasonable doubt on your minds, God forbid that the prisoner should not have the benefit of it." The jury retired, and were twenty minutes or more before they found out that the Judge had been laughing at them, and made up their minds that the identity was proved.

A CIRCUIT STORY.

Sir John Coleridge relates :—" In the County of Cornwall there lived a highly respectable family, named Robinson, consisting of two sons, William and Nicholas, and two daughters. The property was settled on the two sons and their male issue, and in case of death on the two daughters. William was to be the 'squire, and Nicholas was placed with an eminent attorney of St. Austell, as his clerk, but with a prospect of one day being admitted into partnership. The young man conducted himself well and respectably, and the attorney became much attached to him. The harmony, however, between the two, and between the family, was broken, for Nicholas had fallen in love with a young woman at St. Austell, who was a milliner or a milliner's apprentice. The result was that in November, 1782, the young man was sent to London to qualify himself as an attorney : thence he wrote unhappy letters to his old master and others, but he was ultimately admitted an attorney of the Court of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas. Thenceforward he was never seen by any member of his family or former friends, and all search for him proved fruitless. In the course of time the old Robinson died. William, the eldest son, succeeded to the property ; he never married, and died in May, 1802. As nothing was heard of Nicholas, the two sisters became entitled to the property, and they held possession of it for twenty years, no claim being made to disturb their enjoyment of it.

"In 1783, a young man, whose looks and manners were above his means and station, had made his appearance as a stranger at Liverpool. He called himself Nathaniel Richardson—the same initials as Nicholas Robinson. He bought a cab and horse, and plied for hire in the streets of Liverpool. Being a civil, sober, and prudent man, he soon became prosperous, and drove a coach between London and Liverpool. He married, had children, and gradually acquired considerable property. Having gone to Wales to purchase horses in 1802, he was by an accident drowned in the Mersey. In the year 1821 it was said that this Nathaniel Richardson was no other than Nicholas Robinson, and his eldest son claimed the property which was then inherited by the two daughters, and the action was tried in Cornwall. Nearly forty years had elapsed since any one had seen Nicholas Robinson, but it was made out conclusively, in a most remarkable way, and by a variety of small circumstances, all pointing to one conclusion, that Nathaniel Richardson was the identical Nicholas Robinson. The Cornish witnesses and the Liverpool witnesses agreed in the description of his person, his height,

the colour of his hair, his general appearance, and more particularly it was mentioned that he had a peculiar habit of biting his nails, and that he had a great fondness for horses.

"In addition to other circumstances, there was this most remarkable one,—that Nathaniel's widow married again, and the furniture and effects were taken to the second husband's house. Among the articles was an old trunk which she had never seen opened, but it happened one day that this old trunk was, through curiosity, examined, and among other letters and papers, the two certificates of Nicholas Robinson's admission as attorney to the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas were found. On the trial the old master of Nicholas Robinson, *alias* Nathaniel Richardson, swore to his handwriting, and so the property was recovered."

JESTING BY INCHES.

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch; "I see," said the Judge, "the proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an inch, has taken an L." Out of this joke of Joe Miller comes the *jeu d'esprit* of Liston upon his fascinating and *petite* wife. Some one having addressed the lively little lady as "Mrs. L," "Mrs. Ell!" said Liston, "I call her Mrs. Inch."—*Family Joe Miller*, p. 80.

CHARTIST TRIALS.

Sir John Coleridge, who presided as judge at the trials of Feargus O'Connor and O'Brien, observes that for the most part, its members appeared to have been honest, but misguided persons. He had no doubt if the movement had not been suppressed, that it would have led on to plunder and havoc, and that blood would have flowed like water, for the occupation and habits of these men made them a hard-handed and stern race. The way in which some of them defended themselves was remarkable; although speaking with a Lancashire pronunciation, which was very difficult to understand, they, nevertheless, spoke pure English, and quoted—not the words of Tom Paine and other infidel writers, but such writers as Algernon Sidney, Sir William Jones, John Locke, and John Milton. There were men among them who, after working ten or twelve hours a day, had been diligent readers, and were better English scholars than many of the jurymen who tried them.

CUPAR AND JEDBURGH JUSTICE.

It is an odd circumstance that Lord Campbell, to whom both as judge and legislator the law of England owes so much, was born at a place which gives its name, "Cupar justice," to the peculiar

system of law which hangs a man first and tries him afterwards, and that he had his country residence (Hartrigge-house, Roxburghshire) in the neighbourhood of another town which gave the name of "Jedburgh justice" to an equally summary code, the great principle of which is, "Hang all or save all."

RISE OF LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL.

John Campbell, the son of a parish minister in Fifeshire, for many years worked hard as a reporter for the press. When called to the Bar, he is allowed to have pushed his way to London business in a manner the most original. In one of his biographies he remarks of Pratt that he "persevered for eight or nine years, but not inviting attorneys to dine with him, and never dancing with their daughters, his practice did not improve." Whether Campbell cultivated for this purpose the arts of dining and dancing we do not know, but he certainly cultivated the acquaintance of the attorneys, and in a way peculiarly his own. Between 1809 and 1816 he published a series of Reports at *Nisi Prius* extending to four volumes, which are most valuable in themselves, but which were of especial interest to the attorneys who had been engaged in any of the cases recorded, inasmuch as for the first time in the history of such reporting he had at the end of each decision stated the names of those attorneys who had to do with the trials. He soon established a connexion with the leading solicitors, obtained a large practice, and was retained, as a matter of course, in shipping cases, and in nearly every important cause tried before a special jury at the Guildhall sittings. Apart, however, from the popularity of these volumes among the attorneys, they were held in still wider estimation as the admirably reported decisions of Lord Ellenborough; and Campbell took credit to himself for having in some degree created the reputation of that lawyer. "When I was a *Nisi Prius* reporter," he said, "I had a drawer marked 'Bad Law,' into which I threw all the cases which seemed to me improperly ruled. I was flattered to hear Sir James Mansfield, C.J., say: 'Whoever reads Campbell's Reports must be astonished to find how uniformly Lord Ellenborough's decisions were right.' My rejected cases, which I had kept as a curiosity—not maliciously—were all burnt in the great fire in the Temple when I was Attorney-General."

DOWN TO THE LEVEL.

A remarkably acute friend of Lord Campbell, formerly at the Bar, relates that the judges having retired for a few minutes in the midst of his argument, in which, from their interruptions and objections,

he did not seem likely to be successful—went out of court too, and on his return said that he had been drinking a pot of porter. Being asked if he was not afraid this beverage would dull his intellect, "That is exactly my object," said he, "to bring me down if possible to the level of their lordships."

L'Estrange, more than a century previously, had given this version of the same point. One asked Sir John Millesent how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met. "Why, in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench."

THE MACKINTOSH FAMILY.

When, in 1802, Sir James Mackintosh was at the Bar, on the Norfolk circuit, there befell him this amusing domestic incident. He had left his wife near her accouchement. But that accouchement produced a most portentous augmentation of his domestic bliss, or rather his domestic inquietudes. It was an important omen to his fortunes, which at that time were not prosperous. He was anxiously looking for letters at Bedford. At Huntingdon he received one, congratulating him upon the birth of a fine boy. The next circuit town is Cambridge. There he found another despatch at the post-office, announcing the birth of a second. It was with a grave smile that he received the congratulation of the circuit-table, upon the coming of another Marcellus. But he had scarcely arrived at Bury, when a third boy was announced to him by letter. The letters had indeed been written after the birth of each of this extraordinary progeny: but the first only was in time for the post; the second and third were written after the respective births they related, but, by some fatality, were not forwarded by one post. This monstrous fit of parturiency was enough to sadden any man's visage, but he bore it with great philosophy; nor did George Wilson, the amiable and respectable leader of the Norfolk circuit, in the slightest manner discompose him, when, in sly allusion to his Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, he proposed with great gravity, the health of Mrs. Mackintosh and her three sons—Grotius, Puffendorff, and Vattel.

BROUGHAM AT THE BAR.

Lord Brougham's Bar recollections abound with humour. In an assize case of assault and battery, by the throwing of a stone, he once drew the following clear and conclusive evidence out of a Yorkshireman: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw the stone, and I'm pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it was a largeish stone."

"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it was a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollects, it was something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a *lump of chalk*."

During the legal absence of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Campbell, on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Court of King's Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in the case." "Yes, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said the judge, taking snuff. "My lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "it is whispered that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *scarlet fever*."

LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived everything had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the Court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. On one occasion, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock till half-past two, a third arose to address the Court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed, "What! Mr. A., are you really going to speak on the same side?" "Yes, my lord, I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time." "Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose, "then, Mr. A., you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for, really, this more than human nature can endure." The youthful barrister took the hint; he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.

ESKGROVE AND BROUGHAM.

Brougham tormented Eskgrove, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and conse-

quently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. “I declare,” said the justice, “that man Broom, or Brougham, is the torment of my life.” His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham’s eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. “Well, gentlemen, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this” (mis-stating it); “but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.”—*Cockburn’s Memorials*.

A PROFITABLE HINT.

Lord Chelmsford relates that a friend of his at the Bar was once engaged in a nautical case, in which it appeared that a vessel had been exposed to a very severe gale of wind, and had been thrown upon her beam-ends. The barrister, ignorant of nautical matters, asked a seaman who was in the witness-box how it was they did not lower the topmast, upon which the witness said with a sneer, “If you knew as much of the sea as I do, you would know that this is not a very easy matter.” This incident led the counsel to turn his attention to the subject; and he invented an apparatus for lowering top-masts, for which he obtained a patent, and realized thereby upwards of 20,000*l*. by this, as it might be termed, accidental invention.

A BOLD LAWYER.

When, in 1863, Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn presided at the distribution of prizes at St. Mary’s Hospital Medical School, in the course of his address he related the following incident in his legal career. Scientific men, he said, frequently showed a tendency to speak of their science in hard technical terms, which was natural, but evidence given in pedantic language was often nearly unintelligible to laymen, and consequently its value was lessened. He recollected once that a medical man of vast attainments drew up a Report which was read in court. He (the Chief Justice) was counsel on the other side, and the Report being couched in bombastic and pedantic language he turned it into ridicule and got the verdict. On grounds which he explained he believed the verdict was right. Some time after he fell ill, and he sent for the doctor whose report he had ridiculed. The doctor said to him, “Well, I thought you were a clever fellow, but I have altered my opinion.” “How so?” he (the speaker) asked. “Because,” replied the doctor, “you are foolish enough, after speaking of my Report in the way you did, to

put yourself under my care." The doctor, however, treated him with skill, and he soon recovered.

SHORT COMMONS.

On the evening of the coronation-day of our gracious Queen, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave the students a feed; when a certain profane wag in giving out a verse of the national anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating a grievance as to the modicum of port allowed, in manner and form following:

"Happy and glorious—
Three half-pints 'mong four of us,
Heaven send no more of us,
God save the Queen!"

—which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous laughter and applause.





ECCENTRIC PERSONS.

ANECDOTES OF MISERS.

THE moralists have dealt fairly with the Miser : if honest, he can be only honest bare-weight. History tells of illustrious villains ; but there never was an illustrious miser in nature ; though the keeping together of wealth, and the having and holding it fast, is a great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day. These sacrifices have, in all times, furnished the world much to laugh at and ridicule, if not to despise.

"Plum Turner" and "Vulture Hopkins," two noted misers, are immortalized in Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. 3. Richard Turner had been a Turkey merchant : he died in 1733. When possessed of 300,000*l.* he laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four per cent. ; he then put 70,000*l.* into the Charitable Corporation for better interest ; which sum, having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It was thought that he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and other expenses. John Hopkins, by his rapacity, obtained the name of "Vulture : " he lived worthless, but died wealthy : he would give to no person living, but left his riches, 300,000*l.*, so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all the time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "they would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." Hopkins was a wealthy London merchant, and resided in Old Broad-street. He was the architect of nearly his whole fortune, which originated in some highly fortunate speculations in the stocks, and was considerably increased at the explosion of the South-sea Bubble in 1720. On one occasion he paid an evening visit to Guy, the founder of the Hospital in Southwark, who also was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. On Hopkins entering the room, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay

ready on the table, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you came about?" replied Gay; "why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark." Upon this, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this example of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave. Unfortunately for Hopkins, he happened to be a Whig, and was moreover concerned in various loans to a government composed of Whigs; this may account for the exacerbation of Pope:—

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end.*

Upon the funeral of another miser of this stamp, Sir John Cutler, was expended no less than 7000*l*. Sir John was a loyalist in the time of the Commonwealth, and at the Restoration was created a Baronet by Charles II. He belonged to the Grocers' Company; he contributed a large sum towards the building of the College of Physicians, in Warwick-lane; in return for which a statue of the Baronet, along with another of the King, was erected in the College court. Sir John died in 1699, and his executors claimed of the College 7000*l*., the sum which Sir John had advanced, with interest, and appearing to be charged as a debtor in the books of the deceased. A compromise was made by the executors accepting 2000*l*., as payment in full of all demands. The "faculty of Warwick-lane," enraged at this shabby transaction, obliterated the name of Sir John inscribed on the pedestal of his statue; but he has received a more enduring monument in Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. 3, in reference to his splendid funeral:

Honours by the heralds duly paid
For mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
Oh cruel irony! these came too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.

The great Captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold dark night to save sixpence in chair-hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million

* Notes and Queries.

and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir, but he would always have saved sixpence.

When Lord Bath, his Countess, and son, visited Holkham, they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with—half-a-crown. George Colman tells us that his Lordship, when passing in his carriage, through a gate near his country-house, would give the word to halt: the outriders echoed the order, the coachman pulled up, and the cavalcade stood still; and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his coach bedizened with coronets, and drawn by four horses, threw to the venerable woman gatekeeper—a *halfpenny*!

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke when worth 800,000*l.* set the same value on half-a-crown as he did when he was worth only one hundred pounds.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver at George's Coffee-house, in the Strand, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home. Some little time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight—unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. He was to be couched, persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist; by agreement to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in the operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty. At the time Taylor attended him, Sir William had a large estate, and immense sums of money in the stocks, and 6000*l.* in the house.

Shanky Williams, as he was familiarly called, a native of Cymwd, lived about sixty years ago. He was accustomed to travel through the West of England, picking up whatever he could on the road, and selling it at the next town. In this way in the course of years he amassed a considerable sum, which he put out to interest. Disease at last overtook him in a wretched lodging at Bristol. The old man, conscious of his approaching end, could not even then withstand his money-making propensity. He sent for three men who were notorious body-snatchers, and so contrived that he should be visited by each in succession. He had the roguery to sell his corpse to each man for three guineas, and, before they discovered the cheat, contrived to secure the money; his death a few hours afterwards rendering all complaint on the part of his victims useless.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, before they lit the candles, lest the first should have been "a runaway," and their candles wasted. Nollekens's biographer was assured that a pair of moulds, by being nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted a whole year! By his wife begging a clove, or a bit of cinnamon, "to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth," and such mean shifts, the parsimonious pair contrived to keep their spice-box constantly replenished. One day a poor old artist was asked by Nollekens, what made him look so dull? "I am low-spirited," he replied. "Then go to the pump, and take a drink of water," was the advice in return; and, in justification of this strange advice, Nollekens asserted, that, when he was low-spirited, the pump always brought him to.

So strong is the avarice of the miser that we are not surprised at its often developing itself as "the ruling passion strong in death." Mr. Larkham, apothecary, of Richmond, told Mr. Henry Floyd, that his patient, Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune, and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died, desired him to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. "Lord, Sir," said Larkham, "what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?" "Why," said Watson, "I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay me out; and that is an *old ragged one*, and good enough for them."

Sir Robert Brown, who calculated what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard, died in 1760, leaving everything, even his avarice, to his lady. He raised a great fortune

as a merchant at Venice, though his whole wealth, when he went thither, consisted in one of those vast wigs, (a second-hand one, given to him,) which were worn in the reign of Queen Anne, and which he sold for five guineas. He had three daughters; the eldest, about eighteen, fell into a consumption, and being ordered to ride, her father drew a map of the by-lanes about London, which he made a footman carry in his pocket and observe, that she might ride without paying a turnpike. When the poor girl was past recovery, Sir Robert sent for an undertaker, to cheapen her funeral, as she was not dead, and there was a possibility of her living. He went further; he called his other daughters, and bade them curtsy to the undertaker, and promise to be his friends; and so they proved, for both died consumptive in two years.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, who was knighted when Lord Mayor of Dublin, was very parsimonious, but his lady was still meaner. In his mayoralty, he could not persuade her to buy a new gown. The pride of the Hamiltons surmounted the penury of the Highlands; he bought a silk that cost five-and-fifty shillings a yard, but told his wife it cost but forty; in the evening she displayed it to some of her female acquaintance. "Forty shillings a yard! Lord, Madam," said one of them, "I would give five-and-forty myself." "Would you, Madam? you shall have it at that price." Judge how Sir Patrick was transported, when he returned at night, and she bragged of the good bargain she had made!

The most noted miser on our list is John Elwes, of the Suffolk branch of the ancient family of Elwes, and who inherited from his uncle, Sir Hervey Elwes, M.P., in 1763, his estates, together with 150,000*l.*, the accumulation of his penurious life. Thus there was hereditary avarice in the family: Elwes's mother is *said* to have starved herself to death, though possessed of 100,000*l.*; and her brother, Sir Hervey, with a property of 250,000*l.*, maintained his family at a yearly expenditure of 110*l.* John Elwes, the nephew, was educated at Westminster school: he won his uncle's favour by dressing, like him, with a pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat: the saving pair would sit, with a single stick upon the fire, and one glass of wine occasionally between them, talking over the extravagance of the times, and at dusk each went to bed, to save candle-light. When the weather was bad, Sir Hervey would walk to and fro in his old hall, to save the expense of fire. When young, he was given over for consumption, but he lived till between eighty and ninety years of age.

Elwes, the nephew, contrived to mingle small attempts at saving

with unbounded dissipation : he was fond of play, and after sitting up a whole night at cards for thousands, in a splendidly gilt saloon, would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex ; and there would he stand in the cold or rain, haggling with a carcase-butcher for a shilling. He always travelled on horseback, and, to save inn expenses, carried with him hard-boiled eggs, and odd pieces of bread : baggage he never took ; then, mounting one of his hunters, he got into that road where turnpikes were fewest. Then, stopping under a hedge, where grass could be got for his horse, and water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his horse together. His chief seat was at Barcham, in Berkshire ; and he inherited from his uncle another seat at Stoke, in Suffolk. There he kept fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters—the only instance, in his whole life, of sacrificing money to pleasure. Yet his huntsman rose at four o'clock in the morning, milked the cows, and got breakfast ready ; then saddled the horses, and went out with the hounds. After the fatigue of hunting, he rubbed down the horses ; laid the cloth, and waited at dinner ; then hurried again into the stables to feed the horses ; and next, to milk the cows, feed the dogs, and litter down eight hunters for the night. Yet this servant was called by his master, “an idle dog,” who wanted to be paid for doing nothing ; he died upon a rough trotting horse, while following his master ; his yearly wages were but five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he died.

Mr. Elwes sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kind act of his, on one of these occasions, ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.*, which, it was supposed, he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, Mr. Elwes offered his lordship the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

With all his parsimony, Elwes lost large sums of money ; he knew scarcely anything of accounts, never reduced his affairs to writing, and trusted much to memory. Schemers flocked to him, and tempted him with high interest, and he eagerly caught at every bait : hence he had phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaux filled with bonds of promising peers and senators : in this manner the miser lost 150,000*l.* On the other hand, he voluntarily renounced common enjoyment : he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach ; and would sit in

wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat putrefying provisions rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and he is known to have worn a cast-off wig which he had picked out of a rut in a dirty lane.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father house-property in London, particularly in and about the Haymarket. He engaged largely in building speculations; built much in Marylebone,—Portland-place, Portman-square, and many adjacent streets, rising out of his pocket. Whenever he came to London he occupied one of these houses which chanced to be vacant; if the house was let, he removed to another, at a minute's notice, with a couple of beds, two chairs, a table, and an old woman: in one of his *empty houses*, in Great Marlborough-street, he was once found by his nephew, in a dirty chamber, on an old pallet-bed, apparently in the agonies of death; his aged servant was found lifeless on a rug in one of the garrets; and but for the above discovery, her master, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want!

When nearly sixty years old, Mr. Elwes was brought into Parliament for Berkshire, upon the nomination of Lord Craven, but on the express stipulation that he was to be returned free of expense: all he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon: so that he actually obtained a seat in Parliament for eighteen-pence. He was chosen three successive times, and, to his honour, proved a conscientious and independent member. He made no change in his dress except for the Speaker's dinners, for which he had a special suit. About this time his wig being worn out, to save the expense of a new one, he wore his own hair. He stayed out the debate, however late, and then walked home. One night his legs were hurt severely by the pole of a sedan-chair: he at length submitted to an apothecary being called in, with whom he agreed to treat one leg, and the apothecary the other: Elwes did nothing to his leg, which got well before that treated by the medical man by a fortnight; and, according to the bargain, the surgeon did not receive any payment. Elwes, however, found the inside of Parliament expensive: his brother representatives borrowed many sums which were never repaid: and this led to his retirement from the House. He consoled himself by his winnings at a card-club at the Mount coffee-house; but in play of two days and a night, he once lost 3000*l.*, a loss which he always endeavoured to conceal.

In the spring of 1785, he went to his seat at Stoke, which, but for one of his natural sons, would have fallen into ruin; there he found fault with the expensive furniture: to save fire, he would

• walk about the remains of a greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen: in harvest-time, he would glean the cornfields of his own tenants, after which he was as eager as any pauper in the parish: he would also pick up straw, chips, and bones, and carry them home for the fire; and he was once found pulling down, with difficulty, a crow's-nest for fuel.

To save going to a butcher, he had a sheep killed, and, till it was gone, ate mutton daily: when he had his river drawn, though horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer any to be thrown in again; for if he did, he should never see them more. With his dress he was equally strange: he would not allow his shoes to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and would sometimes rise in the middle of the night to go downstairs and see if they were safe. He would not allow himself any fire by day, and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now brought nearly to a climax the moral of his whole life—the vanity of wealth.

His farm at Thaydon Hall, on the borders of Epping Forest, was still more desolate than his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. Here he fell ill, and refused all assistance; but fearing death, he resolved to make his will; and on his recovery, devised his real and personal estates to his two sons.

The summer of 1788 Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck-street: his chief employment was to see to his houses in Marylebone under repair: he usually rose at four in the morning, and his neighbours knew him as “the old carpenter.” He had now attained the age of 76, and grew infirm; often lost his way in the streets, the names of which he forgot. During the ensuing winter his memory grew weaker daily; and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. One day he said to a builder, “Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am! you see in what a good house I am living; and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death: I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is.” He now might be heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, “I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property.” In the autumn of 1789, his memory was entirely gone: his senses sunk rapidly, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of violent passion took the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he went to rest in his clothes, as dressed during the day: he was one morning found fast asleep

between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head. On November 18, he showed signs of total debility, which carried him to his grave in eight days. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of anything about him; and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh, leaving property to the amount of about 800,000*l.*: he bequeathed to his sons half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to his grandnephew, Mr. Timms, son of Lieut.-Colonel Timms. Till within a short time of his decease, Mr. Elwes exhibited the fine head of an old man, in the style of one of Rembrandt's paintings. In his long life, whatever Cervantes or Molière pictured of avarice, might be realized or surpassed in Elwes; but with the paramount quality, the redeeming virtue, of unshaken integrity.

Two remarkable clerical Misers are worthy of note. The Rev. John Trueman, of Daventry, possessed an income of about 400*l.* per annum, clear; and, by his self-denying management of it, he contrived to leave behind him 50,000*l.* There were few things too mean for him to do in order to save money: he would visit the different farmhouses in his parish, and steal turnips out of the fields as he passed along. He would then beg a bit of bacon to boil with them. In calling at farmhouses, he sometimes got an invitation to remain all night. Sometimes he would quarter himself without any invitation whatever; and in the room in which he slept, he was known to steal the red-coloured and other worsted out of the corners of the blankets, which he took away with him to darn his stockings.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, Curate of Blewberry, seems to have been even more parsimonious than Elwes. He had no servant, the whole of his household duties being performed by himself. He held his office forty-three years. The same hat and coat served him for his every-day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of his hat had on one side been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day across the fields, he met with an old left-off hat stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tawine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old hat, and ever after wore it, although the old crown was quite brown, and the new brim black as jet. His stockings were also washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts, which had never been worn; but, for many years, his stock in use was circumscribed to one; his parsimony would not

permit him to have this washed more than once in two or three months. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means be worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times, and, as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cuttings from the tail: then, he was often seen roaming about the churchyard, to pick up bits of stick, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit-trees to make his fire, while his wood-house was crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail on himself to use. In very cold weather he would get by some neighbour's fire to warm his shivering limbs; and when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the small bits left of those provided for divine service in the church. He was never known to keep a dog, cat, or any other living creature; the whole expenses of his house, for the last twenty years of his life, did not amount to half-a-crown a week; and, as his fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his yearly salary, which never was more than fifty pounds per annum.

The eccentric French miser Dubois combined a love of ostentatious display with intense covetousness. Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his very interesting account of Misers, tells us that among Dubois's property, by inheritance, was much rich plate, and articles of furniture in excellent taste. His costly sideboard of silver was every day placed in order, as if some splendid entertainment were intended to be given; and he was flattered when any one calling at his house, and being designedly led through his *salle-à-manger* about the usual dinner-hour, applauded the splendour there laid out. The silver dishes were borne on and off the table, while he was at dinner, as if the covers concealed the best meals, and being carried through a waiting-room for strangers, on their way back to the pantry or kitchen, gave an idea of that kind of greatness of which their owner was desirous of producing the impression. In the midst of all this empty show and secret meanness, Dubois dined on a few cheap vegetables and a bit of pork or mutton, brought on dishes and covers that mocked the eye of the stranger; for at dinner or supper all was laid out with the same array of plate. Silver dishes contained a single egg or a few olives, accompanied with a glass of poor weak wine. These composed his meal, the miserable fragments of which he would have saved or duly accounted for, and preserved towards the next day's *potage*. Six noble silver candlesticks were brought into the saloon every evening, and the lights were displayed during the presence of a visitor, but extinguished at the moment of his departure. Then the

great man repaired to his bedroom, which was lit with a miserable little taper that only served to throw a dingy light upon the surrounding gloom. When going out, his servants, ill-fed ordinarily and plainly dressed, attended their master to the seat of justice, or to the court, in fine liveries. These were taken off on returning home, in order to preserve their splendid appearance and prevent them from being soiled. Dubois, fearing his nearest relation would squander his wealth if he bequeathed it to him, preferred leaving it to a thrifty cousin, who won the niggard's heart by writing to him on a quarter of a sheet of paper. "I will make him my heir," said he, "for he knows how to prevent waste. What would be the use of a whole sheet of paper, when he can say all upon this slip? This is no disrespect to me; he is a good economist, and he shall be my heir."

Ostervald, the Parisian banker, when he set out in life, was accustomed to drink a pint of beer for supper daily, at a tavern, whence he would take away with him all the bottle-corks he could lay hands on. Of such corks, in about eight years, he collected as many as sold for 12 louis d'ors. With this sum the banker laid the foundation of his splendid fortune, gained for the most part by stock-jobbing; he left, in French money, three millions of francs. A few days prior to his death, in 1790, he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," he said, "but I have no appetite for the meat; and what is to become of that? It will be a sad waste." The poor wretch died possessed of 125,000*l*.

Here is a tragical story, reminding one of the legend of Ginevra. Foscue, a farmer-general of Languedoc, had a vault made in his wine-cellar, so large that he could descend into it himself by means of a ladder. At the entrance there was a spring-lock which would cause a trap-door to shut, and it could not be opened except on the outside. Foscue was one day found missing, and every search after proved to be vain. His ponds were dragged, and all other means taken to discover him. He was given over for lost, and his property duly disposed of. His house was soon afterwards sold. The purchaser being about to make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered the vault in the cellar, and the key in the lock outside. It was opened, and on descending, Foscue was found lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle, for that it appeared he had eaten. On looking round they discovered his enormous treasure of heavy bags of gold, and large chests of untold wealth. It was supposed that, when he went down into his vault, the door had by some accident closed after him, and being beyond all hearing of his fellow-creatures, he had perished of hunger.

An old woman at Dorchester kept a huckster's shop, and in the latter days of her life formed hangings to her bed of one pound bank notes. These were delicately gummed to curtains of calico; and so the old woman slept and dreamed in an atmosphere of money. She was found dead surrounded by her treasures, and a clause was found in her will, directing that one of her favourite notes should be placed under her head in her coffin.

The story of Miss Elizabeth Bolaine, of Canterbury, a lady-miser in the last century, is thus told by Mr. Redding:—

"In early womanhood Miss Bolaine was not unprepossessing, and had several offers of marriage, which she managed to turn to saving account. Thus, she induced some to defray the expenses of her different entertainments, which she called 'treats.' She accepted the attention of a gentleman at Faversham, who tempted her with a coach-and-four, but she jilted him. Her next lover, a lawyer, from Canterbury, won her affections, and a bond for 200*l.*, which she was to forfeit if she did not keep her promise. But she relented; and to recover possession of the bond, she simulated increased affection in order to obtain her object, and even made a pretended attempt at suicide in furtherance of her plan, until at last, she having fixed the day and even the hour for their marriage, the lover, in the weakness of his passion, gave her up the bond. The minister was in waiting, the poor deluded bridegroom in attendance; but the bride did not appear.

"Miss Bolaine also received the visits of a Mr. B——, with whom she consented to live, and, when there was any occasion, to adopt his name. He suited her exactly—could wash, iron, sweep the house, and eat a mouldy crust, or tainted meat, for he too was a miser. He invented a new species of very economical fuel, which much recommended him to her. In making this fire he placed cabbage-stalks from the garden, and dead boughs of bushes between grass-turf, laying the latter stratum super stratum, so as to prevent the consumption from being too rapid. The produce of the garden was sold, and Mr. B—— was the gardener, working in rags—Miss Bolaine only permitting him to eat the decaying fruit.

"Mrs. B——, as she called herself, volunteered to knit stockings for neighbours and friends, and sometimes tendered them assistance with her own hands, but was unluckily detected in charging three farthings an ounce more for the worsted than she had actually paid for it.

"At length the worthy pair, Mr. and Mrs. B——, set up a carriage, which the owner appears to have painted and decorated himself. A couple of cart-horses were purchased, and a left off-suit

of drummer's clothes formed the coachman's livery. The coachman was said to have been a mendicant. The expense of keeping the vehicle was met by letting it out occasionally for hire. The owner himself and his partner together fed the horses; but upon a scale so moderate, that the animals could not have been excelled in leanness by Pharaoh's attenuated kine."*

Not a few misers have carried their penury into the arrangements for their interment. Edward Nokes, of Hornchurch, by his own direction, was buried in this curious fashion:—A short time before his death, which he hastened by the daily indulgence in nearly a quart of spirits, he gave a strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually adhered to, the lid being made fast with hinges of cord, and minus a coffin-plate, for which the initials E.N. cut upon the wood were substituted. His shroud was made of a pound of wool. The coffin was covered with a sheet in place of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he directed a gratuity of half-a-crown. At his particular desire, too, not one who followed him to the grave was in mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners appeared to try whose dress should be the most striking. Even the undertaker was dressed in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat.

Another deplorable case might be cited, that of Thomas Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left behind him 3475*l.* in the public funds.

Daniel Dancer's miserly propensities were indulged in to such a degree, that on one occasion, when, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat, to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eighteenpence. He performed his ablutions at a neighbouring pool, drying himself in the sun, to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet he had property to the extent of upwards of 4000*l.* per annum. He had a man-servant at 1*s.* 6*d.* per week wages, to help his master in picking up bones. He lived in great penury: during his last illness, Lady Tempest found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck; and thus, with a truss of hay for his pillow, he died in 1794, in his seventy-eighth year. Then was found concealed in a dunghheap nearly 2500*l.*; in a jacket nailed to a manger, 500*l.* in gold and bank-notes; in the chimney, 200*l.*; and in an old teapot,

* Reminding one of "Starvation Farm," at Islington, where a foreign baron kept his emaciated stock.

600*l.* in bank-notes—his entire property being left to Lady Tempest and her brother.

Thomas Cooke, of Pentonville, who died in 1811, leaving great wealth, was known to put on ragged clothes, and apply as a pauper, at gentlemen's houses, for a dispensary letter, for the cure of his eyes. In his latter days, when wearing a well-powdered wig, and long ruffles, he would pretend to fall in a fit at a door, and if assistance was offered, would ask for water; and if pressed to take wine, would appear reluctantly to consent, and then drink two glasses. Meanwhile he was discovered to be the rich Mr. Cooke, the sugar-baker, worth a hundred thousand pounds. In a few days he paid a second visit about dinner-time, under the pretence of thanking the gentleman for saving his life the other day; he stayed to dinner, caressed all the children, and took their names in writing, and the parents thus believed he would leave them legacies. Then poured in upon Cooke presents of provisions, most of which he sold; he drank water; his "gormandizing, gluttonous maids," table-beer. Cooke had, by the above manœuvre, caught a paper-maker, named King, who did him many kindnesses; but, upon King falling into difficulties, and applying to Cooke for help, could only get from him advice never to drink another pint of beer, there being "plenty of pumps." And, among other meanness, the miser, who was ceremoniously religious, used to take the sacrament at home; "it saves my pocket," said he; "at church I must put a shilling into the plate." At length death came for the miser; he sent for medical men—some would not attend; but a surgeon who came, was turned out of the house for cheating Cooke by sending medicine, when the medical man told him he could only live six days. Cooke's executors gave him what he would have called an extravagant funeral; but the mob pelted with cabbage-stalks the procession from the miser's house at Pentonville to his grave. However, he in some measure atoned for his avarice, by bequeathing about 10,000*l.* among four charitable institutions.

In the year 1803, there passed out of the world a strange Scotchman, named Andrew Hutton, called in the western district of Fife "the African chief," but he seems to have been chiefly known by his miserly mode of living. He not only stinted himself of food, but what he did eat was of the coarsest description: he had a sort of Nebuchadnezzar-like appetite for vegetation. The immediate cause of Hutton's death was eating the leaves of the ash: he had been walking through a field bordered with ash-trees, on the falling leaves of which some cows were feeding greedily. They were fat, in good condition, and Hutton thought what is good for the cow is

good for the man; so he collected a quantity of the ash-leaves, took them home, boiled them, and fed on them for several days. He was taken ill, and removed to the Fever Hospital, Dunfermline, where he died, after some days of great suffering. He had reached his fifty-fifth year. On searching his house his relatives found, in an old tea-kettle, a cheque for 70*l.*, the interest on which had been accumulating for seventeen years: and a deposit-book showed a balance of 61*l.* to his credit in the National Security Savings Bank. Loose money was also found concealed in the house; and the miserable man possessed considerable property in Dunfermline.

Many a Londoner past middle age may recollect Thomas Clark, "the King of Exeter 'Change," who was long one of the most singular characters in the metropolis. He took a stall in the 'Change in 1765, with 100*l.* lent him by a stranger. By parsimony and perseverance he so extended his business as to occupy nearly one half of the entire building with the sale of cutlery, turnery, &c. He grew rich, and once returned his income at 6000*l.* a year. He was penurious in his habits: he dined with his plate on the bare board, and his meal, with a pint of porter, never cost him a shilling. He resided in Belgrave-place, Pimlico; and morning and evening saw him on his old horse, riding into town and home again—and thus he figured in the print-shops. He died in 1817, in his eightieth year, and left nearly half a million of money.

Early in 1864, one William Cox, a notorious miser, was found dead in his room in the Model Lodging-house, Columbia Square. He lay on the floor—his head in the grate; on the table was some money, which he had evidently been counting. His clothes were not worth a shilling, and the stockings were sewn on his feet. He was in a dreadful state of emaciation. Upon searching the rooms, deeds, leases, policies of insurance, money, watches, and other property to the value of between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* were found lying about and concealed. Among other articles seventeen coats, the same number of waistcoats, and seventeen pairs of boots, all nearly new, were found in the place. Two hundredweight of coals, which it is ascertained were purchased by him six months before—doubtless, because they were then cheap—were found nearly untouched. It was his habit during the severe weather to sit shivering in his room, and no one could induce him to allow a fire to be made.

VAGARIES OF SIR JOHN HILL.

Sir John Hill, born about 1716, began life as apprentice to an apothecary, in London, by which means he obtained some knowledge of botany; and being possessed of lively parts, industry, and im-

pudence, he managed to get on in the world. He pushed his way into fashionable life; published a scandalous newspaper called the *Inspector*; made, puffed, and sold quack medicines; and yet found time to compose voluminous works.

Sir John Hill,* having been rejected because of his waspish temper by the learned societies in succession, ridiculed them all with equal asperity. The Antiquaries were "medal-scrapers and "antediluvian knife-grinders;" the Conchologists were "cockle-shell merchants;" the Naturalists were "pedlars of pricklebacks and cockchafers." Hill was a man of great and varied talents—there is no denying it—and of miraculous industry. His "Vegetable System," extending to twenty-six folios, and containing 16,000 plates, representing 26,400 different figures from nature, is in itself a pyramid of his industry, yet it does not comprise one-twentieth part of his labours. He wrote travels and histories, romances, sermons, pamphlets, plays, and poems—in fact, he put his pen to every kind of writing, though it is not quite so certain that he beautified all he touched. His temper was intolerable; his vanity egregious; and in every fellow-creature he seems to have found an enemy. "Friendship passed him like a ship at sea." He flung his glove in the teeth of the world, and the world, as is its custom, walked upon him. Posterity has done justice to his great attainments, but how was he treated by his contemporaries! Fielding, punning on his name, called him "a paltry dunghill;" and Smart, whom he had called an "ass," devoted a long poem to him—the "Hilliad"—in which he denounced him as

"A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
The insolvent tenant of encumbered space!"

Garriek's happy lines on his double faculty of physician and playwright are well known:—

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—
His farce is a physic, his physic a farce is!"

Some other wit, whom he had stigmatized as "a wooden-headed booby," assailed him in a similar manner:—

"The worst that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

Nor did it end here. Malice, like echo, caught up the perishing strain, and the last epigram was the best of the three:—

"No! let the order be reversed,
Or else unlashed his crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

* From a clever paper, by Charles Dunphy, A.B.

When the tar-water mania was at its height, in the year 1777, and that compound was received as the universal remedy for all diseases, Sir John Hill, to revenge himself on the Royal Society, because they rejected him as a Fellow, contrived the following ingenious hoax. It is thus told by Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann; but Walpole omits to state that Sir John Hill wrote all the letters, and not the sailor himself. A sailor, who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* could cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it appeared beyond a doubt that the man spoke the truth. But, charming was the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor: in a postscript to his last letter he added these words: "I forgot to tell your honours that *the leg was a wooden one.*" "Was there ever," says Walpole, "more humour? What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly!"

THE STORY OF CHEVALIER D'EON.

There is no longer any mystery connected with the history of D'Eon. He was of a good French family, and born in 1728. He was an excellent scholar, soldier, and political intriguer. In the service of Louis XV., he went to Russia in female attire, obtained employment as the "lectrice" or female reader to the Czarina Elizabeth, and under that disguise carried on political and semi-political negotiations with wonderful audacity and success. He subsequently returned to Russia in male costume, describing himself as the brother of the Czarina's lectrice. He wrote well, plotted well, and fought well. In 1762, he appeared in England as Secretary of Embassy to the Duke of Nivernois. Louis XVI. granted him a pension, and when he went over to Versailles to return thanks for the favour,

Marie Antoinette insisted on his assuming woman's attire. To gratify this foolish whim D'Eon one day swept into the royal presence dressed like a duchess, and supported the character to the great delight of the royal and noble spectators.

After thus masquerading for some time, he returned to England in 1794; and being here in 1789, after the Revolution was accomplished, the Convention deprived him of his pension, and placed his name in the fatal list of *émigrés*. From the English Government he received a pension of 200*l.* a year, but his extravagant style of living involved him in debt and distress. In his old days, he turned his fencing capabilities to account, appearing in matches with the famous Chevalier de St. George, and permanently reassumed female attire.

Walpole gives the following as the best account he could collect of the chevalier: "The Duc de Choiseul, I know, believed it was a woman. After the death of Louis XV. D'Eon had leave to go to France, on which the young Comte de Guerchy went to M. de Vergennes, Secretary of State, and gave him notice that the moment D'Eon landed at Calais, he, Guerchy, would cut his throat, or D'Eon should his; on which Vergennes told the Count that D'Eon was certainly a woman. Louis XV. corresponded with D'Eon; and when the Duke de Choiseul had sent a vessel, which lay six months in the Thames, to trepan and bring off D'Eon, the king wrote a letter with his own hand to give him warning of the vessel.

This strange personage died in 1810: when an inspection of the body by several medical men, in presence of the Père Elisée, who attended for Louis XVIII., was followed by a public certificate that the chevalier was an old man. He died at the age of 82.

Nevertheless, in 1771, it had been proved to the satisfaction of the jury, on a trial before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, that the Chevalier was of the female sex. The case was between Hayes, a surgeon, and Jaques, an underwriter; and it was to settle a wager, Jaques having bound himself (on receiving a premium), to pay Hayes a certain sum whenever the fact was established that D'Eon was a woman. Morande, an infamous Frenchman, was a witness, and gave such testimony that no human being could doubt the fact of D'Eon being of the female sex, only that Morande was altogether unworthy of credit. But two French medical men gave equally conclusive evidence (if they could be believed), and the jury (before whom D'Eon did not appear) returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with 702*l.* damages! Very large bets were depending on the result of this absurd trial.

SIR MATTHEW MITE.

General Smith, from a cheesemonger's son, rose to an insolence of wealth by plunder in the Indies. His wife was covered with chains and pearls and diamonds; and he himself, who had been drawn by Foote, in *The Nabob*, under the character of Sir Matthew Mite, was the deepest of all deep gamesters in London. Being excluded from the fashionable club of young men of quality at Almack's, and wishing to plunder them like the Indies, he and a set of sharpers had formed a plan for a new club, which by the excess of play should draw all the young extravagants thither. They built a magnificent house in St. James's-street, furnished it gorgeously, and enrolled the members of both the clubs at White's and Almack's. The titular master of the house the first night acquainted the richest and most wasteful of the members that they might be furnished with loans of ready money, even as far as forty thousand pounds. And this pernicious seminary, erected, in defiance of so many laws, at the very gate of the king's palace, and menacing ruin to their heirs to the most opulent of the Legislature, was tolerated by a Court that delighted in seeing the great Lords and Commoners reduced to a state of beggary and dependence.

Foote, in his farce, played the character of Sir Matthew Mite; in the piece, the Society of Antiquaries come in for a good share of satire; and the club-morals of the time are illustrated in the circumstance of Sir Matthew being requested not to allude to "hang-ing," as a member's brother had so finished his career. Sir Matthew subsequently d——g a member, Touchet replies, "That's right! stick to that! for though the Christian club may have some fears of the gallows, they don't value damnation a farthing."

ADMIRAL KEPPEL AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

When, in 1751, Keppel was employed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the states of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, during an interview with the Dey for the restoration of some English vessels which had been captured by the Dey's piratical subjects, the Admiral is said to have advocated the cause entrusted to him with a warmth and spirit which completely confounded the Dey's preconceived notions of what was due to absolute power. "I wonder," he said, "at the King of England's insolence, in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy." "Had my master," retorted Keppel, "considered that wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent you a he-goat." The Dey, it is said, was so enraged at this speech, that he even contemplated the immediate

execution of Keppel, and ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string. Keppel, however, retained his self-possession, and pointing from a window to the English ships, which were riding at anchor in the bay: "If it is your will," he said, "that I should die, there are Englishmen enough in that fleet to make me a glorious funeral pile." This argument was considered a convincing one by the Dey, who subsequently consented to the terms proposed to him by Keppel.—*Jesse's George Selwyn*, vol. iv.

HOGARTH CARICATURES WILKES AND CHURCHILL.

As Chief-Justice Pratt delivered his immortal judgment against General Warrants, Hogarth was seen in a corner of the Common Pleas, pencil and sketch-book in hand, fixing that famous caricature, from which, as long as caricature shall last, Wilkes will squint upon posterity. Nor was it his first pictorial offence. The caricaturing had begun some little time before, greatly to the grief both of Wilkes and Churchill; for Hogarth was on friendly terms with both, and had, indeed, within the past two years, drunk "divine milk-punch" with them and Sir Francis Dashwood in the neighbourhood of Medmenham Abbey. Disregarding their earnest remonstrance, he assailed Pitt and Temple at the close of the preceding year in his first print of the *Times*. The *North Briton* retaliated; and the present caricature of Wilkes was Hogarth's rejoinder. It stung Churchill past the power of silence.

Churchill replied, and great was the excitement. "Send me Churchill's poem on Hogarth," writes old money-loving Lord Bath from Spa; "but if it be long, it will cost a huge sum in postage." With his rejoinder, such as it was, Hogarth lost little time. He issued for a shilling, before the month was out, "The Bruiser C. Churchill, (once the Rev.) in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura that so sorely galled his virtuous friend the heaven-born Wilkes." It was a bear, in torn clerical bands, and with paws in ruffles; a pot of porter that has just visited his jaws hugged on his right, and a knotted club of *Lies* and *North Britons* clutched on his left; to which, in a later edition of the same print, he added a scoffing caricature of Pitt, Temple, and Wilkes. The poet meanwhile wrote to the latter, who had gone to Paris to place his daughter at school, and told him that Hogarth, having violated the sanctities of private life in this caricature, he meant to pay him back with an *Elegy*, supposing him dead; but that a lady at his elbow was dissuading him with the flattery that Hogarth was already killed.

That the offending painter was already killed, Walpole and others

beside this nameless lady also affirmed; and Colman boldly avouched in print, that the *Epistle* had "snapped the last cord of poor Hogarth's heartstrings." But men like Hogarth do not snap their heartstrings so easily. The worst that is to be said of the fierce assault, is bad enough. It embittered the last years of a great man's life; and the unlooked for death of assailant and assailed within nine days of each other, prevented the reconciliation which would surely, sooner or later, have vindicated their common genius.—From the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

PLAYING ON THE SALT-BOX.

The most successful performance with a rolling-pin and a salt-box, beaten together, the noise being modulated so as to resemble a sort of "music," took place at Ranelagh. Dr. Burney tells us:—"In 1759, I set, for Smart and Newbery, Thornton's burlesque ode on St. Cecilia's Day. It was performed at Ranelagh to a crowded audience, as I was told, for I then resided in Norfolk. Beard sang the Salt-Box Song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the fencing-master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer; Skeggs on the broomstick, as bassoon, and a remarkable performer on the Jew's harp,—

‘Buzzing twangs the iron lyre.’

Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the Old Woman's Oratory, employed by Foote, were, I believe, employed at Ranelagh on this occasion."

Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, tells how he praised the humour of this Ode, and seemed much diverted with it, repeating aloud the following passage:—

"In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine;
With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.
Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volent fingers swept.
Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Sshrilly, thrilling,
Trembling, trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire."

HADDOCKS AND WHITINGS.

Dr. Carlyle was invited to dine with Lord Lovat and some friends at Lucky Vint's noted village tavern, near Edinburgh. As soon as they were seated, Lovat asked the Doctor to send him a whiting

from the dish before him. As they were all haddocks, Carlyle replied they were not whittings. Lovat stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons, as he had bespoke whittings. One of the party tipped Carlyle the wink, when he said he must be mistaken, and sent Lovat a fish, with which he was delighted, swearing that he could never eat a haddock in all his life. It appeared that the landlady hearing Lovat was so peremptory in his order against *haddocks*, and she having no other, made her cook carefully *scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders*, and so make them pass for whiting, as she had often done before.

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

Sir Robert Smyth, in a letter to George Selwyn, thus humorously describes a bargain of a horse, which was to be sold in his day, 1767 :

"Dr. Thistlethwayte is dead, and since he has no further use for his horses, they are to be sold by auction. Amongst them is a little bay gelding, about 13 or 14 hands high, with a flaming, full long tail; strong enough to carry you, the mayor, and all the money you ever spent [in elections] at Gloucester together. The doctor, (some eight-and-forty stone weight,) always shot off his back, and the keeper killed all the deer from him. I mention these circumstances as proofs of his sedateness. He goes fast enough to carry you close to fox-hounds in full chase; but if your affairs do not require so much expedition, a snail would distance him. His figure is such, that if you were to meet a tailor on his back, you would pull off your hat to him, though you did not owe him one shilling. I know twenty men of weight who want him, but the weight of metal will have him. He is six years old, and cost five pounds. Peter Bathurst will bid fifteen or twenty for him, and perhaps others may bid more. Some one will buy him who, perhaps, may be wise enough to think that five or six guineas, on a point of health, pleasure, and safety, are not absolutely thrown away."

"JERUSALEM WHALLEY."

Thomas Whalley received this *sobriquet* in Ireland from the circumstance of his having won a bet by performing a journey to Jerusalem on foot, except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea, and finishing the exploit by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city. He was a perfect specimen of the Irish gentleman of the olden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, limb, or life, when a feat was to be won, or a daring deed to be attempted. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits

not more profitable than his expedition to play ball at Jerusalem; and rendered himself a cripple for life by jumping from the drawing-room window of Daly's club-house, in College-green, Dublin, on to the roof of a hackney-coach which was passing.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

UNFORTUNATE IRISH GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Henry, of Straffan, inherited a considerable estate in the county of Kildare, with an accumulation in money that amounted, at the period of his majority, to not less than 80,000*l.* Long before his death, all his money, and a good half of his estate, were gone—spent in a manner that will be sufficiently explained by recounting one or two items. When Henry became of age, Straffan was one of the best old-fashioned houses in the country, well furnished, and well supplied in chamber and cellar—in a word, wanting nothing. This house, nevertheless, the owner turned out of window at an enormous expense; and so completely, that when Mr. Barton purchased the estate a few years afterwards, he found it to be in danger of tumbling about his ears, and was obliged to pull it down and rebuild. The alterations were made upon no settled plan or design, but from a medley of designs, drawn by some half dozen of Henry's friends, whom he set to work as amateur architects, one wet day when they happened to be visiting at Straffan. Henry impartially mixed up all together, and then modified the hodge-podge, as it was worked out, according to his own taste. Of course, all this was done at monstrous cost, and every detail of housekeeping was carried out upon a similar model. There were two packs of hounds in the kennel, though Henry never hunted; and a numerous stud in the stable, though he seldom rode; and withal, a boundless and profuse hospitality.

Among the strange freaks he bought a large vessel, and having provided himself with letters of marque, proceeded upon an experimental cruise in the North Sea. There he soon captured a Danish merchantman, and brought her into port; but it unfortunately happened that there was, at the time, no sufficient *casus belli* between him and the Dane, and so the result was an action for damages, in which Henry was heavily mulcted.

Another characteristic incident marked this unlucky voyage. When Henry was about to embark, he happened to fall in conversation with a gentleman who was walking upon the pier, and who was literally a walking gentleman, O'H—— by name; the chat ended in Mr. O'H—— being invited on board the yacht, and though it was lost while bringing a cargo of slates from Wales, for the buildings at Straffan, O'H—— never quitted the owner until the

latter married Lady Cecily Fitzgerald, when he was got rid of at the cost of buying him a commission in the army.

A somewhat similar occurrence happened to a gentleman in the same neighbourhood. Sir —— chancing to walk out in his demesne one morning, met a respectable-looking man strolling about, with whom he fell into some slight conversation, after a courteous salutation. As Sir —— was going in to breakfast, he invited the stranger to join him, which he did, and remained his guest, until he died some twenty years after. The man was a Dublin tradesman, who, having fallen into difficulties, was keeping out of the way of his creditors, when he had the good fortune to meet Sir —— . Both host and guest were remarkably silent men, so that the communications which passed between them were characterized in the country by a recital of the conversation that filled up the time of dinner one day when the baronet entertained company. When the first bottle had passed round, D——, who sat at the foot of the table, for the first time, found his speech, and used it to call out, “Sir ——, who is your wine-merchant?” “So-and-so,” replied Sir —— . “Then, by my sowl, he don’t use you well,” rejoined D——, and so ended the discourse. They suited one another, however, and poor D—— fortunately died a short time before his patron.—*Lord Cloncurry’s Life and Times.*

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY ON THE TURF.

The Duke of Queensbury, when Earl of March, achieved his first distinction on the turf, his knowledge of which, both in theory and practice, equalled that of the most accomplished adepts of Newmarket. In all his principal matches he rode himself; and, properly accoutred in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, his lordship bore away the prize on many a well-contested field. His famous match was with the Duke of Hamilton: both noblemen rode their own horses, and each was supported by numerous partisans. The contest took place on the race-ground at Newmarket: Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified for exertion, was the victor.

Still more celebrated was his Lordship’s wager with the famous Count O’Taaffe, of “running against time.” It was suggested by Lord March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a celerity unprecedented. His Lordship undertook, provided choice of ground were given him, and a certain period for training, to draw a carriage with four wheels, not less than 19 miles within the space of 60 minutes; and many a heavy bet was the consequence. Success mainly depended on the lightness of the carriage, which

was built by Wright, of Long Acre, with wood and whalebone; and the four blood horses had silk harness. The run took place on the 29th of August, 1750: the jockeys mounted, the carriage was put in motion, and rushing on with a velocity marvellous in those times of coach-travelling,—but easily conceived by railway travellers of the 19th century—gained, within the stipulated hour, the goal of victory.—*Abridged from Sir Bernard Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, 2nd Series.*

LAUDAMY AND CALAMY.

Mr. Gillies, in his *Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott*, relates:—"It happened at a small country town, that Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new-comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised, with tolerable success, as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel. 'How, in all the world!' exclaimed he, 'can it be possible that this is John Lundie?'—'In troth is it your honour—just *a' that's for him.*'—'Well, but let us hear: you were a *horse-doctor* before; now, it seems, you are a *man-doctor*; how do you get on?'—'Ou, just extraordinary weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa *simples.*'—'And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret.'—'I'll tell your honour,' in a low tone; 'my twa simples are just *laudamy* and *calamy!*'—'Simples with a vengeance!' replied Scott. 'But, John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?'—'Kill? Ou ay, may be sae! Whiles they die and whiles no;—but it's the will o' Providence. *Only how, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!*'"

HENRY PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

When Lord Chesterfield intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, as the head of the Government, his intention of bringing forward a measure for reforming the Calendar—a measure which he afterwards carried—the Duke in the greatest alarm, conjured him "not to stir matters that had been so long quiet," adding that "he did not love new-fangled things." After the measure had passed there was a general outcry among all the old women of the land—the Prime Minister included—of "give us back our eleven days."

Newcastle is tartly drawn by Macaulay as "a living, moving, talking caricature." Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some

well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic. "Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis—pray where is Annapolis?"—"Cape Breton an island! wonderful!—show it me on the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island." And this man was, near thirty years, Secretary of State, and, near ten years, First Lord of the Treasury!

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S TEMPER.

Walpole's good temper was equal to his hospitality, if there is any truth in the following:—"General Sutton, the narrator, was one day sitting by my father," says Horace Walpole, his son, "at his dressing. Sir Robert (Walpole) says to John, who was shaving him, 'John, you cut me;' presently afterwards, 'John, you cut me;' and again with the same patience, 'John, you cut me.' Whereupon Sutton started up and cried, 'By Heaven, if he can bear it I can't, and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down.'"

UTTER RUIN.

When Fordyce, the Scotchman, failed in 1772, he broke half the bankers, and was very willing to have added to the list Walpole's friend, Mr. Croft; but he begged to be excused lending him a farthing. He went on the same errand to an old Quaker; who said, "Friend *Fordyce*, I have known several persons ruined by *two dice*; but I will not be ruined by *Four dice*."

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

The story of the popular drama of this name—rendered strikingly efficient by the vivid impersonation of Mr. Charles Kean—is stated to be founded upon the following incident:—

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features; and what is still more remarkable, they were connected by that mysterious feeling, that, however separated the brothers might be, no accident could happen to the one without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was observed suddenly to change colour; he complained of a sensation, as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother then in Paris. The company treated this as a mere imaginary notion; but some, more curious than the rest, noted the day and hour to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And the result was that the precise moment there indicated,

Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. He fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped; nor could all the efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection. He was suspected to have been a Bonapartist, and to have been influenced by political hatred of the uncompromising republican.

THE GAMBLER'S DEATH.

"Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas," so runs an entry in the betting-book at White's Club, "that Beau Nash outlives Cibber." Lord Mountford and Sir John Bland both blew their brains out in 1755; Cibber died two years after, and Nash survived till 1761. This Lord Mountford arrived at reducing even natural affections to the doctrine of chances. When asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child, he replied, "Upon my word I don't know; I have no bet upon it." Walpole says of him, "He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think, would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder." He had lost money; feared to be reduced to distress; asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Fox-hounds; and determined to throw the die of life or death on the answer he received from Court. The answer was unfavourable. He consulted several people—indirectly at first, afterwards pretty directly—on the easiest mode of finishing life; invited a dinner-party for the day after; supped at White's, and played at whist till one o'clock of the New Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "A happy new year;" he clapped his hands strangely to his eyes. In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses; executed his will; made them read it twice over, paragraph by paragraph; asked the lawyer if it would stand good though a man were to shoot himself. Being assured it would, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room,"—went into the next room—and shot himself.

LIVELY DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. Fordyce, who was much addicted to the bottle, was one evening called away from a drinking-bout to see a lady of title, who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived at the apartment of his patient, the Doctor seated himself by her side, and having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms, which appeared rather anomalous, he next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its beats; the more he endeavoured to do this, the more his brain whirled and the less was his self-control. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty and in the moment of irrita-

tion, he inadvertently blurted out "Drunk, by Jove." The lady heard the remark, but remained silent; and the Doctor having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he invariably took on such occasions, he shortly afterwards departed. Early next morning he was roused by a somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening to attend her immediately; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion, or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease from these reflections, he entered the lady's room fully prepared for a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been struck by his discernment on the previous evening; confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected; and concluded by saying that her object in sending for him so early was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he found her. "You may depend upon me, madam," replied Dr. Fordyce, with a countenance which had not altered since the commencement of the patient's story, "I shall be silent as the grave."

A MARRIAGE BY MISTAKE.

One of the noted fortune-hunters of the last century was Haugroullier, a French Jew, who, in January, 1796, having dined with a party at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, drew a cheque for 21*l.* upon Messrs. Hammersley, for which Mr. Richardson gave him the balance. With this money Haugroullier started with his friend, Gilrary Piggott, to Bath, in pursuit of Miss Trist, the only child of a tailor, in Surrey-street, Strand supposed heiress to 40,000*l.* On reaching Bath he carried off the supposed, and married her at Gretna Green: on his return he found out she was not the object of his pursuit, but Miss E. Ashford Trist, of Totnes, a lady of good fortune, though not equal to that of Miss Trist, of Surrey-street, who thus had a lucky escape; for Haugroullier proved a bad husband, sold all his wife's property, broke her heart, and became as poor as ever. In 1811 he was stated to have been implicated in the poisoning of several horses at Newmarket.

THE LAST OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

Some sixty years since, in 1805, there died in his chambers, in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, a Fellow of the Royal Society. According to Mr. Brande, Woulfe was "the last true believer in alchemy." He was a tall, thin man; and his

last moments were remarkable. In a long journey by coach he took cold, inflammation of the lungs followed, but he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chambers, and left him: she, nevertheless, returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. These particulars of Woulfe's end were received by the writer from the treasurer of Barnard's Inn, who was one of the executors of the alchemist's last will and testament.

Little is known of Woulfe's life. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he used to affix written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fire-side. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat, and could never find it again; such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels that lay about the room. His breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards; these presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died.

DEADLY-LIVELY.

It is strange out of what grave materials our humourists sometimes make merry. In 1863 was taken down the dirty old Inn of Chancery, named Lyon's Inn, Strand. In chambers, up a staircase which had a narrow and mysterious winding, lived William Weare, the gambler, who was murdered by Thurtell, at Gills-hill, in Hertfordshire, upon which Theodore Hook is said to have written a ballad, containing this descriptive verse:

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's inn.

CHURCH MILITANT.

In the American Army, during the war of Independence, was a chaplain named Cauldwell, whose wife was murdered during the sack of a village by the British, when Knyphausen was marauding the Jerseys. At the fight of Springfield Cauldwell dealt retribution upon his foes. None showed more ardour in the fight than he did. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian church, and brought thence a quantity of Watts's psalm and hymn-books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. "Now," cried he, "put Watts into them, boys."—*Irving's Life of George Washington.*

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A plain-spoken old Scottish lady, Mrs. Wauchope of Niddry, being very ill, sent for Aunt Soph, and said to her, "Soph, I believe I am dying, will you always be kind to my children when I am gone?" "Na, na; tak' y'r spoilt devils wi' ye," was the reply, "for I'll hae naething ado wi' them."

BENEFIT OF FLOGGING.

Coleridge, in a marginal note upon Baxter's *Life*, observes: "Schoolmasters are commonly punsters. My old master, the Rev. James Bowyer, the *Hercules Furens* of the phlogistic sect, but an incomparable teacher, used to translate, *Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*—first reciting the Latin words, and observing that they were the fundamental article of the peripatetic school—"You must flog a boy, before you can make him understand:" or, "You must lay it in at the tail before you can get it into the head."

It has also been said that flogging must improve boys, since it makes them *smart*.

QUID PRO QUO.

Zimmerman, the Court physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the King said to him, "You have I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

SCORN OF PETTY LARCENY.

Vidocq relates, in his *Autobiography*, on the same bench with Vidal was the Jew Deschamps, one of the principal party concerned in

robbing the Royal Wardrobe, to the details of which the convicts listened with a sinister pleasure. At the enumeration of the diamonds and jewels carried off, their eyes sparkled, their muscles contracted by a convulsive motion; and by the expression of their countenances, inferences might have unerringly been drawn of the first uses they would have made of their liberty. This disposition was particularly discernible in those men convicted of petty offences only, who were taunted and bantered as having stolen objects of small value only; and then, after estimating the plunder of the wardrobe at twenty millions of francs, Deschamps added, with an air of contempt towards a poor devil sentenced for stealing vegetables, "Ah, ah! *this* was cabbage!"

TURNER ON HIS TRAVELS.

A young merchant going to Bologna, who did not know Turner even by name, has left the following sketch of him: "I have fortunately met with a good-tempered funny little elderly gentleman, who will probably be my companion throughout the journey. He is continually popping his head out of window to sketch whatever strikes his fancy, and became quite angry because the conductor would not wait for him whilst he took a sunrise view of Macerata. 'D—the fellow!' says he, 'he has no feeling.' He speaks but a few words of Italian, about as much of French, which two languages he jumbles together most amusingly. His good temper, however, carries him through all his troubles. I am sure you would love him for his indefatigability in his favourite pursuit. From his conversation he is evidently near kin to, if not absolutely, an artist. Probably you may know something of him. The name on his trunk is J. W. or J. M. W. Turner."

CANON BOWLES'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

In early life it is related that Bowles came to London for the express purpose of waiting on the Archbishop of Canterbury to solicit a vacant living, but omitted to leave his address; and, quitting London abruptly, he could not be found when the prelate sought him a few days afterwards.

At another time Bowles started from Bremhill, on horseback, to ride to Chippenham; he dismounted to walk down a steep hill, leading the horse by the bridle slung across his arm, and continued to the turnpike gate, where he offered to pay the toll, and was not a little surprised when the gate-keeper said, "We doon't charge nothing for your honour, as you bean't on osback." On turning

round he perceived the bridle dangling on his arm, but could not descry his horse.

ST. SIMONISM.

Père Enfantin, the leader of the disciples of St. Simon, was the prince of fanatical mystics. He advanced pretensions of the most extravagant kind, but which, notwithstanding, were fully acknowledged by men who have since become eminent both in letters and political science. He held direct communication with heaven. He was the Free Man; and as soon as they could discover the Free Woman, the regeneration of the world would immediately commence, and the new religion would spread over the globe. He induced men to give up all they had to follow him; he prescribed rules of life, costume, and worship, which were implicitly received by ardent followers; he was persecuted by the Parisians, who laughed at the strange dresses and habits of the new order, and he was prosecuted by the French authorities, who detest all apostles. Men actually went to Egypt and Syria in search of the Free Woman, but in vain; and at this moment (1864), Enfantin, after sorting letters and selling stamps as the post-master of a provincial town, is an official on the Lyons railway.—*Saturday Review*.

TEMPTING OPPORTUNITY.

On one occasion the late Viceroy of Egypt was made to pay 70,000*l.* (or at the rate of 10,000*l.* a piece) for seven large and splendidly-framed mirrors, from Paris—the prime cost of which was 250*l.* a piece! The same man who pocketed this profit had a contract to supply Said's army with buttons, on the occasion of some change of uniform. Now, Said, who was fond of military tailoring, and little as he knew of the prices of things, did know nearly the fair cost of military buttons. Disgusted by the exorbitant charge for this item, he sent for his favourite, the French contractor, and, pointing to the total of his bill, flung it down indignantly, saying, in French, "It is an infamous robbery; I won't pay it." On this the Frenchman coolly replied, "If I don't rob your Highness, who the deuce would you have me rob?" The Viceroy was so delighted at the impudence and humour of the man, that he passed his account, and the Frenchman received his money, and boasted of the presence of mind to which he owed it.





PLAYERS AND PAINTERS.

THE ACTOR AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

"PRAY, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Sancroft of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real; while we in the church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." It is a clever answer; and is as applicable now as when the archbishop put the question.

COLLEY CIBBER'S FIRST FINE.

Cibber, when he took to the stage, was known only, for some years, as "Master Colley." At length, by good fortune, he obtained from the prompter the honour of carrying a message on the stage, in some play, to Betterton. Whatever was the cause, Colley was so terrified that the great actor was disconcerted by him, and asked angrily, who the young fellow was that committed the blunder. Downes, the prompter, replied, "Master Colley." "Master Colley! then forfeit him." "Why, sir," said the prompter, "he has no salary." "No!" said Betterton; "why then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five."

GARRICK'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

Horace Walpole strangely under-estimated Garrick's acting. Writing May 26, 1742, he says: "All the run now is after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player at Goodman's-fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you [Sir Horace Mann], who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it: but it is heresy to say so; the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."

Garrick made his first appearance in London at Goodman's-fields Theatre, October 19, 1741, in the character of *Richard III.* Walpole does not appear to have been singular in the opinion here given. Gray, in a letter to Chute, says: "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after; there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's-fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition."

GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

Garrick's genius threw every other performer into the shade: even Mrs. Clive, with all her original merit, found the impression she made on her audiences rapidly diminish. Her temper was violent, and her manners were coarse. She vented her spleen without restraint upon Garrick, and sometimes endeavoured to undervalue his talents. One night she witnessed from the wings his performance of *Lear*, and became absorbed in the masterly delineation in spite of herself; and at last, after repeated alternations of tears and abuse, wholly overcome, she rushed to the green-room, and broke into the following uncouth but expressive tribute to the universality of Garrick's genius:—"Curse him! I believe he could act on a gridiron!"

GARRICK'S OTHELLO.

In the season of 1745 Garrick acted the character of *Othello*, but failed so entirely in the part, that this was his only performance of it. Quin had already rendered himself famous in it, and determined to judge for himself of his rival's acting. Quin went to the theatre on the above night, and ensconced himself in the pit. There had just appeared Hogarth's famous prints of "*Marriage à la Mode*," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro footboy entering the apartment with a tea-equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule), there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the appearance of the footboy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter appeared in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed, loudly enough to afford amusement to the pit, "*Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things?*" The effect on the sensitive Garrick by the notoriety given to this anecdote may be imagined. Many years afterwards, Dr. Griffiths, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, inquired of Garrick, among a circle of friends, whether he had ever performed the part of *Othello*? The question was asked in perfect ignorance, both of Garrick's failure, and of the story of Quin's witticism; nevertheless, the effect which it produced on the great actor painfully forced itself on his expressive countenance, and was never forgotten by those who witnessed the scene.

"Sir," he replied, with evident bitterness of feeling, "I once acted the part to my cost."

GARRICK CRITICISED.

One evening, at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale praised Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

"I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor!"

Upon this Johnson said, "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple! what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." Boswell repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him Boswell said, "Johnson spares none of us;" and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: *frænum habet in cornu*. "Ay," said Garrick, vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* (stack) of it."

GARRICK'S STUDY OF INSANITY.

A worthy man, whilst playing with his only child at an open window, accidentally let it fall upon the pavement beneath. The poor father remained at the window screaming with agony, until the neighbours delivered the child into his arms a corpse! He instantly became insane, and from that moment never recovered his understanding! He passed the remainder of his long and wretched life in going to the window and there playing in fancy with his child; then appearing to drop it, immediately bursting into a flood of tears, and for awhile filling the house with his wild and unearthly shrieks. He then became calm, sat down in a state of profound gloom, his eyes fixed for a long time on one object, and his mind intensely absorbed in the contemplation of a fearful image. Garrick was often present at this heart-rending scene of misery, "and thus it was," he said, "I learned to imitate madness."—*Winslow's Diseases of the Brain*.

GEORGE II. AND GARRICK.

When George II. went to see Garrick act *Richard III.*, the only part in the play which interested the King was the *Lord Mayor of London*; and when Garrick was attending the Royal party from the box, anxious to hear the King's opinion of his own performance, all

the compliment from the Sovereign was a high eulogy upon the Lord Mayor. "I do love dat Lord Mayor," said the King; "capital Lord Mayor; fine Lord Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick; where you get such capital Lord Mayor?"

POSITIVE CRITICISM.

Charles Mathews, the elder, relates that, in 1794, he played Richmond to his friend Litchfield's *Richard III.*, and being good fencers, they fought the combat at the end with uncommon vigour, and prolonged it to an unreasonable length. After the performances, the two stars returned to their inn, in the hope of liberal applause from their landlord, whom they had treated with an "order." But, though thus treated and invited, too, to take a pipe and glass with the two performers after supper, he was provokingly silent on the great subject; till at length they attacked him with, "Pray tell us what you thought of our acting." This question was not to be evaded. The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes fixed on the ground; he took, at length, the pipe slowly from his mouth, drank off his brandy-and-water, went to the fireplace, and knocked the ashes from his pipe; then, looking at the expectants for a minute, exclaimed, in a deep though hasty tone of voice, "Darned good fight!" and left the room.

MR. ROGERS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK.

"I saw Garrick," says Mr. Rogers, "act only once—the part of *Ranger*, in *The Suspicious Husband*. I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take to me to see Garrick, in *Lear*; but a fit of the mumps kept me at home. Before his going abroad Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'

"Jack Bannister told me that one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing *Lear*: and that the tones in which Garrick uttered the words, 'O fool, I shall go mad!' absolutely thrilled him. Garrick used to pay an annual visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp; where, after tea, he generally entertained the company by reading scenes from Shakspeare. Thomas Grenville,

who met him there, told me that Garrick would steal anxious glances at the faces of his audience, to perceive what effect his reading produced; that, one night, Garrick observed a lady listening to him very attentively, and yet never moving a muscle of her countenance; and that, speaking of her next day, he said, 'She seems a very worthy person; but I hope that—that—that she wont be present at my reading to-night.' Another evening at Althorp, when Garrick was about to exhibit some particular stage effect of which they had been talking, a young gentleman got up and placed the candles upon the floor, that the light might be thrown on his face as from the lamps in the theatre. Garrick, displeased at his officiousness, immediately sat down again."

SHAKSPEARE AND GARRICK.

When Garrick had built in his grounds at Hampton a temple to his master, Shakspeare,* Walpole proposed to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let him decorate it within, as he ~~pro~~ posed, with these mottoes:—

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in every feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakspeare, all I owe to you.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Mrs. Pope was one evening in the green-room commenting on the excellences of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that could penetrate through a deal board. Wewitzer immediately ran off to Garrick, and reported that Mrs. Pope said he had a "*gimlet eye*."

BENEFIT OF PREACHING.

Mrs. Clive was a great admirer of Ashley's preaching, and used to say that she was always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday came all their effect was worn off.

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse. Sir Walter Scott used to chuckle with particular glee over

* For this temple Roubiliac executed the marble statue of Shakspeare, which Garrick bequeathed to the British Museum.

the recollection of an excursion to the vale of Ettrick, near which river the parties were pursued by a bull. "Come, King John," said he, "we must even take the water;" and accordingly he and his daughter plunged into the stream. But King John halting on the bank, exclaimed in his usual solemn manner,

"The flood is angry, Sheriff,
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree."

In the same strain was Mrs. Siddons accustomed to talk. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a foot-boy, during a dinner at Ashestiel,

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

AN INCOME TAX RETURN.

Michael Kelly, in 1806, appears to have posed the Commissioners of the Income-Tax, in making his return of pursuits and emoluments. In the pride of his heart, he returned his income at 500*l.* yearly; but the Commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him in twice or thrice that annual sum. Here is Michael's account of his interview:—"Sir," said I, 'I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having 500*l.* per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income.' 'Pray, sir,' said the Commissioner, 'are you not stage-manager of the Opera House?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office. I perform its duties to gratify my love of music.' 'Well, but, Mr. Kelly,' continued my examiner, 'you teach?' 'I do, sir,' answered I; 'but I have no pupils.' 'I think,' observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, 'that you are an oratorio and concert singer?' 'You are quite right,' said I to my new antagonist; 'but I have no engagement.' 'Well, but, at all events,' observed my first inquisitor, 'you have a very good salary at Drury Lane?' 'A very good one, indeed, sir,' answered I; 'but, then, it is never paid.' 'But you have always a fine benefit, sir?' said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals. 'Always, sir,' was my reply; 'but the expenses attending it are very great; and whatever profit remains after defraying them is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, I am at present very like St. George's Hospital—supported by voluntary contributions—and have even less certain income than I felt sufficiently vain to return."

A CRUEL CASE.

Pope, the actor, well known as a gourmand, and for his attachment to venison, received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the *carte*—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope. He went, and ate till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in. Pope saw the trap which had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and, after trifling with a delicious slice, he lay down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

TAKING A JOKE.

Frederick Reynolds relates that whilst Parsons told a rich comic story, at which his hearers laughed, Kemble preserved a fixed, grave, classical countenance; but when Dodd afterwards sang a pathetic ballad, which excited general interest, Kemble, in the midst of it, burst into a fit of loud laughter; and, in a tone tremulous from excessive gaiety, said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I have just taken Parsons's joke: ha! ha! and it is really very good."

PARSIMONIOUS PRAISE.

When Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the Edinburgh stage, the canny reservation of praise by the audience, till they were sure it was deserved, had well-nigh worn out her patience. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic utterance possible of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "That's no' bad!" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by thunders of applause; so that, amidst her stunned nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down.

Mrs. Siddons's father (Roger Kemble) had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it, he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast

eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call *him* an actor."

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

Reynolds, in his *Life and Times*, tells of a free-and-easy actor, who passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that, my lord and my lady not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him.

A LONG EEL.

When Mathews, the elder, was a boy, and lived with his father, a bookseller in the Strand, a short muscular fellow daily cried eels with a guttural voice,—“Threepence a pound e-e-e-e-e-cls,” elongating the word from Craven-street to Hungerford-street, till people used to say, “What a long eel!” Mathews having imitated him to the great satisfaction of many auditors, one day looked out for the original, and saluted him with the imitation; but he had no taste for such ingenuity, and placing his eel-basket deliberately on the ground, he hunted the boy into his father’s shop, and felled him with a heavy blow. “Next time,” said the eel-vendor, “as you twist your little wry mouth about, and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I’ll skin you like an e-e—,” and snatching up his basket, finished the monosyllable about nine doors off!

UMBRELLA ESTEEM.

Mathews was always well dressed, and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly, generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton *parapluie*. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. “Ah, Munden,” said Mathews, “I beg you’ll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer.” “Certainly, my boy,” replied Munden; “we’ll exchange umbrellas.” Mathews was so taken aback that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

Miss Kelly, the inimitable actress of the pathetic drama, was one day induced to halt in the street to enjoy the vagaries of Punch with the rest of the crowd, when the showman came up to her, and solicited a contribution. She was not very prompt in replying to the demand, when the fellow, taking care to make Miss Kelly understand that he knew who she was, exclaimed, “Ah! it’s all over with the *drama* if we don’t encourage one another.”

RULE OF PROPORTIONS.

Suett, the actor, was very fond of gin, and he had once a landlady with a similar *penchant*. He would order her servant to procure supplies after this fashion: "Betty, go and get a quartern loaf and half a quartern of gin." Off went Betty: she was speedily recalled. "Betty, make it *half* a quartern loaf and *a quartern* of gin." But Betty had not got fairly across the threshold ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it *all gin*!"

KILLING TIME.

In the after-piece, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, John Kemble, while rehearsing a song he had to sing as the hero, put Shield, its composer, out of all patience. The conductor waved his baton in vain; he could not keep the instruments and the voice together, and at last he cried out, in an agony of vexation, "Mr. Kemble, you are murdering the time." The great tragedian stopped in the midst of a false note, stalked gravely towards the orchestra, and looking down with his usual solemnity, said, "Sir, it is better to kill it outright, than to be, like yourself, continually beating it."

WILKIE'S "BLIND FIDDLER."

Old Mrs. Wilkie loved to be asked questions about her son Davie. A friend inquired one day whether he had early displayed much talent in drawing.

"Aweel," said she, "I mind that he was ae scrawling and scratching, I did na ken what, and he had an idle fashion o' making likenesses and caricatoores like of all the folk as came. And there was an auld blind mon, Willie, the fiddler, just an idle sort of a beggar mon, that used to come wi' his noise, and set all the women servants a jigging wi' his scratching and scraping; and Davie was ae taking o' this puir bodie into the hoose, and gieing him a drap o' toddy: and I used to cry shame on the lad for encouraging such lazy vagabonds about the hoose. Weel," pursued the old lady, "but ye maun ken he was an ill-favoured, daft sort of a creatur, that puir blind bodie, weel eno' in his way, but not the sort o' folk to be along wi' Davie; yet the lad was always a saying to me, 'Mither, gie's a bawbie for puir blind Willie.' This, sir," she added with a sigh, "was when we lived at the Manse."

"A-weel, sir, they told me—it was mony years after the puir blind bodie was gane hame, sir—that Davie had painted a grand pictur; and he wrote me to go to Edinburgh to see it; and I went, and sure eno' there was puir old Willie, the very like o' him, his

- fiddle and a'. I was wud wi' surprise; and there was Davie standing a laughing at me, and saying, 'Mither, mony's the time that ye ha' heard that fiddle to the toon o' "the Campbells are coming."'"

PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Isabey had been commissioned to paint the Congress of Vienna, in which were to figure united, at the end of a conference, all the personages who formed part of it. "Monsieur," said Lord Wellington, with genuine British pride, to the artist, "I consent to figure in your picture only on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I hold to it." "Mon cher ami," said Prince Talleyrand, "authorised as I am to represent France, as regards both you and me, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture, or not to appear in it at all." How were these pretensions to be reconciled? It was indispensable that they should be; and the plan hit upon by the artist, after mature reflection, was this:—Lord Wellington was entering the hall of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him, so that he could believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Talleyrand, seated in an arm-chair in the centre, had, in reality, the pictorial place of honour. Then Isabey persuaded the noble lord that he was far handsomer seen in profile, because he thus resembled Henry IV.; which so flattered Lord Wellington, that he insisted on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in his family as one of the most glorious memorials of his career.

Mendez, the Jew poet, sat to Hayman, the painter, for his picture, but requested he would not put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. However, as Hayman had but little business in portraits, he could not afford to let his new work remain in obscurity, so out it went with the few others that he had to display. A new picture being a rarity in Hayman's room, the first friend that came in took notice of it and asked whose portrait it was? "Mendez'."—"Good heavens," said the friend, "you are wonderfully out of luck here. It has not a trait of his countenance."—"Why, to tell you the truth," said the painter, "he desired *it might not be known*."

There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morrit told Southey when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers, and when long Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvas was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue

ribbon and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! Mr. Morrit, however, restored the picture to its right name.

When Queen Caroline paid a visit to the pictures of the Sovereigns of England, painted by Richardson, observing a portrait of a plain-looking individual between Charles I. and Charles II., her Majesty asked the painter if he called that personage a *King*. "No, Madam," answered Richardson, "he is no king; but it is good for kings to have him among them as a memento."

Francis Nicholson the landscape-painter, one of the founders of the Water-Colour Society, originally practised as a portrait-painter, but the simplicity and uprightness of his heart did not permit him to tolerate or pander to the vanities of man (and woman) kind. To flatter was with him an utter impossibility; and, as he could not invariably consider the "human face divine," he was incapable of assuming the courtly manners so essential in that branch of the profession. He never, indeed, quite forgave himself for an approach to duplicity committed at this time upon an unfortunate gentleman, who sat to him for his portrait, and who squinted so desperately, that in order to gain a likeness it was necessary to copy moderately the defect. The poor man, it seemed, perfectly unconscious of the same, on being invited to inspect the performance, looked in silence upon it a few moments, and with rather a disappointed air, said,

"I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?"

"Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do."

"Really! well, you know best of course; but I declare I fancied there was a *queer look* about it!"

REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH.

Soon after Gainsborough settled in London, Sir J. Reynolds thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit. Gainsborough took not the least notice of him for several years, but at length called and solicited him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua sat *once*: but being soon afterwards affected by a slight paralytic stroke, he was obliged to go to Bath. On his return to town perfectly restored to health, he sent Gainsborough word that he was returned; to which Gainsborough only replied, that he was glad to hear he was well; and never after desired him to sit, or called upon him, or had any other intercourse with him till he was dying, when he sent and thanked him for the very handsome manner in which he had always spoken of him; a circumstance which the President has thought worth recording in his fourteenth Discourse. Gainsborough was so enamoured of his art that he had many of the pictures he was then

working upon brought to his bedside to show them to Reynolds, and flattered himself that he should live to finish them. Gainsborough was a very dissolute, capricious man, was inordinately fond of women, and not very delicate in his sentiments of honour. He was first put forward in the world, I think, by a Mr. Fonnereaux, who lent him 300*l*. Gainsborough, having a vote for an election in which his benefactor had some concern, voted against him. His conscience, however, remonstrating against such conduct, he kept himself in a state of intoxication from the time he set out to vote till his return to town, that he might not relent of his ingratitude. This anecdote Mr. Malone received from Mr. Windham.

PATIENCE OF WOOLLETT THE ENGRAVER.

Woollett evinced throughout his career at the head of the English school of engraving, an extraordinary degree of patience and perseverance. When he had finished his plate of "The Battle of the Hogue," he took a proof to its painter, West, for inspection: at first the President expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the plate; but, upon re-examination, he observed that in some parts alterations might be made, and in others additional colour might be given, which would, in his opinion, improve the effect of the whole; and, taking a port-crayon with black and white chalk in it, West showed in a few minutes, the effect he wished to be produced, remarking at the same time, that it was of no great consequence, but it might improve the appearance of the plate. Woollett immediately consented to make the alterations and additions pointed out. "But, how long will it take you, Mr. Woollett?" said the President. "Oh! about three or four months," replied the engraver. "And the patient creature," said West, when relating the circumstance, "actually went through the additional labour with a murmur."

Woollett was a little man, and lived for some time in Greenstreet, Leicester-fields: whenever he finished a plate, he commemorated its completion by firing a cannon from the leads of the house.

PATRONAGE WELL BESTOWED.

"I never pass Whitehall," says Nollekens, "without recollecting the following anecdote, related to me by my father in nearly these words:

"A thin, sickly little boy, a chimney-sweeper, was amusing himself one morning by drawing with a piece of chalk the street front of Whitehall upon the basement stones of the building itself, carrying his delineation as high as his little arms could possibly reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into

the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and, after a few minutes' observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked as to where he lived, burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him that he would wipe it all off.

"'Don't be alarmed,' said the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him that he intended him no harm.

"His benefactor then went to his master, in Charles-court, in the Strand, who gave him a good character, but declared he was of little use to him, on account of his being so bodily weak. He said he was fully aware of the boy's fondness for chalking; and showed his visitor what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's Church in various places.

"The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy; and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends as an architect."

This narrative the architect himself related while sitting to Roubiliac for his bust. He became possessed of considerable property, and built himself a country mansion at Westbourn, north of Bayswater. His town residence at that time was in Bloomsbury-square, in which Mr. Disraeli once resided. When he was at the height of his celebrity he compiled a "*Palladio*," in folio, prefixed to which the reader will find his name—Isaac Ware. He built Chesterfield House, in South Audley-street, one of the handsomest mansions in the metropolis.

Ware died in 1766: and, it is said, retained the stain of *soot* in his face to the day of his death.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE AND HIS EARLY FRIENDS.

Shee has thus described his first impression of Barry, whom he found in a filthy room in Sherrard-street, among casts, and canvases, and frames, and every possible litter of artistic lumber. "Conceive a little ordinary man, not in the most graceful *deshabille*—a dirty shirt, without any cravat, his neck open, and a tolerable length of beard, his stockings, not of the purest white in the world, hanging about his heels—sitting at a small table in the midst of this chaos of artificial confusion, etching a plate from one of his own designs." Barry never rose from his seat, nor welcomed his visitor, nor asked him to call again, though he offered to introduce him as a student to the Academy schools.

• “I have been introduced,” Shee writes, in 1789, “to Mr. Opie, who is in manners and appearance as great a clown and as stupid a looking fellow as ever I set my eyes on. Nothing but incontrovertible proof of the fact could force me to think him capable of anything above the sphere of a journeyman carpenter—so little, in this instance, has nature proportioned exterior grace to interior worth.”

A cousin, Sir George Shee, returning from India, the “Nabob,” as he was called, took him in person to Edmund Burke, who had been not at home when the young painter, shortly after his first arrival in London, had called at his door with an Irish letter of introduction. Sir Martin used thus to describe the interview:—“Never shall I forget the flood of eloquence which poured from his lips, as, while holding my hand, and pressing it with affectionate cordiality, he expatiated in glowing terms on the claims and glories of the art to which I was about to devote myself, and sought to kindle my ardour by the prospects of fame and distinction that might be the reward of my exertions in the honourable career which lay before me.” Not content with fine words, Burke took the young man to Sir Joshua, who, it seems, had quite forgotten his former call a year before. The President received him with more than usual urbanity, and asked him to breakfast, begging him to bring a specimen of his art: the work met with measured but favourable criticism.

Sir Martin used to relate, what struck him as a singular fact in reference to the President’s deafness—an infirmity which, as is well known, compelled, or suggested, in his case, the constant use of an ear-trumpet—while at breakfast, and during the long-protracted interview which accompanied and followed that meal, the conversation with his visitor was carried on in the ordinary tone, without any assistance from the acoustic tube, or any indication of imperfect hearing on the part of Sir Joshua. During the morning, however, they were not unfrequently interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with a message or some communication that required his master’s attention and oral reply; and on each of such occasions the appearance of a third person was the signal for the President to snatch up his trumpet, and resume a look of anxious inquiry and uncertain comprehension, befitting the real or supposed defect of his auricular powers.*

* Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee. By his Son.

HARLOW'S SIGN-PAINTING.

G. H. Harlow, having quarrelled with his master, Lawrence, annoyed him in an odd way. He made an excursion into the country, and took up his quarters at the Queen's Head, a small roadside inn, on the left hand as you leave the town of Epsom for Ashted. Here the young painter stayed some time; when, burning to be revenged upon Lawrence, he painted for the landlord a sign-board, in a bold *caricatura* style, of the head of a queen, and in one corner of the board he wrote "T. L., Greek-street, Soho." Lawrence, it is well known, became apprised of such a liberty with his name and reputation; but the *caricatura* sign-board did service, and remained at Epsom many years. We remember to have seen it as early as 1815. Upon the obverse was painted a queenly portrait (the face and bust), and upon the reverse the back of the head and bust. Some twenty years after, missing the sign-board from its suspensory iron (where a written sign-board had been substituted), we made inquiry at the inn as to the fate of Harlow's *Queen's Head*, but could not learn anything from the landlord of its disappearance.



I N D E X.

- A** BSENCE of mind, 424
 Absent husband returned, 65
 Absurdities, indical, 497
 Actor and the archbishop, 572
 Administration, female, 337
 Advantage, keeping the, 492
 Advice, good, 14, 402
 Alchemists, last of the, 567
 Affliction, kindly, 9
 Agent, secret, 239
 Algiers, bombardment of, 215
 Alibi, proving, 489
 Almanacks in evidence, 490
 Althorp, honest lord, 243
 Alvanley, Lord, humour of, 97
 Ambassador floored, 389
 Ambassadress, smuggling, 170
 Amenities of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, 7
 American war prediction, 122
 Anamaboe, two princes of, 29
 Andrewes's preaching, 474
 Animals, humanity to, 327
 Answer, ready, 453
 April the Tenth, and Wellington, 269
 Apsley House, 264, 265, 269
 Archbishop, a punning one, 432
 Archdeacon, what is one? 458
 "Arms found," 100
 Assassination of Gustavus III., 182-184
 " Mr. Perceval, 197-199
 " Miss Reay, 132-134
 Atterbury and Pope, 348
- B** ABY Talk, and Dr. Johnson, 324
 Ball, election, 60
- Baptismal blunder, 445
 Bar blunders, 488
 " chances of the, 480
 Barrow's long sermons, 475
 Bath, Lord, and his creditor, 26
 " " his meanness, 542
 Belief, odd, 17
 Bentinck, Lord George, 284
 Betterton and Sancroft, 572
 Birmingham Trades Unionists, 241
 " riots, 181
 Bishop, a diligent one, 442
 " and the Premier, 465
 " intriguing, 432
 Bishops' Saturday Night, 456
 Black, John, and the *Morning Chronicle*, 405-409
 Blackburn, eccentric Mr., 83
 Black-letter, 372
 Blank verse, familiar, 576
 Blessington, Lady, at Gore House, 94
 Blomfield, Bishop, and the Duke of Clarence, 455
 Blomfield, Bishop, rise of, 454
 " Dr., his humour, 458
 " his preaching, 473
 Blue-stocking, a horrid one, 338
 Blunders, Florentine, 13
 Bolaine, Elizabeth, the miser, 551
 Bombardment of Algiers, 215-217
 Bonaparte an anti-revolutionist, 180
 " First Consul, 190
 " was he ever in London? 179
 Booksellers, authors, and critics, 397
 Bore-cide, 96
 Borrowing, art of, 31
 " literary, 372

- Boswell, James, and John Scott, 507
 Boulogne, Louis Napoleon's descent upon, 283
 Bowles, Canon, his absence of mind, 570
 Braxfield, Judge, 494
 Bred in the bone, 39
 Brewing, lecture on, 237
 Bribery, by Sir Robert Walpole, 110
 " Members of Parliament, 123
 Bridgewater, Earldom of, 77
 Broken English, 403
 Brougham and his Master, 236
 " at the Bar, 536
 " and Tenterden, 515
 " Lord Chancellor, 537
 " " and Father Mathew, 239
 " " and *Morning Chronicle*, 407
 Brougham, Lord, how he missed the Great Seal, 238
 Brougham, Lord, his Sepoy prophecy, 285
 Brougham's Chancellorship predicted, 237
 Brown, Sir Robert, the miser, 543
 Brummel, Beau, 87-91
 Buchan, Earl of, his anecdotes of Thomson, 295
 Buchan, Dr., 340
 Buckingham, Duchess of, 13
 Buckle, Thomas, his conversation, 429
 Bulls, Boyle Roche's, 118
 " a drove of, 119
 Burdett, Sir Francis, arrest of, 202
 Burke and Barry dine together, 150
 " and Chatham reputed mad, 151
 " a day with, 140
 " at the "Robin Hood," 148
 Burke's table-talk, 149
 Busby, Dr., 342
 Butler, Charles, his recollections of Sheridan, 165, 166
 Button-manufacturer at Waterloo, 268
 Byron, Lord, anecdotes of, 362-364
 " " and the *British Review*, 397
 Byron, Lord, and S. Rogers, 411-413
 Byron's first rhyme, 362
- CAMDEN, Lord, rise of, 483
 Campbell, last hours of, 365
 Campbell, Thomas, his University spree, 364
 Campbell and Byron, poetry of, 360
 " Lord, Chancellor, rise of, 535
 Canning and tedious sermons, 476
 " Right Hon. George, 233
 Cannon, Kitty, and her two husbands, 19
 Canon, a rhyming one, 436
 Carlton House intrigue, 120
 Carlisle, Lord, and Lord Byron, 359
 Carlyle, Dr., his account of Hume, 310
 Case, a clear one, 445
 " cruel one, 578
 " harmless, 55
 Casting vote, a, 159
Castle of Otranto, the, 308
 Catechism, Jew's, 453
 Chairman's impudence, 42
 Chalk stones and gut, 31
 Chalmers, Alexander, 342
 Chancellor's Church patronage, 213
 " purse, 482
 Chances of the Bar, 480
 Chaplain, popular, 441
 Chaplain's Court, 14
 Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster Row, 339-343
 Charge, small one, 457
 Charity on credit, 59
 Charlotte, Princess, flight of, 62
 Charm, incomplete, 378
 Chartist trials, 534
 Chatham, Lord, his charlatanerie, 122
 " " " war prediction, 122
 Cheselden and Lady Suffolk, 24
 Chesterfield, Lord, death of, 35
 " " his mistake, 15
 " " will of, 36
 " Philip Earl of, 105
 Chevalier d'Eon, story of, 556
 Child of nature, 336
 Chiswick House, Fox, and Canning, 236
 Church militant, 569
 Churchill, death of, 302
 Cibber's first fine, 572
 Circuit story, by Sir John Coleridge, 533

- Civic enjoyment, 49
 " sapience, 48
 Civil list, 201
 Claim, inexplicable, 301
 Clarence, Duke of, and Bishop Blomfield, 455
 Clarence, Duke of, Lord High Admiral, 274
 Clark, "King of Exeter Change," 554
 Clarke, Mrs., and the Duke of York, 170-174
 Clonmel, Lord, and John Magie, 189
 Cobbett upon Bacon, 402
 " by himself, 399
 Cock Lane Ghost, the, 24
 Coining story, remarkable, 12
 Coke, Mr., his Reminiscences, 244
 Coleridge, "done up," 387
 " a Light Dragoon, 382
 " Memorabilia of, 385
 " and his son Hartley, 388
 Commentators at fault, 326
 Comparison, flattering, 91
 Consolation, womanly, 47
 "Constantia," the Chancellor's, 53
 Contradiction, delicate, 396
 Conviviality, Scottish, 92-94
 Cool hand, 516
 Cornelys, Mrs., her masquerades, 4
 Coronation of George III., 22
 "Corsican Brothers," the, 565
 Countess, vain old, 42
 "County meetings, farces," 263
 Court and City, lines on, 34
 Courtesy, fine, 8
 Coventry, Lady, 16
 Cowper's *John Gilpin*, 317
 Credulity, English, 43
 Criminal law, the, 493
 Critic, tiresome, 41
 Criticism, positive, 575
 " royal, 18
 " vendible, 351
 Cromwell, House of, snubbed, 186
 Crone, a knowing one, 126
 Crowd, pleasures of a, 96
 Crying scene, 512
 Cruel case, 49
 Cupar and Jedburgh justice, 534
 Cure, double, 489
 Curran and George Colman the Younger, 523
 Curran, gratitude of, 521
 " sketched by Phillips, 522
 " playing Punch, 521
 " wit and humour, 516-520
 Cutler, Sir John, the miser, 541

DANCER, Daniel, the miser, 552
 Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, 312
 Day, Thomas, his model wives, 314
 Deadlively, 568
 Death of four remarkable men, 523
 " Samuel Rogers, 419
 " Swift and Pope, 300
 Decline of the Drama, 579
 Defenders of their country, 160
 "Derby Dilly," the, 267
 Despard, Colonel, fate of, 189
 Development theory, the, 220
 Devonshire, beautiful Duchess of, 39
 Diagnosis, lively, 566
 Diction, pure, 43
 Diderot and the blind, 430
 Difference, religious, 437
 Difficulty solved, 29
 Dignity, true, 45
 Dilatory inclinations, 233
 Dinely, Sir John, 81
 "Dinner Bell," the, 128
 Dinner, long, 40
 Distinction without difference, 48
 Distinction and coachman, 54
 Distinctions, worldly, 433
Divisions of Purley, 177
 Divided danger, 117
 Dogs in churches, 479
 D'Orsay, Count, at Gore House, 95
 "Downright Shippin," 111
 Down to the level, 535
 Dram-drinkers' motto, 42
 Dream verified, 20
 Dress, distinctions of, 95
 Drinking on circuit, 496
 Dublin society, 14
 Dubois, the French miser, 549
 Duc d'Enghien, fate of the, 193

Duel of Moore with Jeffrey, 356
 Duelling, an archbishop on, 115
 Duellist, Bacchanalian, 72
 Dunning, Lord Ashburton, 486

EARTHQUAKE, exaggeration, 819
 Edgeworths, the, and Edgeworth town, 336

Eel, a long one, 579

Elder, cunning, 489

Eldon, Lord, and Joseph Hume, 232

„ as a Whip, 514

„ education of, 225

„ his beginnings, 508

„ „ Chancellorship, 230

„ „ doubt, 513

„ „ escape, 228

„ „ marriage, 226

„ „ maxims, 227

and Stowell, Lords, 223

Election repartee, 200

Ellenborough, Lord, his humour and power of ridicule, 504-507

Elwes, John, the miser, 545-548

English and Scotch, 59

Ennui, what is it? 35

Epicurism, costly, 54

„ ruinous, 104

Epitaph on a belle, 47

Error corrected, 350

Erskine, Lord, his earliest success, 502

„ „ his humour, 503

„ „ recollections of, by

Rogers, 212

Escape, a close one, 392

„ narrow, 120, 159, 511

Escapes, Wellington, 264

Eskgrove, Lord, 497

„ „ and Brougham, 537

Evasion, nice, 424

„ reasonable, 16

Extravagances of fashion, 28

Eye, power of the, 103

FAILINGS, family, 402

Fame, local, 83

Fashions in the reign of George III., 28

Fees, conscientious, 489

Festivity, a night's, 324

Feu-de-joie, 38

Fielding's *Amelia*, 805

Fire and smoke, 203

Fitzgibbon and the fee, 528

Flattery, royal, 87

Flogging, benefit of, 569

Foley, Lord, his will, 282

Follett, Sir William, character of, 528

„ „ on freemasonry, 527

Fordyce, Dr. George, 341

Foscue, the French miser, 550

Fox, C. J., and S. Rogers, 414

„ and Gibbon, 156

„ and "the sensible woman," 154

„ dismissed from the Ministry, 154

„ in difficulties, 154

„ his gaming, 152

„ Mr. Rogers's recollections of, 157

Fracas at Court, 14

Franklin as a bookseller, 328

„ Dr., his only son, 329

Free and easy, 349

French distinction, 194

„ and English, 114

„ Revolution (1848), 291

„ Revolutionists, 177, 178

GAINSBOROUGH and Reynolds, 582

Gambler, palsied, 32

Gambler's death, 566

Game, shooting, 373

Gamester, reformed, 33

Gamesters, incurable, 62

Gardening and punctuation, 47

„ unlucky, 10

Garrick and George II., 574

„ Mrs. Clive, 573

„ Shakspeare, 556

„ criticized, 574

„ Rogers's recollections of, 575

Garrick's eye, 576

„ first appearance, 572

„ *Othello*, 573

„ study of insanity, 574

Garter, conferring the, 112

- Gas-lighting, opposition to, 213
- " prevision of, 320
- Genius, blind, 301
- Geographical lapsus, 17
- George I., courtesy of, 8
- " II. at Dettingen, 11
- " III., and American Independence, 125
- George III. and George IV., 291
- " and Hannah Lightfoot, 77
- " and Joseph Lancaster, 343
- " attempts to assassinate, 79
- " coronation of, 22
- Ghost story, Chichester, 443
- Gibbet, the last English, 493
- Gibbon and the publisher, 397
- " Wilkes, 144
- " Walpole quarrel, 334
- Goldsmith's *Bee*, 330
- " *Deserted Village*, 330
- " *Natural History*, 331
- " *Vicar of Wakefield*, 331
- Governor, lesson for a, 245
- Gower, Dr., 341
- Grace, mal-à-propos, 55
- Graham, Justice, his politeness, 492
- " Sir James, his humour, 261
- " " in Parliament, 260
- Grammar and virtue, 199
- Grandeas, Spanish, 46
- Grant, Sir William, his living, 525
- Grateful lady, 232
- Grattan, last moments of, 219
- Gray's *Elegy*, 309
- Greeks, patriotic, 246
- Gronow's (Captain) account of the battle of Waterloo, 203
- Grosvenor-place and George III., 169
- Growing towards old, 27
- Guess, uncomplimentary, 336
- Guest, uninvited, 579
- Gulliver's Travels*, 298
- Gunnings, the Misses, 15
- Gurwood, Colonel, and Wellington, 262
- Gustavus III., assassination of, 182-184
- Hamilton, Sir Patrick, the miser, 544
- " the Duchess of, 15
- Handwriting, illegible, 368
- Hanger, Colonel, and the Prince of Wales, 75
- "Hare and many friends," 316
- Hastings, Warren, apotheosis of, 169
- Hat and Head, 83
- Haydon and O'Connell, 271
- " " Talfourd, 380
- " at Walmer Castle, 265, 266
- Haydon's autobiography and journals, 369
- Haydon's sketches of Lord Melbourne, 276-279
- Hazard, fortune, lost by, 32
- Health of Europe, 38
- Heber, Richard, his library, 389
- Henry, Dr., death of, 334
- " and MacKnight, Doctors, 477
- Heraldry, pride of, 44
- Hermard and Eldon, 508
- " Judge, convivial, 496
- Hertford, Marquis of, 99
- Hill, Rev. Rowland, eccentricities of, 449
- Hill, Sir John, vagaries of, 554
- Hint, delicate, 10
- " profitable, 538
- History, short, 60
- Hoax, Richmond, 101
- " Tunbridge Wells, 19
- "Hobson's choice," 509
- Hoby, the bootmaker, 91
- Hogarth caricatures Wilkes and Churchill, 559
- Holland House, celebrities of, 254
- " Lord and Lady, 409, 410
- " " death of, 255
- Hood and Grattan, 219
- Hood's puns and fancies, 403
- Hook, Theodore, hoaxes by, 352
- " " at Oxford, 351
- Horse, long, 60
- " wonderful, 561
- " dealing trials, 490
- Host, stuck up, 43
- Huddleston and Howard, houses of, 46
- Hume, David, "the Atheist," 310
- HAIR, false, oddities of, 19
- Hall, Robert, and Matthew Wilks, 476

Hummuus ghost stories, 322
 Huntingdon connexion, 445
 Husband's advice, 9
 Hyder Ally's physiognomy, 168

ILLUSTRATION, twofold, 486
 Improvement, obstacles to, 240
 Improvidence of men of genius, 380
 Incledon and his wine, 52
 Income-tax return, 577
 Indian mutiny, the, 285
 Indifference to money, 379
 Insanity and reason, 37
 Invasion panic, 120, 192
 Investigation, profound, 222
 Irish anti-unionist, an, 194
 „ gentleman, unfortunate, 562
 „ Rebellion, great seal of, 187
 „ Union, the, 186
 Irving, the Rev. Edward, 460
 "It is very inconvenient," 25

JACK Robinson and George III., 80
 Jeffery and the North Pole, 349
 Jeffreys, a Scottish one, 494
 Jekyll, how made a Master in Chancery, 513
 Jerrold, Blanchard, his life of his father, 421
 Jerrold, Douglas, a midshipman, 419
 „ „ and Lord Cochrane, 420
 „ „ table wit of, 421-424
 "Jerusalem Whalley," 561
 Jesting by inches, 534
 Jesuit flogging, 17
 Johnson, Dr., at Brighthelmstone, 321
 „ at Oxford, 319
 „ his authorship, 323
 „ last moments of, 325
 Johnson's ramble in London, 320
 Joke, pious, 440
 Judge, courteous, 492

KENYON, Lord, his parsimony and ill-temper, 487
 Keppel, Admiral, and the Dey of Algiers, 558

Killing time, 580
 Kilmarnock and Balmerino, Lords, execution of, 105
 King's speech, 119, 279
 Kings and princes, 42
 Kisses, virtue of, 317
 Kissing hands, 82

LADY, an oblivious one, 18
 Lamb, Charles, and the Comptroller of Stamps, 369
 Lamb, Charles, and Thomas Hood, 171
 Lancaster, the educationist, 343
 Last moments of the condemned, 179
 Late hours, 36, 402
 Laudamy and Calamy, 564
 Laughter, Chesterfield on, 339
 Law, study of the, 480
 Law's delay, 210
 Lawyer, a bold one, 538
 Lawyer's toast, 492
 Lending books, 513
 Lennox, Lady Sarah, 10
 Let well alone, 116, 445
 Letter, a misdelivered one, 345
 Letters, opening, 117
 Levée humours, 121
 Libel, law of, 491
 Lightfoot, Hannah, and George III., 77
 Lindsay, Lady C., portrait by, 137
 Literary fund, origin of, 359
 Little cause and great effect, 121
 Loughbow, Wilson, 342
 Loughborough and Thurlow, Lords, 140
 „ Lord, rise of, 481
 Louis Napoleon's descent upon Boulogne, 283
 Lovat, Lord, execution of, 108
 Lunatic and Ezekiel, 481
 Lyndhurst, Lord, generosity of, 258
 „ „ last moments of, 258
 „ „ political rise of, 255
 „ „ rise of, 501

MACAULAY and the ballad boy, 428
 „ election ballad by, 425
 „ in Parliament, 259

- Macaulay's boyhood, 424
- ackintosh family, the, 536
- " Sir James, 210
- Madeira, famous pipe of, 52
- Madmen, philosophical, 367
- Maginn, Dr., sketch of, 354
- Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, 7
- " the miser, 541
- Marriage by mistake, 567
- Marrying for money, 334
- Martin, William, 367
- Mary, Queen of Scots, 46
- Masquerades in England, 4
- Masonic grip, the, 289
- Mathematics at fault, 100
- Mathew, Father, 461
- " " homage to, 463
- Matter-of-fact men, 98
- Maule, Judge, his straw-splitting and irony, 581
- May and December, 37
- Meaning it, 396
- Melbourne, Lord, and *Morning Chronicle*, 407, 408
- Melbourne, Viscount, his humour, 276
- Metaphor, dangerous, 529
- Methodism, opposition to, 447
- " progress of, 308
- Mimicry, perfect, 495
- Mind your figures, 476
- Minister, a border one, 440
- " Foreign, for five minutes, 290
- " sea-sick, 331
- Ministerial fish-dinner, 222
- " metamorphosis, 128
- " reproof, 119
- Ministers resigning, 221
- " Scottish, 438
- Mirabeau and Canning, 234
- Misers, anecdotes of, 540
- Mistake, a slight one, 398
- " a trifling one, 113
- Mite, Sir Matthew, 558
- Monboddo, Lord, 499
- Money matters, ease in, 368
- " panic of 1832, 221
- Moore and his publishers, 398
- Morc, Hannah, anecdotes by, 31, 32
- " " on superstitions, 40

- Morning Chronicle* and its contributors 405-409
- Morris, Captain, lines by, 280
- Mutiny at the Nore, 181
- " My Grandmother's Review," 397

- NABOTH'S Vineyard," 299
- Napoleon and Fouché, 194
- " " the sentinel, 19
- Napoleon's downfall predicted, 196
- National Anthem, the, 287
- " Debt, the, 201
- Newcastle, the Duke of, 564
- Newspaper correspondents, 29
- "No judge," 489
- "No mistake," 272
- Nokes, Edward, the miser, 552
- Nollekens, the miser, 43
- Norbury, Lord, and his Court, 529
- Norbury's humour, 530
- North, Lord, wit and humour of, 124-137
- Northington, Lord, 483
- Not at church, 465
- "Not infectious," 30
- Novel reading, 487

- O'CONNELL and Haydon, 271
- " ruse, 524
- O'Connors of Connorsville, the, 184
- "Old Whig Poet to his old Balf coat," 280
- Olives, eating, 54
- One better than two, 61
- One shilling each, 531
- Opportunity, tempting, 571
- Orphans, distressed, 22
- Ostervald, the French banker, 550
- Oyster-eating, marvellous, 98

- PALEY'S text, 476
- Palmer's claret, 68
- Palmerston, Lord, and Beau Brummel, 91
- Panacea, the universal, 20
- Parenthesis, 442

- Parliamentary personalities, 200
 Parrot and monkey, story of, 38
 Parr's Spital sermons, 475
 Parson Ford's ghost, 322
 Partington, Mrs., and her mop, 209
 Passion, the ruling one, 489
 Patronage well bestowed, 533
 Payment, odd, 47
 Peel's love of truth, 218
 Peerages, commercial, 101
 Pembroke, Lord, his port wine, 51
 Perceval, Mr., assassination of, 197-199
 Personal retaliation, 97
 Peruquier's petition, 120
 Petersham, Lord, 70
 Petty larceny, scorn of, 569
 Phillips and the *Monthly Magazine*, 341
 " Sir Richard, and Richardson the
 novelist, 307
Pickwick Papers, origin of, 404
 Piety and learning, 465
 Piozzi, Mrs., her gossip, 347
 Pitt, William, and George III., 162
 " " early life of, 158
 " " his habits of work, 161
 " " " ideas of women, 49
 " " " love of port wine, 50
 " " last moments of, 160
 Places, proper, 325
 Plain-speaking, 569
 " " at Court, 23
 "Plum Turner," the miser, 540
 Pluralist in office, 138
 Poet's invitation to dinner, 395
 Poets in a puzzle, 384
 " three — Churchill, Lloyd, and
 Byron, 302
 Poets who squinted, 339
 Poetry and prose, 375
 Political gratitude, 123
 " infamy, 113
 Pomp, lover of, 13
 "Poor as Job," 40
 Pope and Lord Mansfield, 484
 " " Thomson, 295
 Personiana, 390
 Portrait painting, anecdotes of, 581
 Port wine and paralysis, 51
 Poser, a, 86
 Posterity, discoveries of, 43
 Praise, parsimonious, 578
 Prayers, short, 431
 Praying by rote, 394
 Preachers, Scottish, 477
 Preaching, benefit of, 578
 " Irish, 474
 " terrific, 473
 Precedence of rank, 45
 Precedent, small, 45
 Predictions, political, 209
 Presbyterianism, Scottish, 437
 Pretender's health, the, 112
 Pretender, visit from the, 111
 "Private Correspondent," 292
 Proportions, rule of, 580
 "Prosperity Robinson," and the panic
 of 1825, 220
 Prudential consideration, 96
 Public speaking, art of, 47, 289
 Publisher's liberality, 359
 " mistakes, 399
 Pulteney guinea, the, 116
 Pun of a dish, 54
 Punishment, summary, 186
 Puns and fancies, by Hood, 403

QUEEN Charlotte's marriage, 21
 " a match for, 18
 Queensberry, Duke of, 55
 " " on the Turf, 563
 Question and answer, by Byron, 411, 413
 " close, 128
 Quid pro quo, 339, 569
 Quin and Thomson, 296

RAT got into the bottle," 262
 Rattling, rationale of, 201
 Razors, Wellington's, 263
 Reay, Miss, assassination of, 133
 Rebel lords, execution of, 105-108
 Rebellion windfalls, 188
 Reflection, unlucky, 373
 Religions and sauces, 53
 Reprieve, 42
 Retort, kingly, 38
 Richardson's novels, 306

- Richmond, Thomson at, 294
 Righteousness, saving, 455
 • Riots of 1780, 126
 " Spa-fields, 208
 Roast pig, Charles Lamb on, 370
 Robbery panic, 16
 Robinson, Judge, and Curran, 517
 " King of the booksellers, 341
 " long Sir Thomas, 26
 " Mrs., and the Prince of Wales, 73
 Rochester's letters, 23
 Rogers, Samuel, his Table Talk, 409-419
 Romilly, Sir Samuel, death of, 523
 Rouge, wearing, 55
 Rousseau and Garrick, 339
 Rowan, Archibald Hamilton, adventures of, 185
 Runaways, three, 317
 Russell, Lord John, 279, 393
- SABBATH**, Scottish, 441
 Sailor's leg and Royal Society, 556
 Sally Lunn cakes, 71
 Salmon, surfeit of, 452
 Salt-box, playing on the, 560
 Sandwich, Lord, in office and in love, 131
 Satire, keen yet kindly, 457
 Saving a life and an ear, 24
 "Say something clever," 378
 Scott, Sir Walter, death of, 298
 " " division of his time, 375
 Scott, Sir Walter, his embarrassments, 376
 Scott, Sir Walter, his power of observation, 377
 Scott, Sir Walter, how he rose in his class, 326
 Scott, Sir Walter, and Miss Edgeworth, 375
 Scott, John, and James Boswell, 507
 " Sir John, his silk gown, 511
 " William, his humour, 229
 Scott's, John, first great success, 510
 Scottish conceit, 114
- Scottish conviviality, 92
 " feeling, 61
 " humour, 67
 " independence, 115
 " ladies, resolute, 57-59
 " servants, 102
 Seal, the Great, damasking, 257
 " " stolen, 500
 Second sight, 323
 Selwyn, George, wit and humour of, 1-4
 Selwyn's penchant, 316
 Serious, worth of the, 332
 Sermon anecdotes, 466-476
 " electioneering, 469
 " making, Charles II. on, 467
 " Warburton's Court, 469
 Sermons at St. Margaret's, 468
 " changing, 470
 " dull, 478
 " long and short, 475
 " old, 478
 " short, 470
 " Sterne's, 470
 Servants, Scottish, 102
 vails to, 6
 Service, small, 85
 Seward, Miss, and Mr. Hayley, 309
 Shanky Williams, the miser, 543
 Shark Story, by Mat Lewis, 396
 Shee, Sir Martin Archer, and his early friends, 584
 Sheridan, R. B., and Peel, 217
 " " S. Rogers, 410, 411, 416
 Sheridan, R. B., eloquence and humour of, 163-168
 Sherlock, epigram on, 436
 Shoe, the gouty one, 392
 Sidmouth Peerage, the, 211
 Simonism, St., 571
 Sleeping and waking, 37
 " in church, 443
 Smith, James, his humour, 392
 " Sydney, and his Edinburgh friend, 349
 Smith, Sydney, and Rogers, 409
 Smollett's Hugh Strap, 327
 Smyth, Sir William, the Miser, 542
 Southey, letters of, 366

- Speech, royal, by candlelight, 279
 Speeches, written, 201
 Spendthrift, life of a, 48
 Staël, Madame de, 345
 Stanhope, Earl, integrity of, 105
 " " and Wilberforce's oak,
 292, 293
 Stanhope, Lady Hester, extravagance of,
 346
 Sterne, Laurence, death of, 309
 Stephens, Alexander, 340
 Steward, John, 367
 Sticking together, 114
 Stillingfleet, on sermon making, 467
 "Stool of repentance," 441
 Story, old, to escape, 31
 " strange one, 508
 Stories, long, 85
 Stowell and Eldon, Lords, 223
 " Lord, his love of sight-seeing, 230
 Strawberry, the, 52
 Stuarts, last of the, 191
 Student, an old one, 431
 Study of the law, 480
 Sudney, the great Sir, 350
 Superior man, the, 288
 Superstitions, profitable, 40
 Sussex, Duke of, his annulled marriage, 61
 Swallowing a writ, 491
 "Sweeping at large," 97
 Swift, Dean, and Boswell, 298
 " " Pope, death of, 300
 " " was he mad? 297
 Swift's housekeeping, 299
- T**ABLE talk of Samuel Rogers, 409-
 419
 Table wit of Douglas Jerrold, 421-424
 Taking a joke, 578
 Talfourd and Haydon, 380
 " at the theatre, 380
 Talk, heathenish, 436
 Talker, a good one, 429
 Talking, art of, 323
 Talleyrand and Bonaparte, 252
 " presentiment to, 248
 Talleyrand's diplomacy and wit, 246-
 248
 Talleyrand, the Princess, 250
- Tar-water, virtues of, 431
 Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice, 514
 "That you must love me and love my
 dog," 81
 Theorizing demolished, 335
 "There's a language that's mute," 96
 Thiers's administrative experience, 282
 Thistlewood, the traitor, 218
 Thomson and his hair-dresser, 295
 Thomson's *Seasons*, popularity of, 294
 Throw for life or death, 287
 Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, 138
 " at Hastings's trial, 142
 " his thunder, 139
 " his start, 499
 " and Loughborough, Lords, 140
 " the curate, 500
 "Tipping the cold shoulder," 69, 70
 Tit for tat, 114
Tom Cringle's Log, 382
 Too good for anything, 12
 " late at church, 464
 Tooke, John Horne, 175-177
 Toothpicks, introduction of, 41
 "Tottenham in his boots," 118
 Touch of the sublime, 178
 Treasury depredations, 129
 Trench, Mrs. Richard, stories by, 393
 Trial, curious, 485
Tristram Shandy, the curse in, 309
 Trueman and Jones, the misers, 548
 Tumbledown, 201
 Turner on his travels, 570
- U**LTIMATUM, 92
 Umbrella esteem, 579
 Use and ornament, 345
 "Used to it," 126
 Utter ruin, 565
- V**AILS to servants, 6
 Valediction, agreeable, 454
 Vanity, newly born, 528
 Vcal dinner, 39
 Veal, Mrs., her apparition story, 398
 Very like, 402
 Village, Scotch, 497
 " tale, 21
 "Vulture Hopkins," the miser, 540

- **WAITING** to be hanged, 29
- **Wales**, Frederick Prince of, 18
- Wales**, Prince of, and Brummel, 87-90
- " " " Colonel Hanger, 75
- Wales**, Prince of, an Odd Fellow, 75
- " " " and Mrs. Robinson, 73
- Walmer Castle**, Wellington at, 265, 266
- Walpole**, Horace, his Castle of Otranto, 308
- Walpole**, Horace, on the discoveries of posterity, 43
- Walpole**, on late hours, 36
- " and Wilkes, 146
- Walpole's** domestic troubles, 30
- " dream, 20
- " visit to the Cock Lane ghost, 24
- " " to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 23
- Walpole**, what he saw, 29
- Walpole**, Sir Robert, bribery by, 110
- " " his temper, 565
- Warburton**, Bishop, his marriage, 433
- " and South, 433
- " " Quinn, 434
- Warburtonia**, 434
- Washington**, George, 126
- Watching** and sleeping, 200
- Waterloo**, battle of, 203-208
- " queries, 269
- Watson**, the miser, 543
- Waverley Novels'** secret, the, 373
- Wear and tear** of public life, 284
- "We are seven," 331
- Weather** prayer, Scottish, 438
- Weeping** for want of words, 438
- Weigall**, Mr., and the Duke of Wellington, 267
- Wellesley**, the Marquess, 271
- " Lord, his account of Pitt's last moments, 284
- Wellingtoniana**, 262-269
- Wellington** and Eldon, 273
- " family and Talleyrand, 270
- Wellington's** account of the battle of Waterloo, 205
- Wellington**, was he ever wounded? 268
- Wesley** and the Moravians, 246
- " burial of, 449
- Wesley's** preaching, 472
- " reclamations, 246
- Westminster** election in 1784, 130
- Whately**, Archbishop, his wit and humour, 466
- Whitefield's** field-preaching, 472
- " first sermon, 472
- " preaching, 471
- Who** killed John Keats? 357
- Wilberforce's** early life, 41
- " oak, the, 292
- Wife-hunting**, Irish, 84
- " a third one, 445
- Wilkie's** blind fiddler, 580
- Wilkes**, John, his place-hunting and his wit, 143-148
- William Henry**, Prince, a midshipman, 275
- William IV.**, prevision of, 290
- Window-breaking**, political, 126
- Windham** oratory, 172
- Wine**, a judge of, 52
- " saving a bottle of, 53
- Winter** and summer, 352
- Wirgman**, the Kanterian, 367
- Wish**, sincere, 301
- " unwelcome, 137
- "With the stream," 436
- Witnesses** to character, 491
- " Northumbrian, 490
- Wittinagemot**, the, at the Chapter Coffee-house, 339-343
- Woollett**, the engraver, patience of, 583
- Wordsworth's** *Peier Bell*, 358
- Wordsworthian** dispute, 381
- YAWNING'S** catching, 26
- York**, Duke of, and Mrs. Clarke, 170-174
- Young**, Dr., his poetry, 306

- W**AITING to be hanged, 29
 Wales, Frederick Prince of, 18
 Wales, Prince of, and Brummel, 87-90
 " " Colonel Hanger, 75
 Wales, Prince of, an Odd Fellow, 75
 " " and Mrs. Robinson, 73
 Walmer Castle, Wellington at, 265, 266
 Walpole, Horace, his Castle of Otranto, 308
 Walpole, Horace, on the discoveries of posterity, 43
 Walpole, on late hours, 36
 " and Wilkes, 146
 Walpole's domestic troubles, 80
 " dream, 20
 " visit to the Cock Lane ghost, 24
 " " to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 23
 Walpole, what he saw, 29
 Walpole, Sir Robert, bribery by, 110
 " " his temper, 565
 Warburton, Bishop, his marriage, 433
 " and South, 433
 " " Quinn, 434
 Warburtonia, 434
 Washington, George, 126
 Watching and sleeping, 200
 Waterloo, battle of, 203-208
 " queries, 269
 Watson, the miser, 543
 Waverley Novels' secret, the, 373
 Wear and tear of public life, 284
 "We are seven," 381
 Weather prayer, Scottish, 438
 Weeping for want of words, 438
 Weigall, Mr., and the Duke of Wellington, 267
 Wellesley, the Marquess, 271
 " Lord, his account of Pitt's last moments, 284
 Wellingtoniana, 262-269
 Wellington and Eldon, 273
 " family and Talleyrand, 270
 Wellington's account of the battle of Waterloo, 205
 Wellington, was he ever wounded? 268
 Wesley and the Moravians, 246
 " burial of, 449
 Wesley's preaching, 472
 " reclamations, 246
 Westminster election in 1784, 130
 Whately, Archbishop, his wit and humour, 466
 Whitefield's field-preaching, 472
 " first sermon, 472
 " preaching, 471
 Who killed John Keats? 357
 Wilberforce's early life, 41
 " oak, the, 292
 Wife-hunting, Irish, 84
 " a third one, 445
 Wilkie's blind fiddler, 580
 Wilkes, John, his place-hunting and his wit, 143-148
 William Henry, Prince, a midshipman, 275
 William IV., prevision of, 290
 Window-breaking, political, 126
 Windham oratory, 172
 Wine, a judge of, 52
 " saving a bottle of, 53
 Winter and summer, 352
 Wirgman, the Kanterian, 367
 Wish, sincere, 301
 " unwelcome, 137
 "With the stream," 436
 Witnesses to character, 491
 " Northumbrian, 490
 Wittingamot, the, at the Chapter Coffee-house, 339-343
 Woollett, the engraver, patience of, 583
 Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, 358
 Wordsworthian dispute, 381

YAWNING'S catching, 26
 York, Duke of, and Mrs. Clarke, 170-174
 Young, Dr., his poetry, 306

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